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OCTOBER
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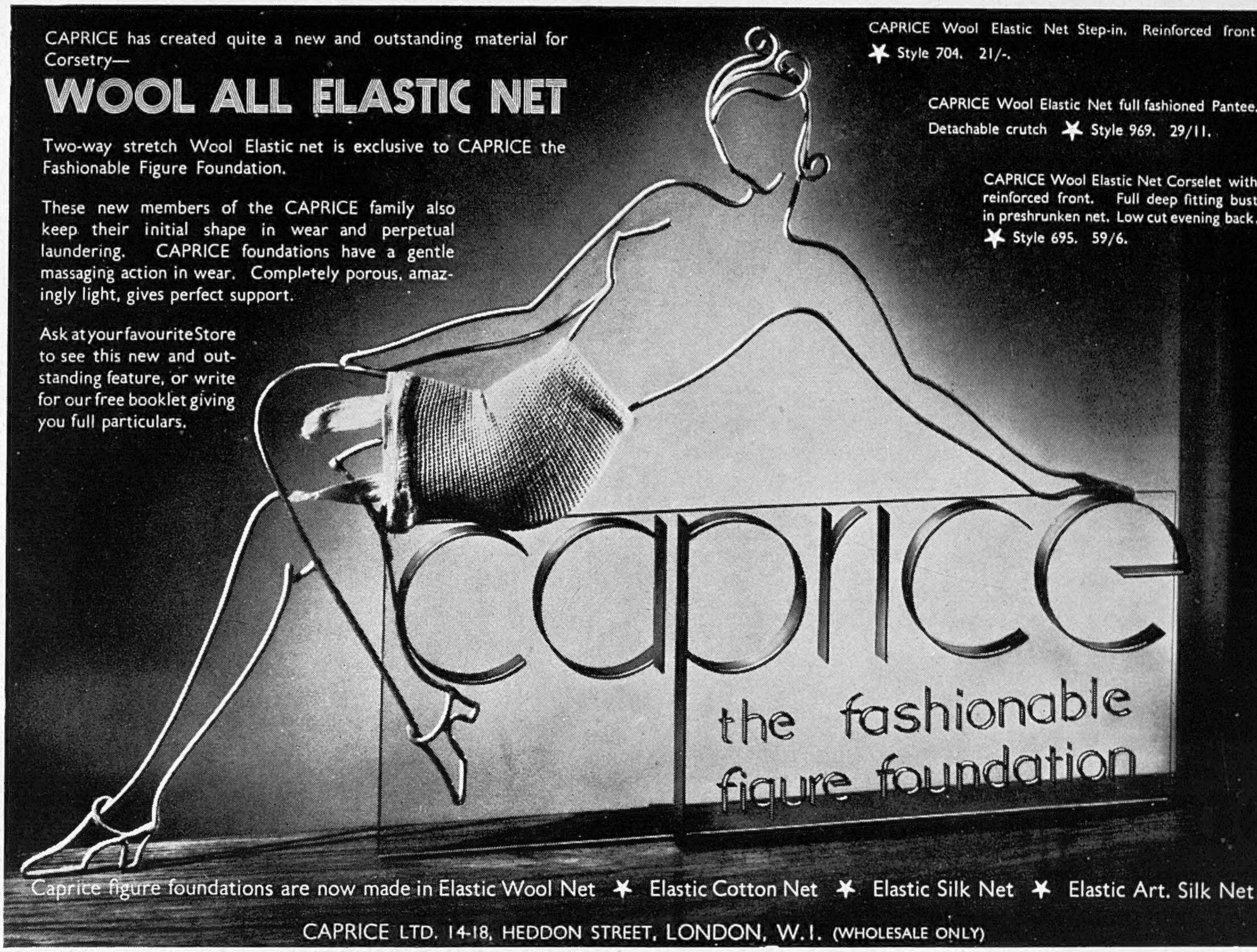

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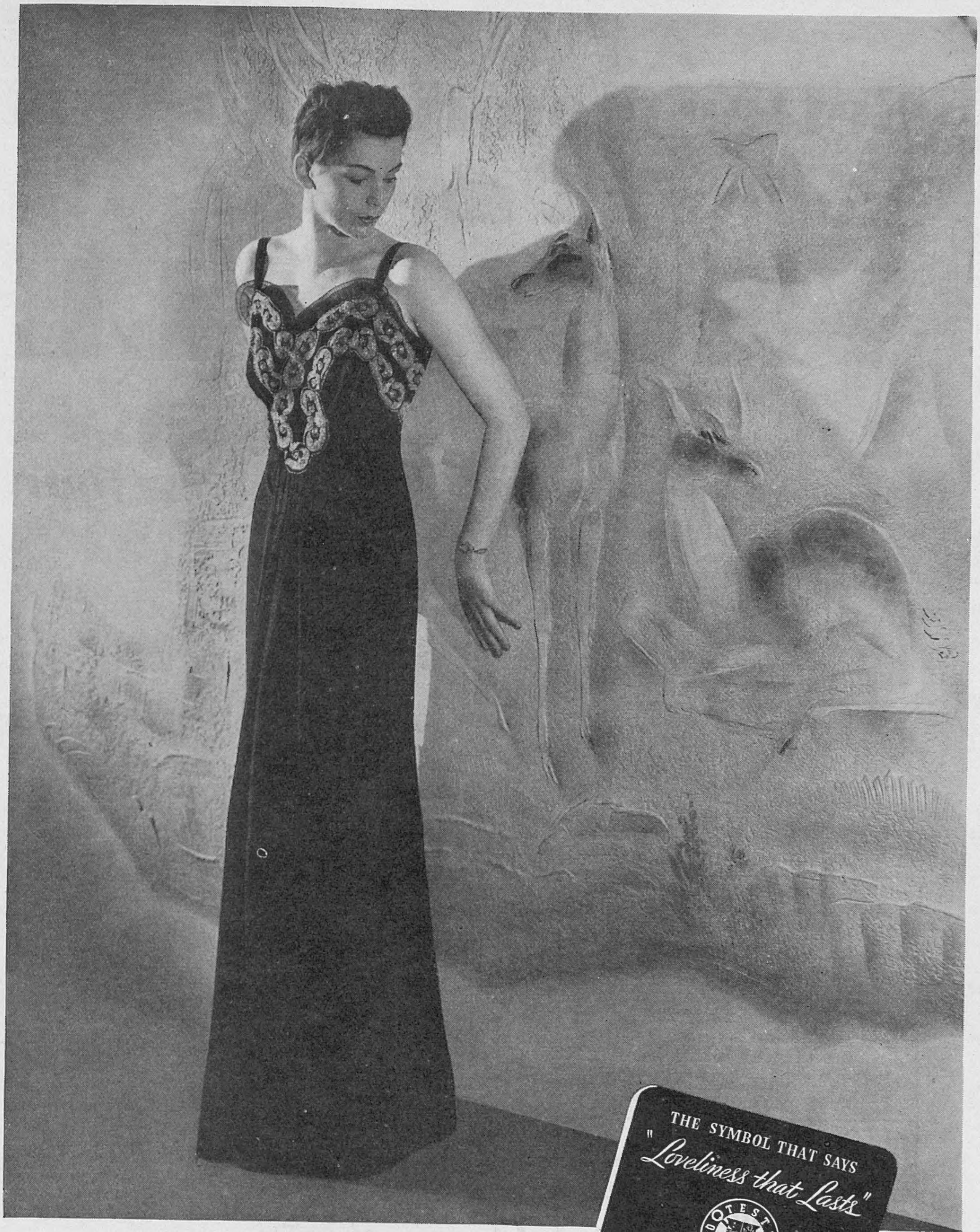
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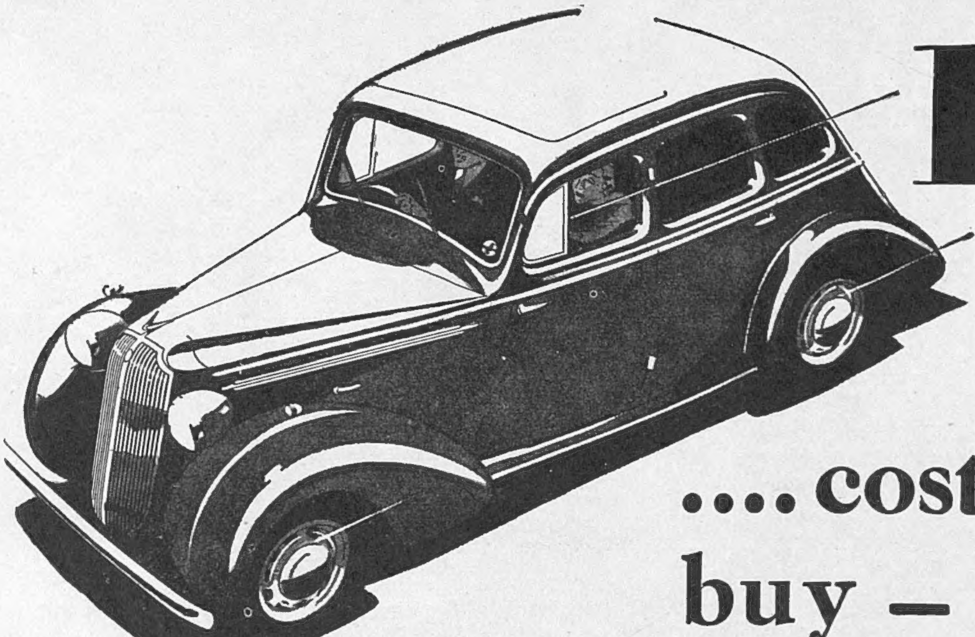

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VOL. 17, No. 4. OCTOBER, 1938

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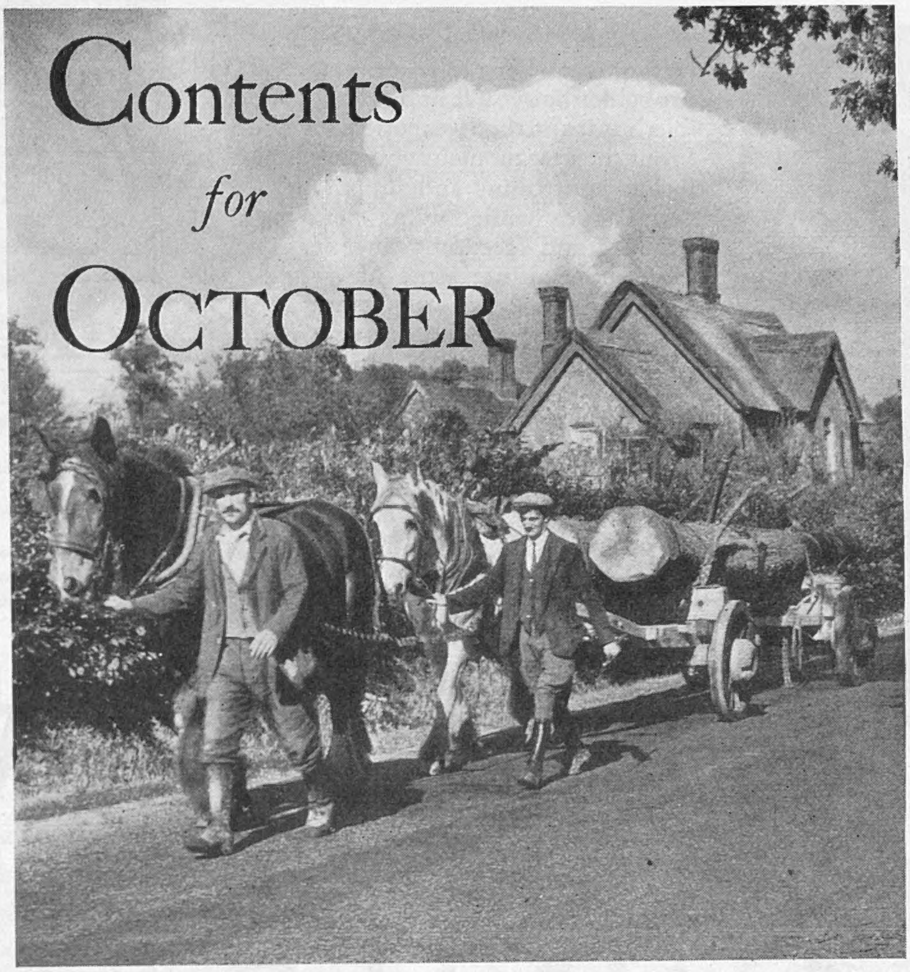

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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia and Eve" will be found on page 156. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

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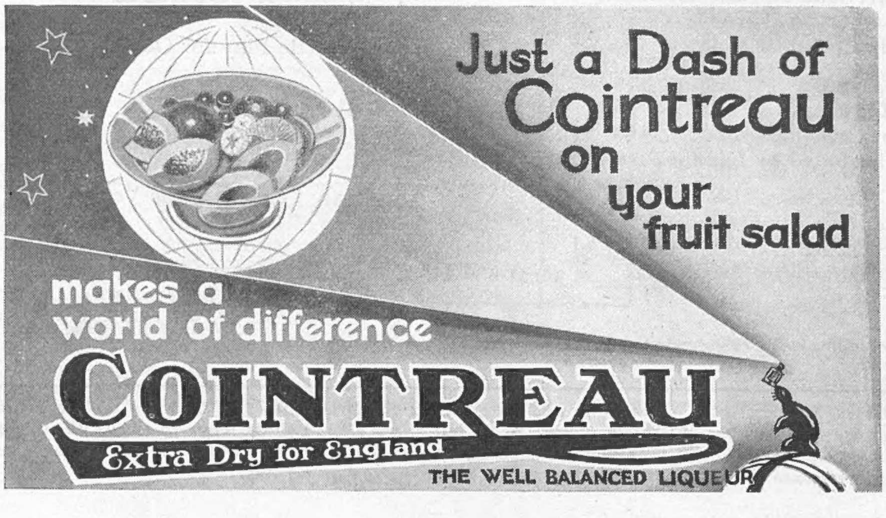

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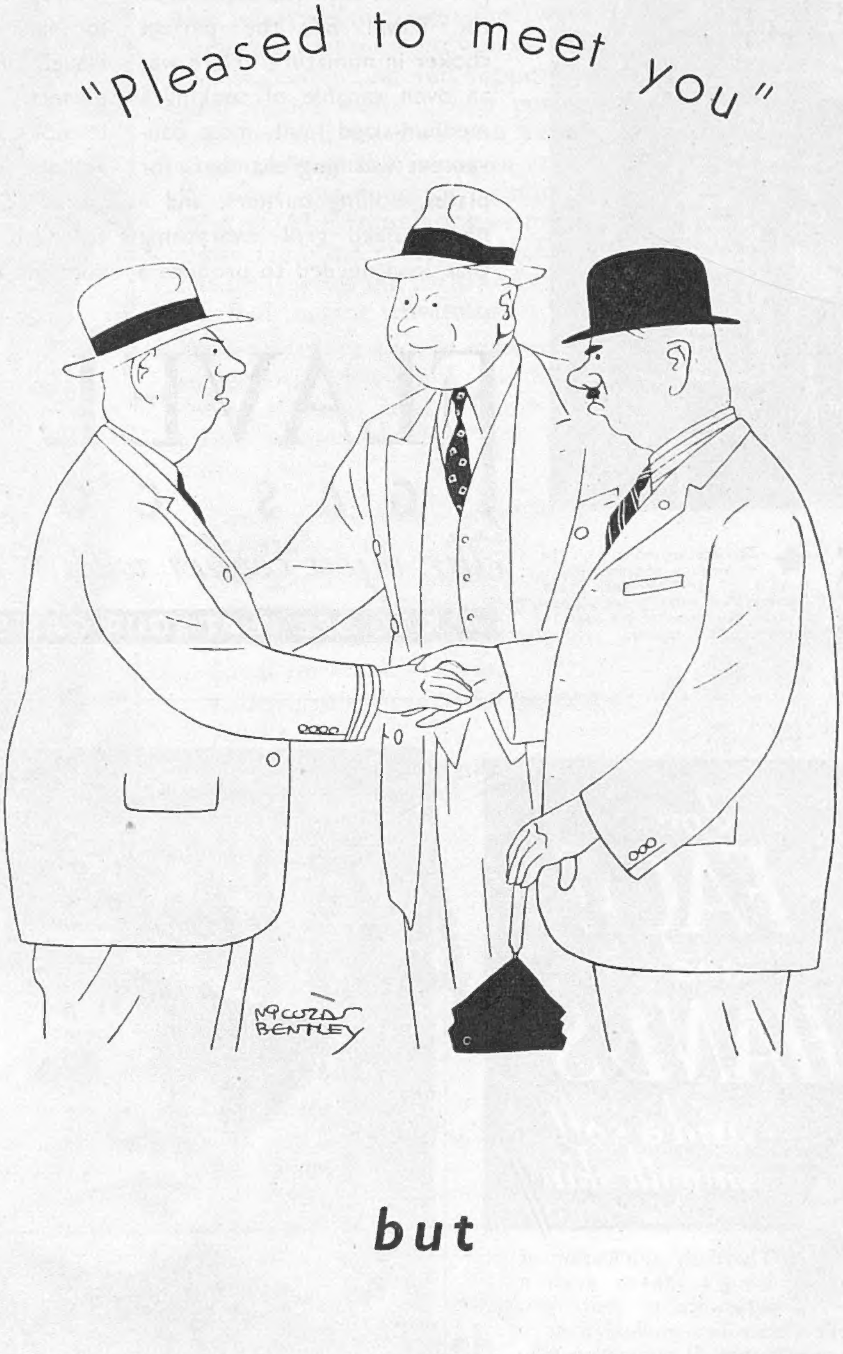
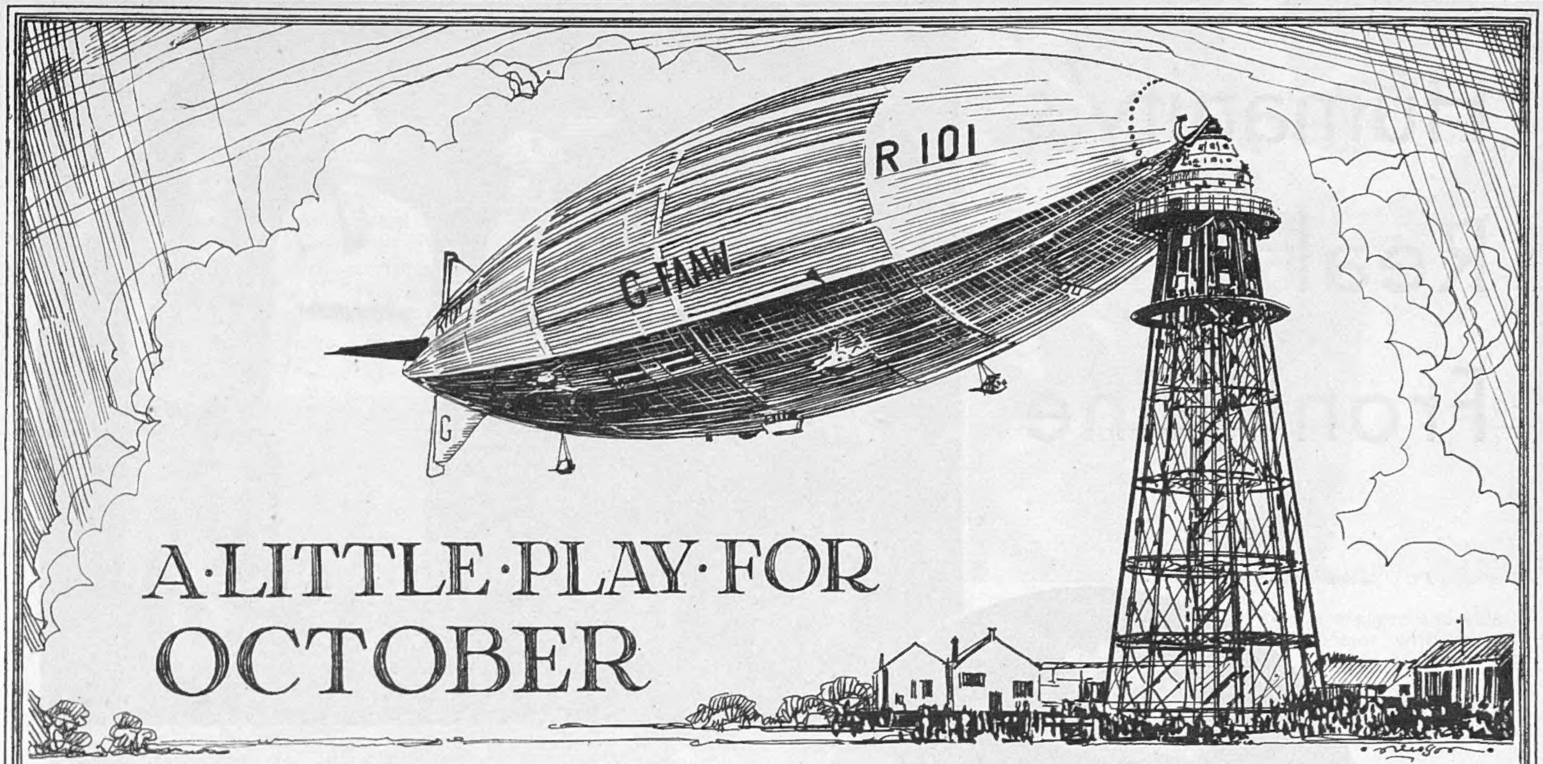

"Pleased to meet you"
NICOLAS BENTLEY

but

YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL



A·LITTLE·PLAY·FOR OCTOBER

OCTOBER 5th, 1930

SCENE ONE A bedroom in a small house in Scarborough on the Yorkshire coast early on the morning of October 1. The room is in darkness when the curtain rises. Suddenly there is a hysterical cry, and a moment later a light is turned on to disclose a woman sitting bolt upright in bed. By her side is her husband rubbing the sleep from his eyes.

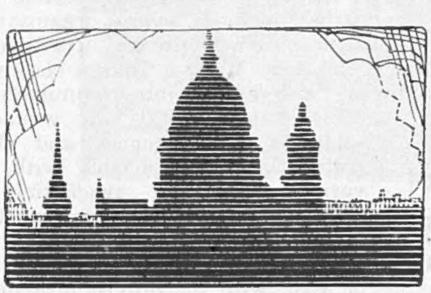
Husband : "What's the matter?"

Wife : "A terrible dream—terrible."

Husband : "What, again?"

Wife : "Yes, the same dream. Oh, I'm glad you're not going on this trip !" (She pours herself a glass of water.) "It all happened exactly as it did last Thursday. The airship was on fire, blazing up, and then I saw you being carried away with your face all battered. It could catch on fire, couldn't it?"

Husband, yawning : "Of course it could. Didn't I tell you (he yawns again) about the time the fat ran all over my stove and caught fire? The old ship was over London that time. It frightened even *me* a bit."



Wife : "Well, I only hope it doesn't come true."

Husband : "No ! Only a dream ! Now settle down." (He puts the light out).

Wife (from the darkness) : "Other wives have had the same dream about the *R 101*. Oh, I *am* glad you're not going to be cook on the trip next Saturday. I wish you'd give the job up altogether. Aren't *you* glad, John?"

But only snores come from the man who has been given his leave during the historic England–India voyage of the giant *R 101*.

SCENE TWO Four days later. The flying field at Cardington. The sun has set, but the sky is light enough to show every detail of the *R 101*'s vast fabric in silhouette. All the hedges lining the field are crowded and the country lanes jammed with cars. At the foot of the mooring mast there is much laughter and strained merriment. Voices call out, "All aboard for Baghdad, Calcutta and the mysterious East. Fares, five shillings return," and "What ho, Charlie, I'll drop you a postcard," and "Bye, bye, darling, look after yourself."

But in the shadows beneath the sausage-like fabric stand two men in uniform who look up at the *R 101* with a little anxiety.

First man, rubbing his chin with a gesture of doubt : "I know for a fact of at least one bent strut up there. And it's still bent. Thank God it's not my doing. But I'm rather glad I'm not doing this trip."

Second man : "She doesn't answer well to the helm."

First man : "So they say."

The *R 101* drifts gently round with the breeze as the final calls between ship and ground are made, and the last man crosses the narrow gangway leading from the top of the mooring-mast into the nose.

First man in the shadows : "I'm not going to wait to see her off. Come and have a drink. I've got the shivers."

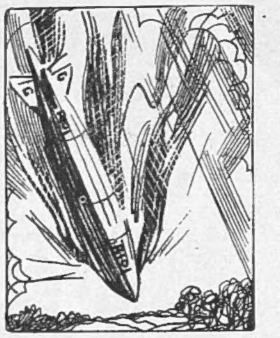
SCENE THREE On the top of a hillock overlooking Beauvais crouches a local factory worker. He is engaged in a little mild poaching. It is two o'clock on the morning of October 5.

Suddenly he stares upwards with a look of fear in his eyes. Out of the sky drifts a huge shape, a figure of nightmare horror.

As he watches the *R 101* begins to dip down until it passes the tree-tops where he crouches at barely one hundred and fifty feet. As if pressed down by a huge hand, the nose of the ship suddenly dips down and strikes the hillside. There is a terrific explosion. Then a sheet of flame flashes along the side of the ship. The poacher is knocked off his feet by the burst of hot air.

Two more explosions shake the quivering fabric, now completely enveloped in fire.

The poacher scrambles to his feet and runs from the scene in abject terror.



SCENE FOUR The news-room of an agency off Fleet Street. Time is 2.30 a.m. on October 5. This is the dead hour of the news-world's week. The Sunday paper editions are well away and not for another twelve hours will the country's presses normally be hungry for more news.

One young and spectacled man is yawning over the table, idly opening messages. He fingers one with awakening interest. It is a flash-message.

Young man, half to himself : "'Buenos Aires radio reports hearing Le Bourget unable to find British airship *R 101*.' That's queer." He picks up an early edition of a Sunday paper. "But she ought to be *at* Le Bourget by now."

Young man, into telephone : "Hullo? Continental enquiry? Look here, I want a call put in to the mayors of two or three French towns. We'll start with—Beauvais."

The curtain is lowered to indicate the passing of ten minutes.

Young man : "Yes, yes, go on. *Oui, continuez, madame.* The mayor is where? Ah, *c'est vrai ? Quel catastrophe ! A quelle heure ? Trois quatres heures ?* Good God ! *Tous mort? Merci, madame, merci beaucoup.*"

SCENE FIVE Twenty minutes later the resident clerk in the Air Ministry in Kingsway yawningly picks up the telephone receiver on his desk.

"Hullo, hullo ! This is Disley here. Yes, Disley, the wireless operator of the *R 101*. We've crashed in flames in France. At where? Where? Oh, Beauvais ! Nearly everyone has been killed. . . ."

Then projected on a vast screen filling the proscenium come an endless series of men and women picking up telephone receivers. All play a part in this great parade which passes to the monotonous chanting of the words : "*The* R 101 *has crashed in flames and nearly everyone is killed.*"

CURTAIN

Humanity's Real Front Line

What the Heroic Men and Women of Shanghai's International Red Cross are Doing to Relieve the Suffering and Starvation in the Far Eastern Conflict

By Joan Woollcombe

Some of the Joint Committee of Shanghai Women's Organisation. Mrs. H. C. Mei (Chinese Woman's Club); Mrs. A. R. Leitao, a Portuguese; Mrs. C. L. Boynton, an American; Mrs. Cornish, also an American; and Mrs. Whitney, the Englishwoman

Mrs. Whitney, O.B.E., the acting-chairwoman of the British Woman's Association in Shanghai

An Englishwoman is sitting in a deck chair, in her garden in Shanghai. She is listening to the shells as they plough their way through the air above her head. The Japanese are shelling.

"It sounds *just* like something burrowing through water, such a *funny* noise . . ." she says, interestedly.

Actually she is the acting-chairwoman of the British Woman's Association of that extremely civic-minded city; and what she doesn't know about shelling, bombing *and the effects of both* is not worth knowing. She is an important person: she is one of that extraordinary army of non-combatant fighters—Britons who intervene, unarmed, between war and its victims. Our far-flung battle line that has become an even further flung sanitation line on the North China front: with these unpublicised volunteers of all nations who are helping to control the aftermath of violence—disease and famine.

It needs another Kipling to describe them—these laconic ladies of Shanghai. All the description they can—or care to—give the news-hungry writer is—*their Club Magazine* in which, sandwiched between shopping notes, garden hints and a knitting pattern—are stories that make official war-mongering excitements seem trivial. Unemotionally told are the true facts of the forming of the international, inter-denominational, non-political, non-interventionist, non-combatant and largely unarmed force of men and women responsible for the salvaging of some *three hundred thousand* humans in Shanghai alone.

It is from these laconic people, too busy to be articulate and from their austere business-like "Reports" and from the parish magazine of the British women, that we get hints of an epic. Wherever mixed Europeans find themselves on the fringes of a war, you are almost certain to notice that they forget the bickerings among their home governments, form a committee under the local British Consul and—get going to muscle-in between aggressor and civilian victims. "Effete democrats" that they are, their committees work: and they develop enormous skill in tidying up battle grounds and tremendous prestige that impresses victor and vanquished alike, and restores a semblance of order when they restore sanitation—which is, inevitably, their first step.

It is, perhaps, unfortunate that they do not see their way to spend time and money "telling the world" of their achievements. But—as the Shanghai lady said, rather crossly, to me, "You've only got to *read* our magazine—it's all in there." So it is. Almost Greek in its objective brevity. They did not have much spare time to "make a real story of it," she added.

What exactly are these people achieving on the seething fringes of the "North China Incident"?

The Shanghai International Red Cross is the flexible but extremely efficient body that includes every organisation engaged in this job of salvage of war's aftermath. Its director is Dr. Baker of Famine Relief fame; it has a Chinese chairman and an executive of three. Sub-divided into committees, it deals with hospitals for wounded soldiers; with refugees and their truly appalling problems; with the varied aspects of evacuation of civilians and with the grim question of epidemics. Medical supplies, food, sanitation, education—and not last or least, with the provision of funds from all over the world to tackle all this; funds and materials, notably medical supplies and food and clothing.

Perhaps the most urgent and the most dreadful problem of all—*the increasing tide of refugees*—is almost in control: the tide is being held—nearly stemmed: the International Settlement and the French Concession of Shanghai are feeding and caring for some 130,000—there are possibly another 10,000 still in the streets of Shanghai—but, the most amazing story of all comes from the famous Safety Zone in the adjacent city of Nantao, where (among a population of some 300,000 poverty-stricken humans) at least another 150,000 refugees are camping in safety, and being fed at the cost of about 2 dollars 70 cents each per month by the contributing nations of the world. Fed, doctored, kept clean, educated—helped to birth and buried after death—all within a safety zone defended by nothing more than the terrific prestige of the fearless non-combatants, who founded the sanctuary and, in particular—

by the prestige of a one-armed, unarmed Catholic priest who is one of the most dramatic personalities of the "humanitarian front."

Here is the story. Hostilities had started in the very early days of August of last year and, almost at once, the flood of dispossessed, terrified refugees converged upon the haven of safety and law, that was (and is) Shanghai.

Fortified by nothing more than his startling faith, Father Jacquinot and seven others went to the advancing and conquering Japanese, and asked that, in Nantao, within the walled city, a zone should be set aside and kept inviolate. It would be defended by nothing more than good faith.

The Japanese agreed. The snipers were cleared out of Nantao and—in the words of an English girl who saw it—"*the Chinese came into Nantao like a flood and the war rushed up behind them . . .*"

Chinese medical workers are eager and able co-operators. Here is a doctor with some of his orphaned charges,

(Left) How the refugees lived in the streets and alley-ways before being taken over by the relief organisation.

An English doctor working for the relief organisation, with some of his refugees.

Some Chinese men and women, who are being looked after by the Salvation Army. They are seen wearing their identification badges.

(Below) The rationing of food, of which Soya bean is a staple part of the diet, is one of the vital problems of the day, and so far clever buying has enabled the Red Cross to keep a sufficient minimum diet going.

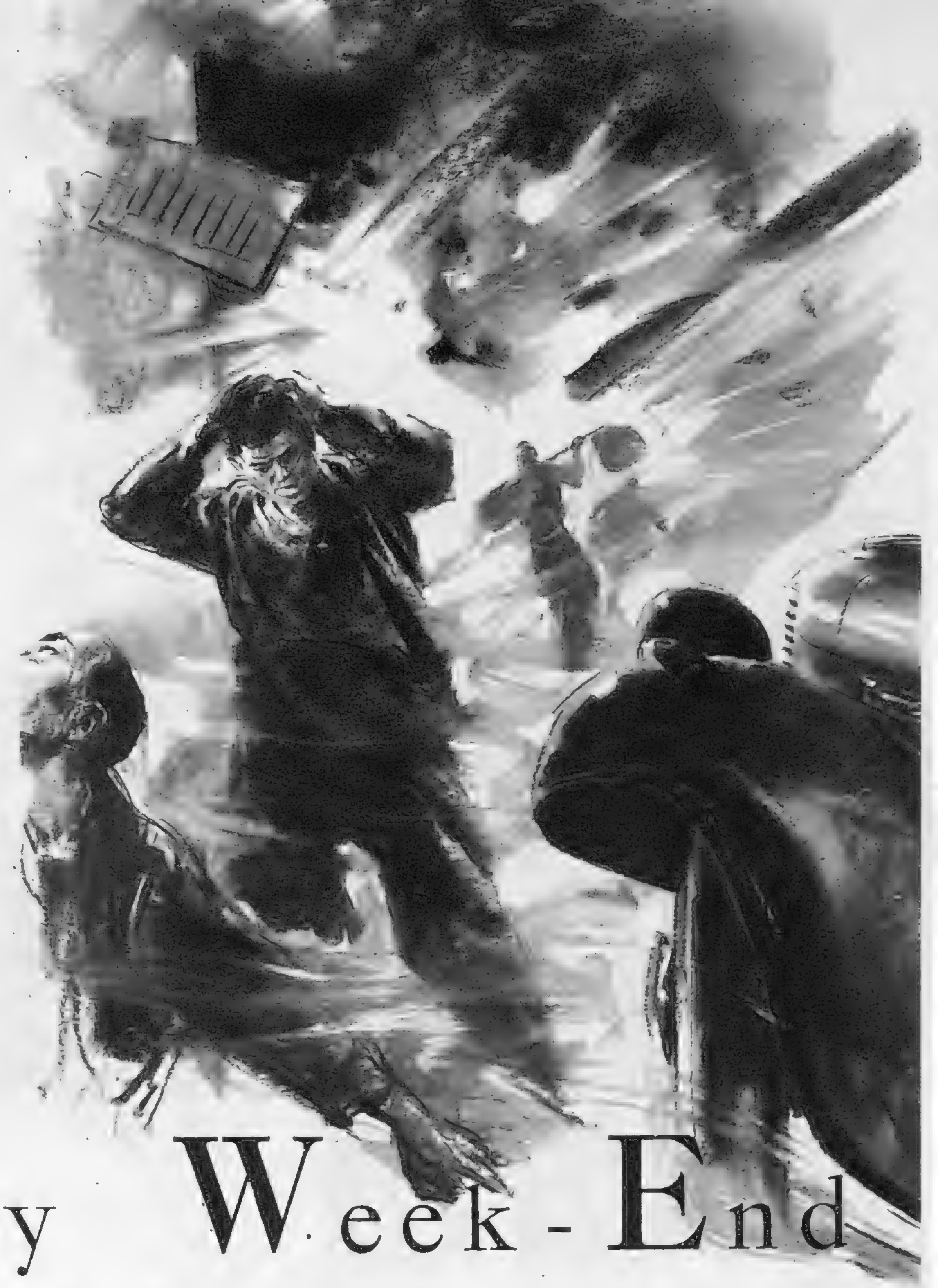
The refugees, one hundred and fifty thousand of them, streamed into the undefended safety of the zone, and ten nuns and ten Jesuit fathers were allowed inside to control the situation. They started their grim fight against starvation, epidemics, disease and wounds. They worked more than mere overtime—they cannot have ceased to work by day or night; there was a hospital of some 80 beds—this for all the 150,000, and it is found that some 50 per cent. of the patients who get in die during the first forty-eight hours; but the medical work goes on steadily, and inoculation and sanitation hold the fear of epidemic. Food and ever more food is the prime need; without it they watch beri-beri increase, and the slightly sick flag and die. The ration consists of rice, beans, wheat, vegetables, oil and fuel. Incredible conditions, as the people camp in the alley-ways, give place slowly to some order and some sanitation.

And as hostilities rage around, the sanctity of their pledge is respected by the Japanese. But one day the lives of the hundred and fifty (*Continued on page* 129)

Happy Week-End

During which three people—two men and a girl—had to solve their problems

By John Kent



ONE would have thought that, on the eve of hostilities between the Japanese and Chinese forces in their immediate neighbourhood, the crowded dinner-tables at the Shanghai Country Club would have had only one topic of interest. Yet when Audace Graham and Bill Mason came into the dining-room, they managed to attract a good deal of attention.

This suited Bill, although Audace found it a little embarrassing. She couldn't help feeling that it wasn't her gown nor her provocative profile which attracted the women's eyes: it was just that she was dining with Bill Mason. Lieutenant Bill Mason, of the United States Navy, was pretty well known in Shanghai.

Of course, the men were different. They admired Audace openly and had nothing but envy for Bill, which didn't make the women any kinder. Audace knew very well that the least venomous remark likely to be made about her would be: " Poor George Graham; I wonder what he thinks about his wife's infatuation for Bill Mason." Well, let 'em wonder. Given the chance, they wouldn't have been so concerned about the feelings of their own husbands. And if they 'd been married for two years to George Graham they 'd have cared even less.

Bill seemed to guess she was thinking of George. He leaned across the table and said: " A glass of lime-juice, my dear ? " And Audace laughed outright. Bill was a perfect mimic and made the most of his accomplishment. He found it helpful.

" George," said Audace, " thinks lime-juice the life stream of Our Empire."

" Whereas we know it better as the foundation of . . . . two Sidecars," he ordered. And when the waiter had gone, he added:

" By the way, you *are* a British subject, aren't you ? "

" George is."

" It 's almost immoral to have two nationalities," Bill protested.

" It 's quite immoral to pay two income taxes," Audace agreed. " But now I 'm on George's passport, I 've just got to admit to being British. Anyway, for a while."

She hadn't meant to say that. Bill glanced at her sharply, wondering if the lead was deliberate. He decided against following it up; it was a little too premature. He was a master of technique.

Audace went on quickly, to cover the pause: " Listen, Bill, is that thunder ? "

Away to the north there was a dull muttering, forming a menacing obbligato to the band of the American Marines.

" Guns," said Bill. " Guns booming down by Woosung." He sniffed the air appreciatively, as though to catch the acrid scent of cordite. Audace shuddered.

" Friday, the thirteenth," she said. " It 's a swell date. I wish this situation would break one way or the other. It creeps up on you, this tension." But Bill only grinned. He said:

" I 've applied for transfer to a ship here. My leave 's nearly up, and it seems crazy to quit all this. . . ." He indicated the Northern horizon with a jerk of his head. " . . . and report back for duty at San Diego at the end of this month."

" But weren't you getting a job ? Naval Attaché, or something ? "

" I was. But I 'd sooner stay here." His eyes indicated that a combination of gun-fire and Audace Graham was irresistible.

" I shall never understand men," Audace shrugged. And Bill wondered about that.

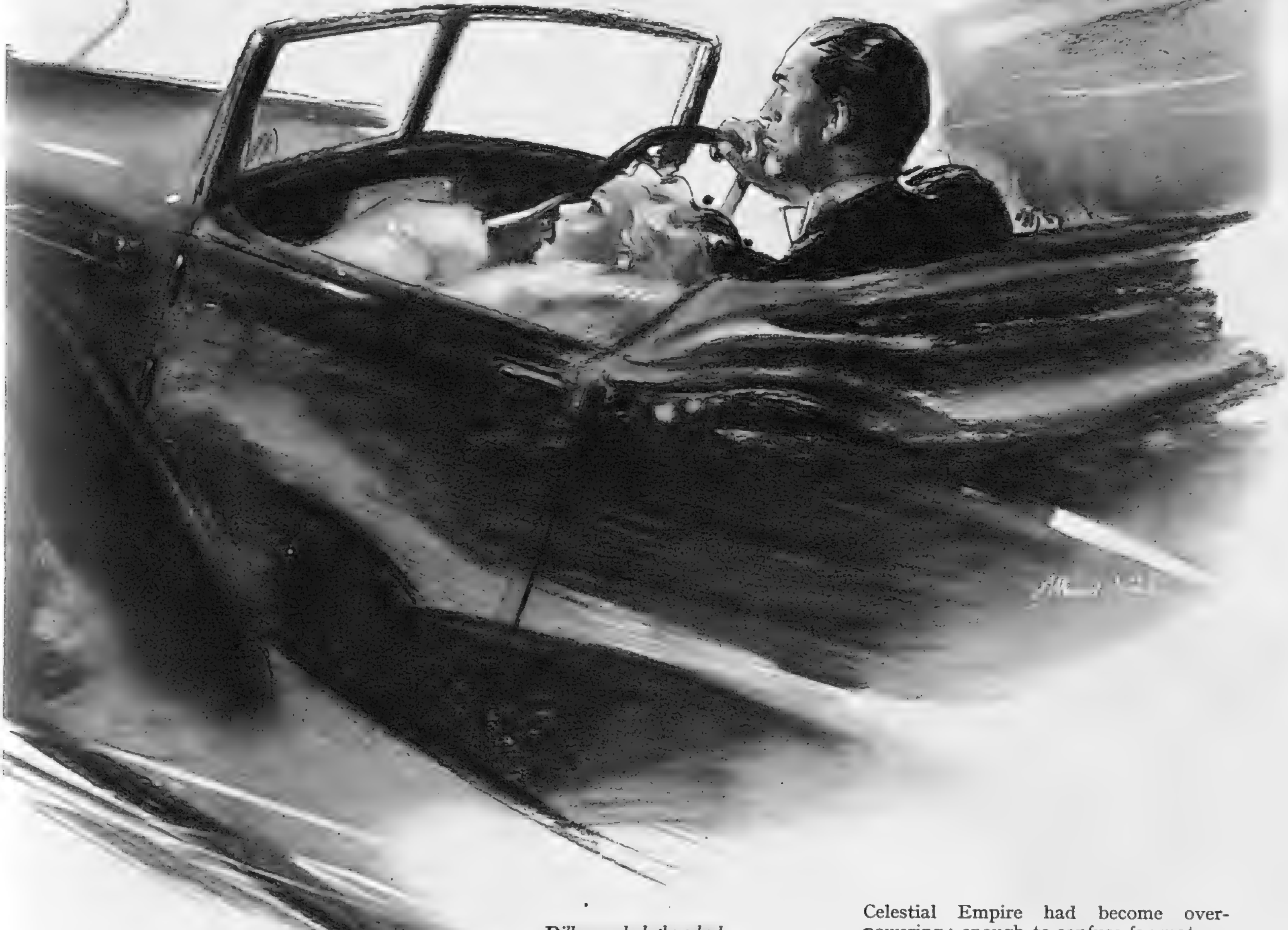
" What does George think of all this ? " he asked.

"I don't think he's noticed anything unusual yet. Of course, when Chapei was evacuated, he did what he could for the wretched refugees. But who wouldn't? Did you see them, Bill? Lining the streets; children in every stage of disease and filth in the shop doorways. It was ghastly. We've got quite a number parked in the compound now. George wanted to give up some of the rooms, but I couldn't do that. You see, every room is full of my—my possessions."

She ended lamely. She seemed slightly ashamed of the collection of curios she had made during her travels in Europe and the East.

Bill nodded understandingly. "Sure," he said. "You couldn't very well loose a pack of refugees among those things. Why, that jade in the drawing-room must be worth a small ransom, alone."

Illustrated by Albert Bailey



Bill wrenched the wheel over as tiles and bricks clattered about them

"Yes, and everywhere there are rather valuable things. Even the spare rooms. But, of course, the jade is the pick of the collection."

From the next table a voice was insisting: "Naturally we can't allow the Japs to come cavorting about the Settlement with their silly war, can we? It only requires a little give and take, a sort of round-table conference, to put everything in order, doesn't it?"

"Who——?" Bill began, but Audace cut him short.

"Just the usual crowd of Shanghailanders," Audace murmured. "God knows what they'll do if the balloon goes up."

"Why worry? Darn it, Audace, it's an August night and that's enough. Let's go dance; we'll get fussed about that balloon when it goes up. But not now."

As they passed into the ball-room, Audace paused to speak to Mrs. Sumarez. Bill waited, mentally calculating the profit to Worth, Chanel and Cartier Mrs. Sumarez represented per annum. He'd just decided that if he had all that money he'd buy real estate, when Audace joined him. "She's a swell girl, Elaine Sumarez," she said. "I wish I had skin like that. Like old ivory. And that wonderful blue-black hair. Remind me to ask the name of her hairdresser, Bill. But, after all, I couldn't afford to compete with her. She's almost *too* rich."

Bill laughed. "Say, what's the matter with old man George? I thought he could buy and sell most of us. Or is all that jade just fake?"

"Oh, George is sound enough, and so is the jade. But——"

"You know, Audace, you should dump all that stuff in the bank till this trouble has blown over."

"I expect George will have seen to that. He's so efficient."

There was a hint of petulance in her voice. George's efficiency had delighted her once. Two years ago, in New York City, George had radiated a certain glamour. And life in China had a strong appeal from the materialism of the East Fifties. But, somehow, when she had married him and moved over here, the glamour of both George and China had worn off. This Celestial Empire had become overpowering: enough to confuse far maturer brains than those beneath the stream-line shingle of Audace Graham, so that after two years of it she was still lonely and a little bewildered. Perhaps, she argued, it wasn't absolutely fair to blame George for that. After all, he was nearly forty-five, so naturally the market and his fireside claimed most of his time. And there was still the glamour of his war record, of which she had heard men talk, although a battered case of medals in a drawer some place was not so much romance as relics these days. And, of course, he had built and was still building a substantial fortune and was regarded as one of the coming (*Continued on p.* 141)

Little Safari

Friendly Lions, raucous Automobile Radios, and the whirr of Ciné Cameras lend disillusion to a Hunting Trip on the African Veldt

By F. D. Ommanney

As we passed in our dust-covered car, they lifted their heads in slightly puzzled interest and walked off into the scrub.

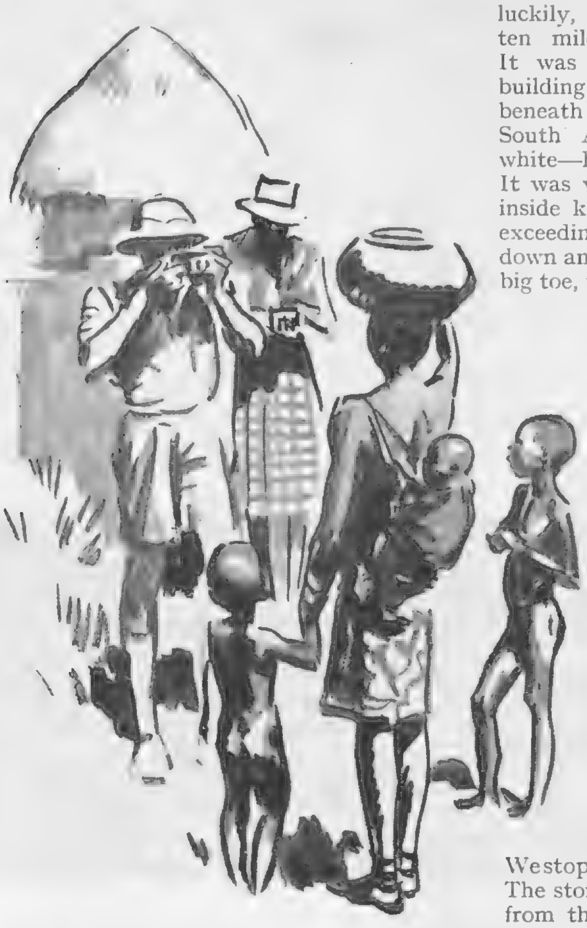
FIFTY years ago there was nothing there. Where the rectangular blocks of flats sprout upwards towards the hard sky and the mine-tips cover the face of the earth like gigantic white tents there was nothing fifty years ago but the brown veldt. Herds of buck and wildebeeste cropped the dry grass, flicked their tails, twitched their ears, lifted their heads, listened and moved on. Now there are roaring canyons of traffic, all so much alike it is not easy to find your way about them, and yet each a little different from week to week as more and more skyscraper blocks of flats pile upwards, glaring in the fierce sun. Farther out there are plantations of gum-trees, parks and rows of smug, prosperous homes. This is the world of the radio, the American motor-car, the Sunday golf—a cut-to-pattern, mass-produced, machine-made world going happily and carelessly almost nowhere, and apparently in a hurry to get there. Johannesburg—the Golden City!

" Wonderful, considering there was nothing there fifty years ago ! " they say.

And farther out still, beyond the houses where they play tennis all the hot afternoon and bridge all the evening, is the Rand—the source of all the wealth of South Africa. All along the skyline in every direction the mine-tips are like giant limpets upon the bare landscape. At every change of shift the natives come laughing and shouting out of their compounds in ragged, smelly hosts, and go down to the mines to dig and sweat, miles down, for the yellow metal, the trash, so that the tennis and the radio and the bridge and the American motor-cars may continue above them. From his kraal of beehive-shaped huts in faraway and sunny Swaziland, or Basutoland, or Zululand, or some other land of mountain and sky, Jim comes to live for six months or a year in a compound like a prison. He works on his back or on his belly among the sweat and stink and the fine impalpable dust, and then goes back to his hillside a made man, magnificent with a mandoline and a pair of Oxford bags. Because of them he is a man among his own people and buys a wife, perhaps, with hair done up in a high, truncated cone upon her head and brown and heavy breasts.

IT was like launching out to sea when we passed through the mining districts, with their tips and their mean, straggling houses, and came out on to the High Veldt. There were miles and miles of nothing, just as there are at sea, except that the nothing was broken here and there by a clump of wattle-trees or a line of blue gums. We saw no sign of life, no game and few birds. Sometimes, however, there was a wretched hovel with a tethered goat and a piece of scratched-up ground where melons tried to grow, the home of a " poor white " —a white man sunk, from some cause or other, almost to the limit of poverty and degradation, living with his goat and his melons in meanness and squalor and animal contentment, refusing to be in the least concerned or ashamed at having almost no money at all. Sometimes a car sped past us on the dusty road, covering us with the brown veil it drew after itself.

Motoring hereabouts is not in the least like motoring at home. You hope you won't run out of petrol. There was a place on our map marked in huge black letters—"PIET RETIEF." We thought that must be a pretty important sort of place, a good place to spend the night perhaps. There was a two-wheeled cart with a semi-circular hood moving very leisurely and slowly up the dusty road towards us. It was drawn by a mule. An old man with a pointed beard and a wide hat held the reins, but only just held them. He seemed sunk in sleep. His hat savoured somehow of Commandos and Rorke's Drift and beside him sat a young man wearing a similar hat and with a face like his but beardless, his son perhaps.



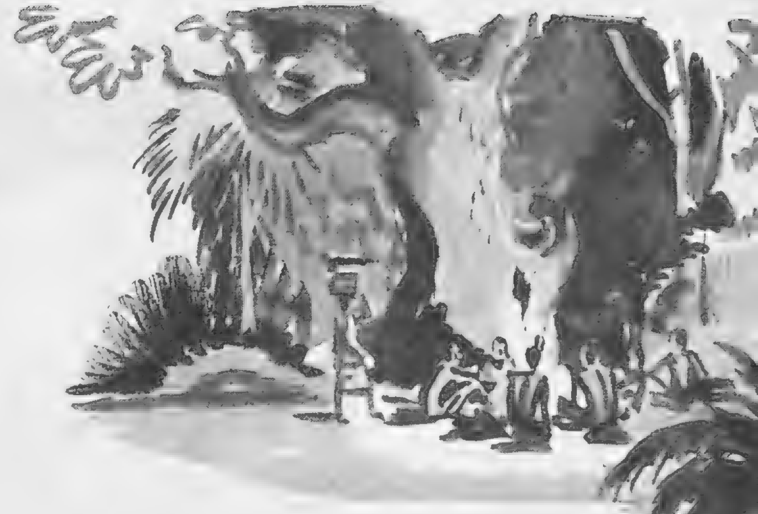
EXPENDING their scores of feet of motion film

"Is this the road to Piet Retief?" we said, leaning out of the window of our American sedan.

The old man reined in his reluctant mule, which stood pointing its long ears backwards and forwards. It knew only two states—that of pulling and that of not pulling. It gave itself up placidly to the state of not pulling and was at peace.

"Piet Retief?" said the old man slowly, stroking his beard. He turned to his son and spoke in Afrikaans.

"I am sorry," he said presently, using English with difficulty. "It is not known to us." He jerked the reins. At that dreadfully familiar signal the mule transferred himself dully from the non-pulling to the pulling state and they creaked on up the hill. The semi-circular hood of their cart stood upon the skyline and they were gone.



NATIVE boys were bending over their fires, carrying cans of water or sitting idly strumming on guitars

So we stopped at the police station—"politie kantoor"—which, luckily, we found some ten miles farther on. It was a little white building alone by the side of the road beneath a fine clump of blue gums. The South African flag—orange, blue and white—hung limply from a staff outside it. It was very hot. The young policeman inside knew very little English but was exceedingly polite. He invited us to sit down and, with a forefinger the size of my big toe, traced the way to Piet Retief on a much-thumbed district map that hung on the wall. His district was about the size of Yorkshire. The dusty track we had followed so far was marked broadly in red like the Great North Road at home.

"Take the first to the left across the bridge," he said. "Go on till you come to the Kaffir store and take the turning to the left opposite that."

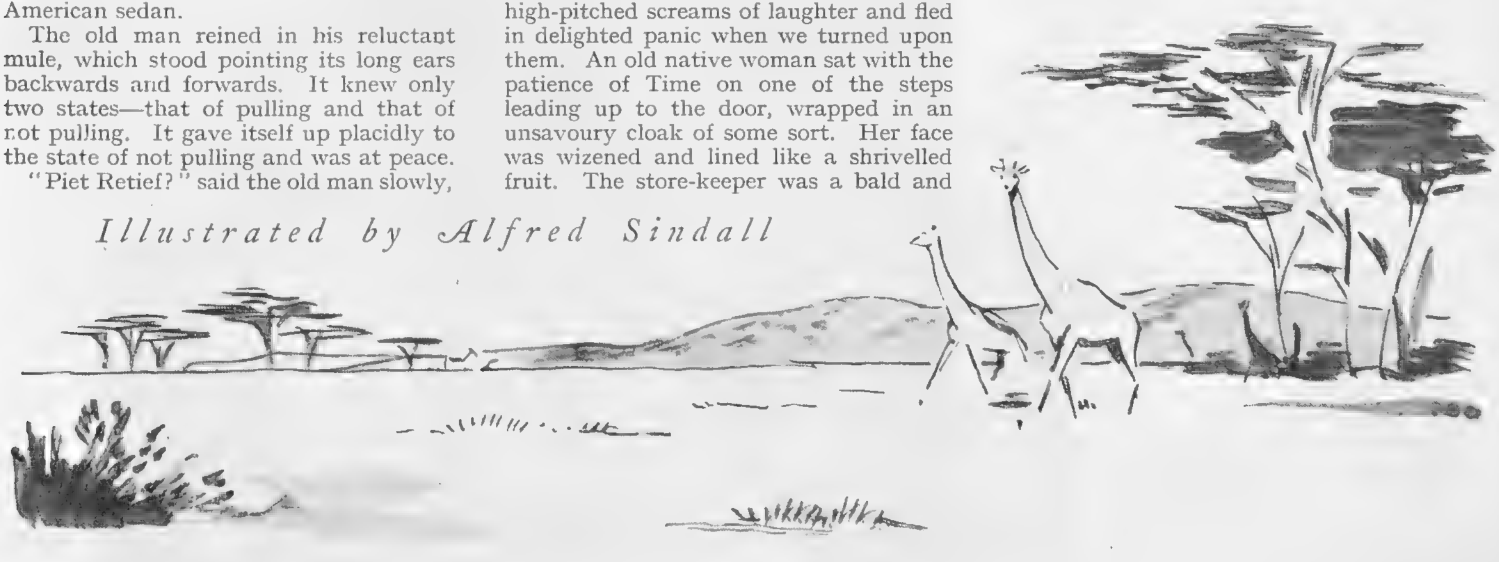
I MYSELF was used to motoring in England and could scarcely be expected to guess that the bridge was forty miles farther along the road and that the Kaffir store was another fifteen. It was almost dark when we got to the Kaffir store and one hard, brilliant star stood over the mountains. We stopped there to make sure of the way. The store was a tin shanty standing back from the road among wattle trees from which a sweet scent came. Some native children playing in the dust ran up to the car and stood staring at it, and at us, as though we were visitors from another planet with noses above our eyes. They followed us up to the shanty door with high-pitched screams of laughter and fled in delighted panic when we turned upon them. An old native woman sat with the patience of Time on one of the steps leading up to the door, wrapped in an unsavoury cloak of some sort. Her face was wizened and lined like a shrivelled fruit. The store-keeper was a bald and paunchy Englishman who said he came from Blackheath, though it was thirty years since he had seen it. He supposed, rightly, that it would be all altered since his day. His store was really shut, he said, but he was always pleased to see English folk so would we come in? There was a small plain deal counter in the store which was lit by an oil lamp hanging from the roof. On the wall behind the counter were shelves rather meagrely furnished with things in tins. The store-keeper leaned genially upon his counter and said that weeks went by during which he saw no white people at all. He got a bit lonely but there was always the radio. He seemed very anxious that we should stay and talk but we wanted to make Piet Retief by midnight, so presently we said we must go.

"Glad to have met you," he said genially. "Good journey! It's only another twenty miles now and you'll find quite a good hotel there. Good-bye and good luck!"

We wished him good-bye and good luck. As we walked back to the car, followed by the goggling, giggling piccaninnies, the store-keeper stood blandly in his doorway. Then the old woman rose from where she sat on the step with a strange mixture of humility and dignity. It was as though she had waited since the Creation for this moment when the stout store-keeper should open his shanty door.

But the store-keeper's manner underwent an abrupt (*Continued on page* 147)

Illustrated by Alfred Sindall



THE WIND *is their* SERVANT

THE other day, a sailplane pilot set off from the slopes of the Dunstable hills on a cross-country flight. His machine had the grace of a gull, its long tenuous wings bearing aloft the pilot who guided it through the boiling air that churned invisibly up and around in all directions.

When he had been in the air some three hours, silently gliding across the sun-heated hills and fields, he came into a section of air that was "dead." No longer did those invisible currents churn upwards, keeping him aloft as the crest of a breaking wave bears the weight of a surf-rider. The air was still, and the sailplane, striving hard to find some flicker of support from the tired air that had been boiling through the heat of the day, gradually and silently lost height.

The pilot landed in a field. A group of farm-hands approached and stood around gazing in wonderment at this mysteriously beautiful denizen of the skies. It lay tilted on a wing-tip at rest in the clover looking a little like a broken butterfly.

Said one of these men to another: "These gliders be quiet things, b'ain't they?"

"Aye," replied the other, "I reckon they must run by electric."

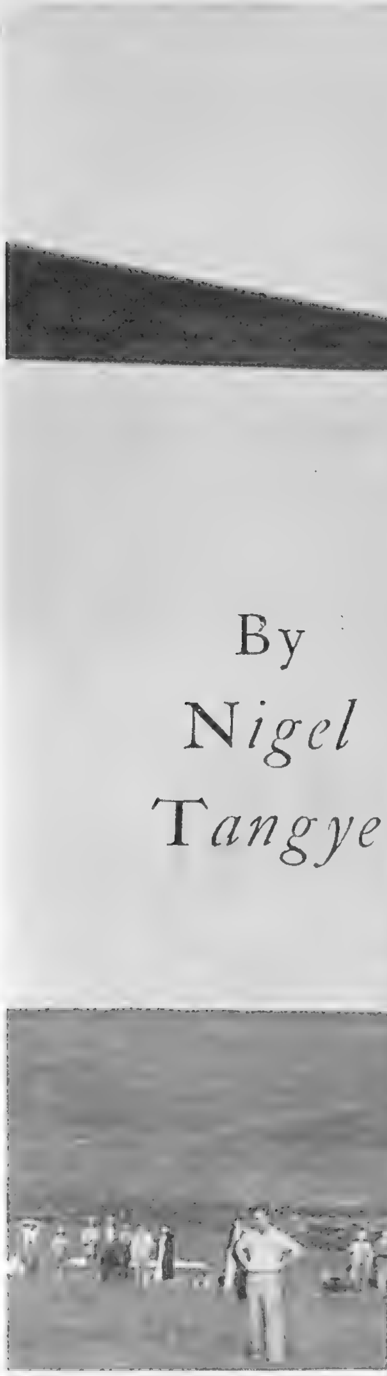
Unless you know something about this pastime of soaring on the winds you can be excused sharing this opinion of the farm-hand, for it seems incredible that there is no motive power that drives these sailplanes through the air achieving performances for motorless flight that thirty years ago would have been hailed as triumphs for power-driven aeroplanes. Let me recount some of these performances.

The long-distance record for a sailplane (the term given to these high-performance gliders) is 405 miles. This astonishing feat was performed by a Russian. Little less astounding was the flight made by three German sailplane pilots who made a formation flight of 313 miles, all of them landing in the same field. And another Russian flew a passenger 230 miles, which may or may not seem as spectacular as the duration record attained by Flight-Lieut. W. B. Murray and Mr. Stanley Sproule who remained in the air for 22 hours 13½ minutes on the first day of the National Gliding Contests at Dunstable in July last. The duration record for single-seat sailplanes is held by a German who remained aloft for 40 hours 55 minutes.

SPECTACULAR as these records are, they somehow lack the appeal of another type of record, the type which depends on the pilot carrying out a preconceived course and landing where he said he would. The pilot who does this not only successfully defies the law of gravity but marshals to his will the very winds. Fräulein Anna Reitsch, for example, holds the world's record for a "goal" flight. She announced before she started that she would land at a point 218 miles away, *and did so*. Not content with that, she announced one day that she would fly around a mark 77 miles away and return to her starting point! Again she accomplished what she set out to do.

But the most astonishing feat of all, to my mind, does not come into the category of world records and so cannot have the universal recognition it deserves. At this year's National Gliding Contests

By
Nigel
Tangye



A LARGE sailplane taking off from Great Hucklow, Derbyshire, during the National Soaring Contests. Fräulein Anna Reitsch was a notable visitor

FLIGHT-LIEUT. W. B. MURRAY and Mr. Stanley Sproule remained in the air in their sailplane for 22 hours 13½ minutes at the National Gliding Contest, Dunstable, in July last

at Dunstable there was organised a race, the course of which lay round three marks making a lap of 2½ miles. The winner was he who flew round the greatest number of laps during the meeting. It was won by Mr. G. O. Smith of the Derbyshire and Lancashire Gliding Club, who completed 109 laps, which meant a total distance of 272 miles. He flew this distance at an average speed of 14½ miles an hour. How, it may well be asked, is such a feat possible in a plane with no source of power on board whatsoever and carrying a 170 lb. man as cargo?

Mention has already been made of the turbulence that is to be found in the air. The man on the earth's surface is aware of this turbulence in the form of winds. To him these winds are always horizontal, sweeping across the country on some days stronger than on others. But being on the earth's surface he is unaware of the other winds that fill the air, vertical winds and diagonal winds that blow with the same vehemence as those to which he is accustomed. Sometimes these vertical winds reach tremendous proportions. In Scotland, in the region of the Caledonian Canal, they have been known to attain a velocity of 60 miles an hour, but in South Africa the by no means infrequent hailstones that each weigh as much as a pound reveal the fact that these vertical winds are sometimes as strong as 200 miles an hour.

FRAULEIN ANNA REITSCH, who holds the world record for a "goal" flight, talking to General Udet on the air field at Staaken, after taking part in the International Gliding Contest

Imagine a glider being sent off the top of a hill when the air is quite still. If it is a finely built sailplane it will glide down to the valley with a sinking rate of perhaps three feet per second. Now suppose the air in which it is flying is rising *en masse* at four feet per second, that sailplane will actually be climbing away from the valley at a rate of one foot per second. So long then as the pilot remains in that mass of rising air he himself will be climbing. Even if the air is rising at only three feet per second he will still be able to remain in the air. The problem that besets the sailplane pilot, therefore, is to find air which is rising and it is only experience and a sound knowledge of air currents that enables him to do this.

Everyone is aware of the fact that warm air rises. It would betray a singular lack of observation if one had not noticed that smoke (*Continued on page 76*)

BOOM *in* Treasure Trove

THE buckets of the big dredger came up out of the sea and went back into the sea, dancing to the tune of clanging chain and metal. Eighteen buckets a minute, the skipper said; and grinned when I asked him if they had found any gold yet. "They got some bullets and nails last week."

British tramp skippers are liable to be sceptical about treasure hunting and hunters. Scarcely a port in the seven seas that has not its old salts' and waterfront-bar tales of buried treasure and the pirate's chart.

Besides, the *Lutine* frigate had been lying fifty-four feet down on that sea bed off Terschelling island for 140 years, and if the gold hadn't sunk too deep for recovery they'd have got some of it up long ago. Why, thirty-nine years ago they got up the timber that makes the Lutine Chair in the committee room of the Liverpool Underwriters' Association, and the bell which rings at Lloyd's to signal news that a ship reported missing has been found. And dredgers and divers have been trying their luck ever since—in vain. It lures, that *Lutine* wreck, with two millions in gold bars still in or under her. . . .

CAPTAIN D. MAX STANTON of the motor schooner Advance *which sailed from Pembroke Dock in search of treasure in the Cocos Islands*

BELOW: The Lowestoft drifter Veracity *which was fitted out in 1935 to sail to the Cocos to search for the fabulous treasure said to be buried there*

Ten days after we passed the treasure-hunting *Karimata*, banging its buckets into the sea off the Dutch coast, news broke that they had struck gold at last—one thin little bar the buckets had brought up. Perhaps by the time you read this the whole of the treasure which was carried from London to Yarmouth by stage coach in 1799, and put aboard H.M. Frigate *Lutine*, may have been recovered. Perhaps. . . .

It can anyway have come to no harm during the passage of the years. For gold is rustless and unalterable by heat, moisture and most corrosives. Indeed, it actually breeds if you leave it long enough. As late as 1931 the gold which sank into the sea depths thirteen decades ago was worth only 84s. an ounce. Now, every ounce exchanges for 142s.

IT is fitting that the patient dredgers should have reached the *Lutine's* gold this time: for there is a boom in treasure hunting. Searching for lost treasure is indeed becoming rationalised—one of the minor but more adventurous industries of our money-obsessed world. There are joint-stock companies whose business is treasure hunting. One, with a capital of £50,000, is called "Treasure Recovery, Ltd." During the last ten months I have thrice been shown, in confidence, old stained charts by men desirous of finding backers for a new quest for some ancient golden fleece; and I have been five times invited to participate financially in organised searches for treasure, which if located and recovered, would amount in the aggregate to £37,000,000 (according

The Search for Legendary Caches of Gold and Jewels—*reputed worth Hundreds of Millions*—still goes on, but Money invested in more Prosaic Quests yields higher dividends

By C. Patrick Thompson

THE palm-fringed shore of Cocos Island, showing the dense jungle stretching away into the interior. This island probably holds the record for the number of expeditions in search of treasure trove

THE monster Dutch dredger Karimata *dredging for the gold lost in the British frigate* Lutine. *Has succeeded in retrieving a bar of gold*

to the claims and estimates on which each proposition was based), yielding me, if I took a £500 stake in each venture, and all succeeded, a profit of a round £3,000,000 on my £2,500 investment—which is pretty good, but not quite so good as Henry Ford's original investment of £8,000 in a motor car manufacturing business which has £40,000,000 cash in the bank now and is estimated to be worth £450,000,000 as a going concern, and certainly not so good as the penny investment in a football pool which resulted in a charlady winning the colossal sum of £13,000.

How many expeditions are out hunting treasure at this time is anybody's guess, for the more serious ones avoid publicity, and even such a fantastic—but solidly financed—quest as the search for King John's treasure—supposed to have been lost in the Wash—became general knowledge only when the backer and his chief "field executive" fell out, and their dispute came into the courts on a salary claim. But during the first half of 1938 the British and American newspapers carried news stories of seventy-three treasure hunts, being organised, setting forth, or on the job. In no case was the treasure reported as under a million. The top is a hoard in gold blocks and jewels estimated worth £30,000,000!

THE long string of buckets of the Karimata *at work on the spot where the* Lutine *lies*

One smiles. But while the most malleable and ductile of all metals, native carbons crystallised in the isometric system, green beryl, transparent corundum, nacre deposited in concentric layers about a parasitic worm within a mollusc's shell (in a word, gold, diamonds, emeralds, sapphires, pearls), are prized and can be changed for large quantities of the money which buys what men want during their earthly sojourn, individuals and parties will never give up hunting for the thousand-and-one treasures whose existence is said to be verified, but the whereabouts of which no one has yet been able to discover.

Centuries, in these things, mean nothing. What could be more fantastic, more incredible, than the discovery by Howard Carter of the vast treasure of Tutankhamen in the Valley of the Kings at Luxor? That treasure had been lost for over 4,000 years. Yet for almost that length of time, there were men who were convinced it existed, and who assiduously sought it. At last the sand covered it, preserving it from the looting bands who searched and dug wherever they thought the tomb of some old Pharaoh lay.

Glance at some of the treasures which are still being hunted—not all the treasure which lies around the world, but the recorded and persistently-hunted hoards.

There is (*Continued on page* 82)

SOME of the cannon balls recovered by the Karimata *from the sunken ship* Lutine

One Night in Leghorn

Twenty-four dramatic hours in the life of a Woman whose Ambition was to become an Empress

By H. Bedford Jones

WHEN I walked into the office at nine in the morning, a telegram was handed me. I tore it open and read:

DO YOU LIKE DRAMATIC WOMEN
ANSWER BLACKSTONE CHICAGO
PARTON

I was in no mood to exchange pleasantries. My friend Parton was off again in the estates and empires of the moon, obviously. He collects conspiracies that failed to overturn the world; inside information on history, as he calls it. When he strikes some startling story of conspiracy that would have made the front page if it had only come off, he makes a bee line to tell me about it.

Calling in my secretary, I dictated a reply calculated to discourage him:

NOBODY LIKES DRAMATIC
WOMEN YOU FOOL ALL
WOMEN THINK THEMSELVES
DRAMATIC BUT
ONLY ONE IN A MILLION
CAN ACHIEVE DRAMA
STOP FORGET IT

"Send it collect," I ordered, and so it was done. At ten o'clock another telegram arrived. I had forgotten about Parton's message until I opened this and saw his name signed to it:

NATALIE LEZCIKI WAS ONE
IN TEN MILLION ALSO
PROVING WOMAN CAN BE
TOO SMART STORY SHOULD
REACH YOU THIS MORNING
AIR MAIL SPECIAL DELIVERY
PLEASE READ AND
RETURN

I cursed Parton and his conspiracies heartily, being swamped with work in an important lawsuit.

At five past eleven another telegram arrived.

HAVE YOU READ IT YET
QUESTION

I grunted and went back to work. A big airmail envelope had arrived and was on my desk, but I ignored Parton and his conspiracy. A bit after twelve, I was leaving for luncheon when my secretary came in with another telegram.

"Is it from him?" I demanded. She looked at it and smiled.

"Yes. The same as the last that came."

I departed and slammed the door. When I returned, later, still another telegram was on my desk—merely a question as to whether I had read it. The thing was getting on my nerves.

Intending to glance at the story and frame up a reply that would satisfy and silence Parton, I tore open the envelope and took out the typed pages. Out fell a slip of cardboard. On it was drawn a skull and crossbones; below this was a message in red ink.

WARNING!
READ ONE PAGE IN THIS
STORY OF THE MOST
DRAMATIC WOMAN IN
HISTORY AND I BET FIFTY
BUCKS YOU CAN'T QUIT
TILL IT'S FINISHED

I sniffed. However, Parton always stands his bets. One page, eh? All right. I settled grimly down to win the bet. The odd thing about it was that, from the beginning, the sound of those singing voices at dusk had a haunting effect. I knew Leghorn, the old merchant city, the port of Tuscany when the Medici ruled Florence as grand dukes. The words took me back to the old place—the torches flaring round the gardens of the palace, their smoke drifting in lazy spicy swirls in the windless hush of dusk, and the singing voices, singing haunting Russian melodies.

Singing, as they had been singing ever since noon, voices of men floating in from the Russian fleet in the harbour, the tall frigates and towering ships of the line. Elizabeth was in her bath when Tanya called her excitedly.

"Little mother! Come along here quickly. They're spelling your name with lanterns!"

She left the bath and came quickly to the window—dripping, nude, her slim flanks glistening, her delicately pointed breasts as eager as her eyes. Blobs of yellow flame bloomed between the masts across the water, as lantern after lantern swung into place.

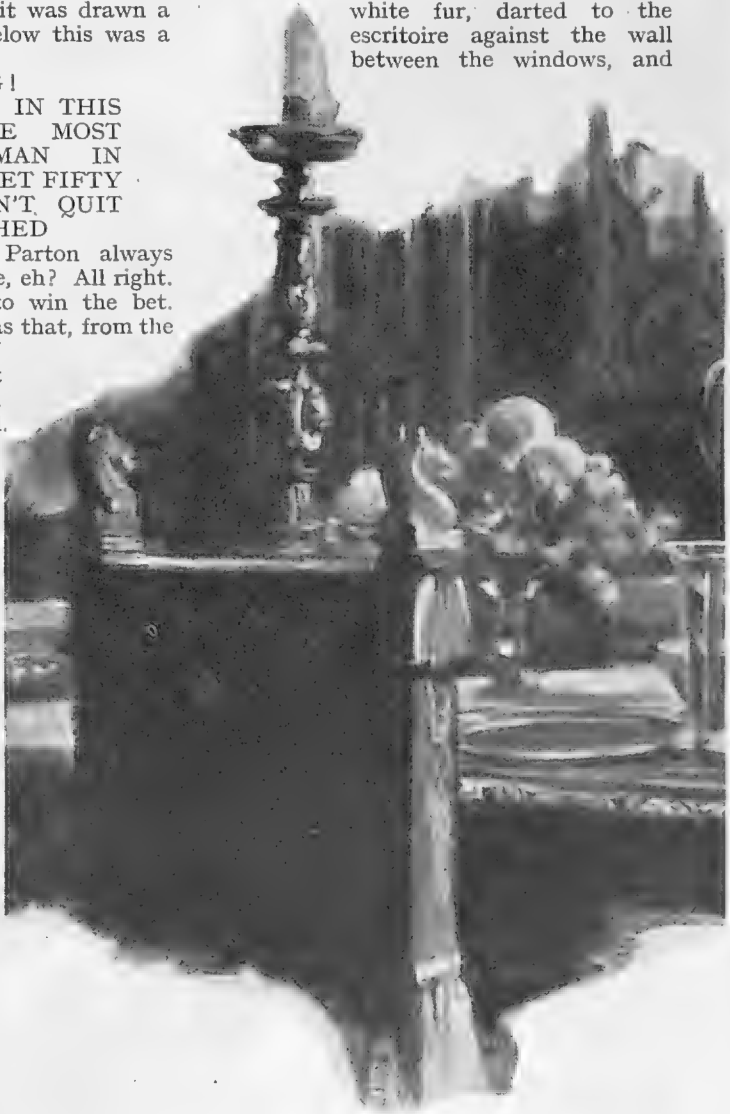
"Elizabeth!" The name stood out; the voices lifted in a new and more rousing song in quick acclaim. Elizabeth turned, listening to another sound.

"My robe and slippers—quickly! A carriage has just arrived. If it's a courier, bring him here instantly."

"Instantly?" echoed the maid, Tanya, as she held a white fur robe and Elizabeth slipped her lovely arms into it.

"Of course. Go and see—move!"

The maid disappeared. Elizabeth caught up the slippers of white fur, darted to the escritoire against the wall between the windows, and caught out a small brass pistolet. She examined it, set it down, drew a sheet of paper over it, and then tucked her feet into the slippers.



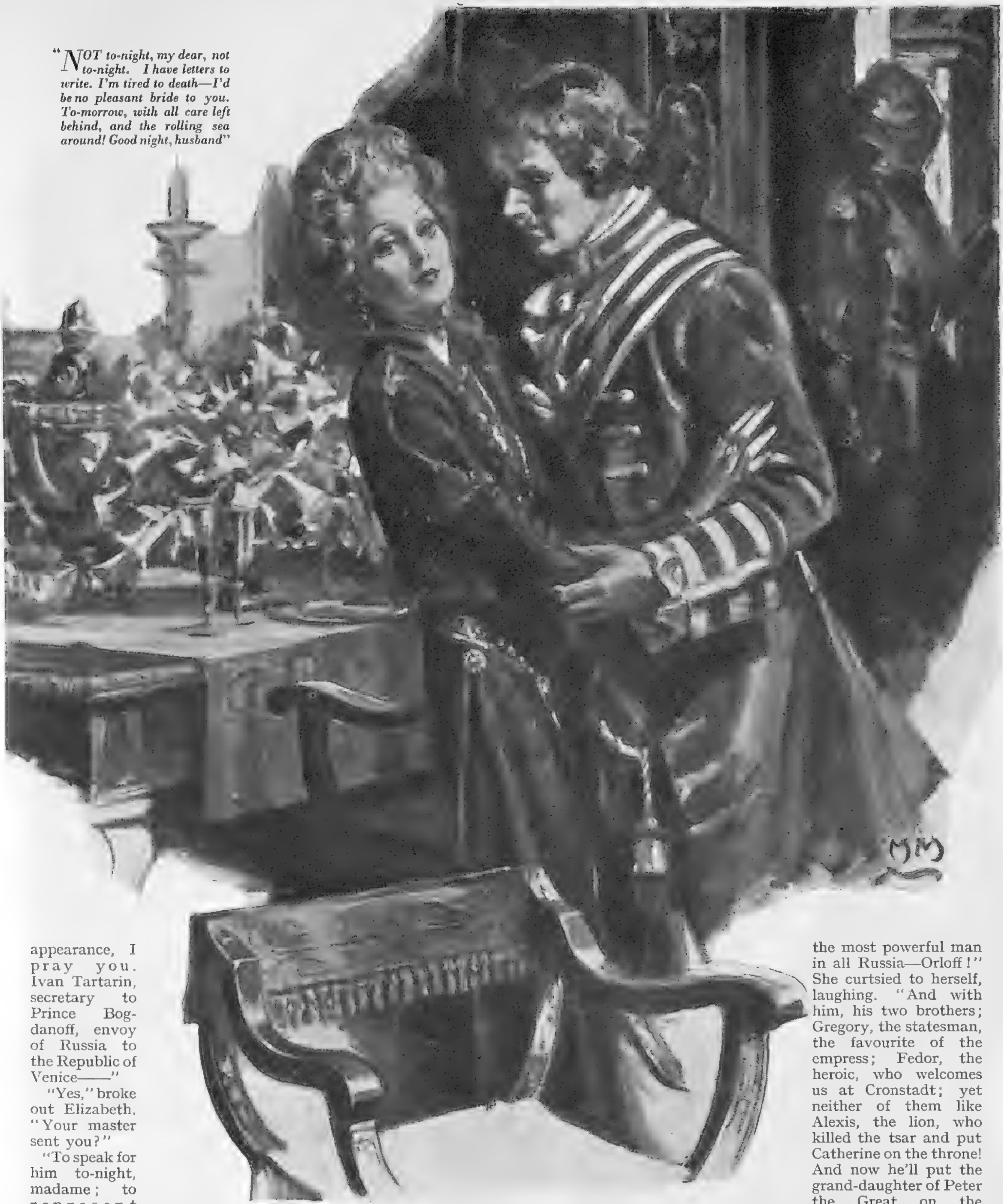
Candles lighted a tall mirror. She went to it, stood before it, opened the white robe, and surveyed her lovely body, her more lovely features, her high proud head. A flash grew in her eye.

"Elizabeth! And to-morrow, Empress of Russia!" she murmured. "If Bogdanoff assents, the last link in the chain is forged. If he comes or sends, the others will be here to-night; and to-morrow, the salutes of the fleet to a new empress! A woman worthy to be an empress—more worthy than that pig Catherine who sits on the throne now!"

THE door was swung open. Disdainful of haste, careless of the mirror that disclosed her white slim beauty, Elizabeth tucked the robe around her and turned. Tanya had brought in a dust-white cavalier, who bowed low and introduced himself, in some confusion.

"Madame—your highness—I am but this moment arrived—pardon my

"NOT to-night, my dear, not to-night. I have letters to write. I'm tired to death—I'd be no pleasant bride to you. To-morrow, with all care left behind, and the rolling sea around! Good night, husband"



appearance, I pray you. Ivan Tartarin, secretary to Prince Bogdanoff, envoy of Russia to the Republic of Venice——"

"Yes," broke out Elizabeth. "Your master sent you?"

"To speak for him to-night, madame; to represent him. . . ."

Her nostrils flared with abrupt excitement. "Quickly! Does he support me?"

"He does, without reservations. . . ."

"Good! Give us the details later. Tanya! Take him to a room, give him all he may need; rest, my friend, and in an hour or so join us at dinner."

The door closed again. Elizabeth swept around, came back to the mirror, flung open her fur coat; with slim fingers she touched her breasts, her slim white hips, her throat. Exultant, she flung out her arms to herself.

"The last link! To-morrow you win the world!" she whispered. "Yes; you're beautiful. You've used every weapon. One by one you've won every man you need—and now the last, the greatest of all, the conqueror of the Turks, the most powerful man in all Russia—Orloff!" She curtsied to herself, laughing. "And with him, his two brothers; Gregory, the statesman, the favourite of the empress; Fedor, the heroic, who welcomes us at Cronstadt; yet neither of them like Alexis, the lion, who killed the tsar and put Catherine on the throne! And now he'll put the grand-daughter of Peter the Great on the throne. . . ."

She turned, as Tanya came back into the room, and her voice lifted imperiously.

"Tanya! The finest of everything for to-night—jewels, everything! And first rub me well with your skilful hands. To-night I must be supple, beautiful, beautiful as never before, filled with conquest, triumph, glory!"

The songs of the Russian seamen still

drifted in from the anchored fleet, the ships of Orloff that had annihilated the entire Turkish navy.

She stretched out on the rug before the flickering hearth-fire, naked. Tanya, broad-faced and powerful, knelt above her and kneaded her relaxed flesh, laughing a little as she rubbed and massaged with deft lascivious touch of the strong fingers.

"Ah, little mother!" she murmured. "If I had a body such as this, I'd use it well and shrewdly! Not that you've lost any chances. What happened, that night in Pisa, when you went out with Alexis Orloff?"

"Nothing happened," said Elizabeth in dreamy relaxation, "except that I married him in secret."

She laughed softly, throatily. The maid after one slight start of amazement, joined in the laugh, and then ventured another question.

"But Radziwill?"

"Radziwill is in Venice or Vienna."

"And the other? Domanski?" questioned Tanya. "The tall, handsome young Pole, the young god Adonis, the man of fire and flame?"

Elizabeth shivered slightly and put her face in the crook of her arm, as Tanya massaged her supple back.

"Who knows? He's gone, forgotten, far away," came her muffled voice. "I've traded him for an empire. Never mention his name again."

She did not see the flash, like a lambent flare of lightning, that sped athwart the dark stolid face of the maid, and was gone again.

She lay, thinking deeply, reckoning, remembering, this girl who had winged her beauty like the flight of a swooping dove above Europe, now here, now there. Two years ago, in 1772, Poland had ceased to be as a nation, partitioned and looted; two years ago, Natalie Lezciki had come out of Poland, and to-night she was the empress-to-be.

Daughter of the Empress Elizabeth, brought up as the daughter of the humble Pole, Peter Lezciki, her amazing beauty had blown up a flame of intrigue wherever she passed. To-night it was coming to a head. To-morrow couriers would be riding the roads of Europe. To-morrow the whole victorious fleet of Russia would be off, like a pack of hounds unleashed, for Gibraltar and the seas beyond, and Cronstadt—and the throne of an empire!

Tanya ran to the window. "To-morrow, little mother, you'll be tsaritsa! Boats are coming ashore. Alexis Orloff is coming."

The haunting refrain of voices continued from the Russian ships, the voices of men singing through the hours. Elizabeth sat up, hands to ears.

"What does it mean? That singing drives me crazy! Well, well, dress me, powder my hair, arrange it! Yes, I married Orloff in Pisa, parted with him five minutes afterward, and no one else knows it. Dress me!"

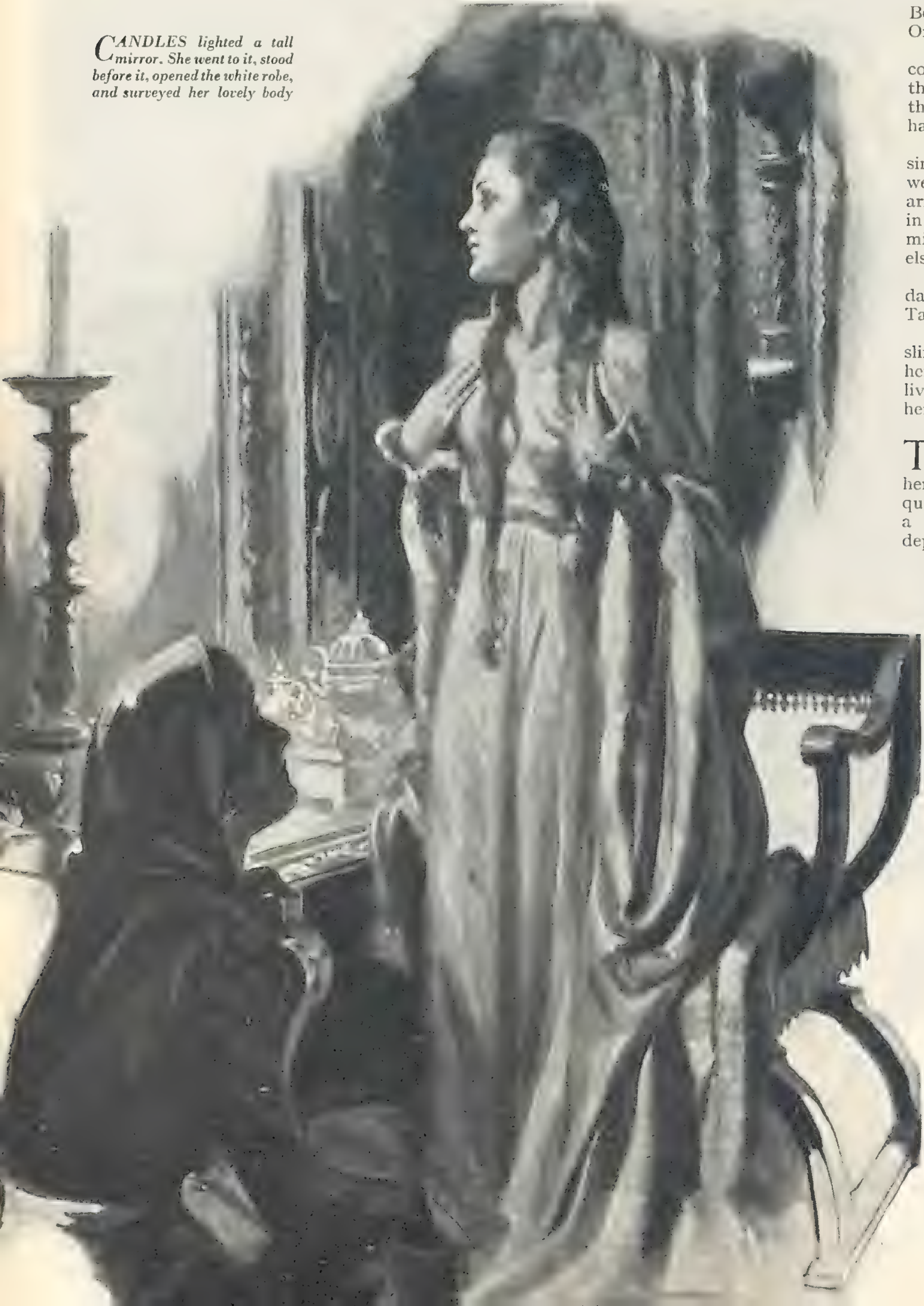
Again that lambent flash darted across the peasant-face of Tanya, and was gone.

Elizabeth stood up. Now the slim, lovely body, which had served her so well, was sheathed like a living sword as the maid dressed her.

THE grand duke had placed his palace here in Leghorn at her disposal; her guests were quartered here, all Russians. Not a large gathering, but upon it depended the destiny of an empire, the lives of millions, perhaps the history of the world. To-night, under this roof all the threads of intrigue and conspiracy from half across Europe were drawn together, and the slender fingers of a woman were knotting them hard and strong.

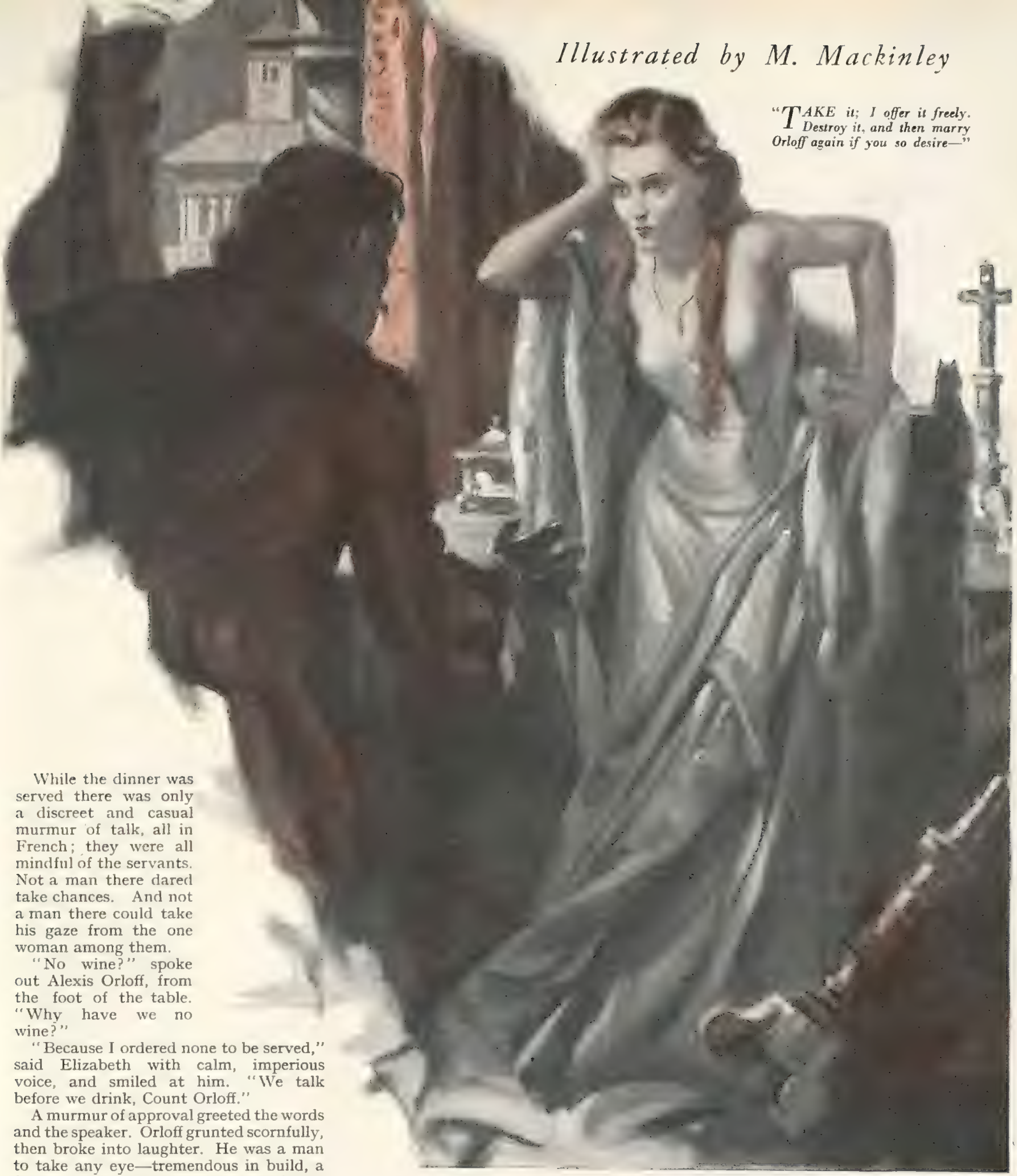
The state dining-room, with its Florentine marbles and paintings and tapestries, was lit by massive waxen candles. About the table sat the guests, all men; at its head was Elizabeth, a fairy dream of beauty, her complexion so clear that it seemed to glow with a self-contained light.

Her gold-brown hair was caught up in a golden net sparkling with rubies and diamonds, and deftly powdered. Almost black above her deep blue eyes were her long, straight brows. Her muslin tunic was embroidered in gold and purple, with a diamond girdle; a short-sleeved dolman of crimson velvet, and the cordons of three imperial orders, completed her brilliant costume.



CANDLES lighted a tall mirror. She went to it, stood before it, opened the white robe, and surveyed her lovely body

Illustrated by M. Mackinley



"TAKE it; I offer it freely. Destroy it, and then marry Orloff again if you so desire—"

While the dinner was served there was only a discreet and casual murmur of talk, all in French; they were all mindful of the servants. Not a man there dared take chances. And not a man there could take his gaze from the one woman among them.

"No wine?" spoke out Alexis Orloff, from the foot of the table. "Why have we no wine?"

"Because I ordered none to be served," said Elizabeth with calm, imperious voice, and smiled at him. "We talk before we drink, Count Orloff."

A murmur of approval greeted the words and the speaker. Orloff grunted scornfully, then broke into laughter. He was a man to take any eye—tremendous in build, a famous athlete, of enormous strength and agility, and the greatest hero of the world to boot, in Russian eyes. Handsome, too, but marked with the frightful pride of his family, the arrogance and insolence of the Orloffs. For which there was some excuse.

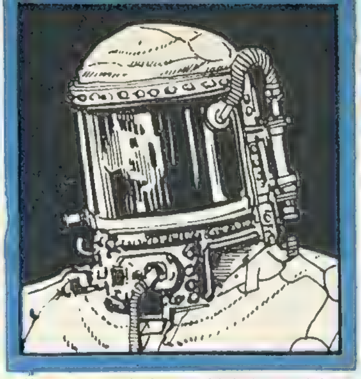
At the table were a few officers from the fleet, picked men of high birth and great names—anxious at the beginning, but warming now to the eyes and smile of Elizabeth. One grizzled captain, a prince to boot, whispered to his neighbour that he had known the Empress Elizabeth well, even intimately, you understand; there was no doubt that this girl was her daughter. The resemblance was perfect.

There was no doubt anywhere, for that matter. Talking vivaciously with her guests, Elizabeth was fully conscious of the admiration she aroused; yet she was shrewdly weighing each man present. Except for Orloff and his officers, there were no uniforms or decorations in sight, but these men were potent.

Here was Bogdanoff's secretary from Venice. Here was Count Porenski's ambassador to Rome and the Court of Naples; beyond him, old Prince Korniloff, the envoy to Florence, his white beard floating over his black garment; beyond, again, the brilliant Prince Dolgorski, on leave from his embassy in Vienna. As she talked she heard old Korniloff speaking to the man next to him, about the Orloff brethren.

"Yes, I know Gregory very well," the old diplomat was saying. "He's been supplanted with Catherine by Potemkin, of course, and is in Germany now; none the less, he's the most influential man in Russia—a crazy genius, but a genius. Fedor is a great popular favourite, general of the armies, a man of direct action. This one," and he motioned toward Alexis, "who killed Peter III with his own hands, is the greatest of them all; do you know that he has thirty thousand serfs alone? That is true. The Orloffs constitute a triumvirate. They hang together; they have an immense personal affection. Hurt one, you have all three at your throat. Not at my throat, thank God!"

A lull in the talk. (*Continued on page* 135)



The oxygen helmet which is used for high altitude flying in the R.A.F

Left: The whole suit and helmet in which Squadron-Leader Swain, who is shown here, made the altitude record of 49,967 feet

High Above and Deep Below

Man's Efforts to Conquer Two Elements

By Sir Leonard Hill, F.R.S.

NO climber has yet reached the top of Everest, 29,100 feet high, but airmen have flown over it and in test flights have gone far higher. An R.A.F. pilot last year reached his ceiling at 55,000 feet, over ten miles up, almost twice the height of Everest where the wisps of high cloud are seen on clear days blown into thin streamers by the wind. Such a flight to the stratosphere has only been made possible by the use of oxygen-breathing apparatus. In the War, when high flying became necessary for concealment and hawk-like pounces on the enemy, pilots often became dizzy and even fainted at heights of 15,000 of 20,000 feet. Then a mechanically-minded commander thought they couldn't breathe enough of the thinned air at such heights, and actually designed an air-pump to be driven by the aeroplane engine which was to force air into their lungs. Fortunately, before this pump was delivered and any pilot killed by trying to use it, physiologists heard of the trouble and showed how to stop it.

They knew that in every pint of air breathed into the lungs at a height of 20,000 feet there is not half the weight of oxygen there is at sea level. At the top of Everest there is only one third the amount. It is not the percentage value but the concentration or weight of oxygen in each pint of air which falls off as the barometer falls and the air becomes ever thinner as the pilot goes up. It is oxygen-want which makes climbers suffer from mountain-sickness and pilots from air-sickness, and the unfit are soonest affected. It is no good sending advanced cases of tuberculosis of the lungs to health resorts in the Alps placed some 5,000 feet high, because their lungs are so much damaged by disease that they suffer, there, from oxygen-want. It is the early cases which are cured by staying there for a year or two in the dry-cold and sunny climate.

SOME acclimatisation to high altitudes can be brought about by deepening of breathing, increase in the number of red corpuscles in the blood—the oxygen carriers—and by strengthening of the heart. A hare has a heart three times as big as a rabbit. So, too, the great climbers develop, as all great athletes, powerful hearts which send copious streams of blood round the body. People with weak hearts must not go to high altitudes.

It is the varying power of acclimatisation which makes one a good and another a bad subject for high places.

Men live on the Andes in mining camps, and Tibetans in the summer take their flocks up the Himalayan slopes as high as 18,000 feet, but nobody can live long above that level. The Everest climbers have camped on the North Col at 24,000 feet for two or three weeks, and one or two of the great climbers such as Smythe and Shipton have reached the astonishing height of 28,000 feet, but in such a state of exhaustion of mind and body as to be in great peril of life. Irvine and Mallory lost their lives at about this level, where the ice-axe of the latter was found.

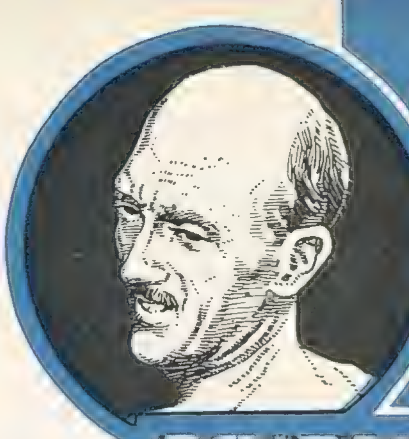
All this danger and disability can be set aside by the use of oxygen-breathing apparatus. A suitable apparatus designed by Sir Robert Davis was tested out by Dr. Warren in the last expedition and found to be good, but the monsoon came on early and unfortunately prevented all climbing above the North Col. Since then it has been tested in climbing the Matterhorn

IN the 1938 expedition success ought to be won by the use of this apparatus, for by breathing pure oxygen the climber is made as efficient as at sea level.

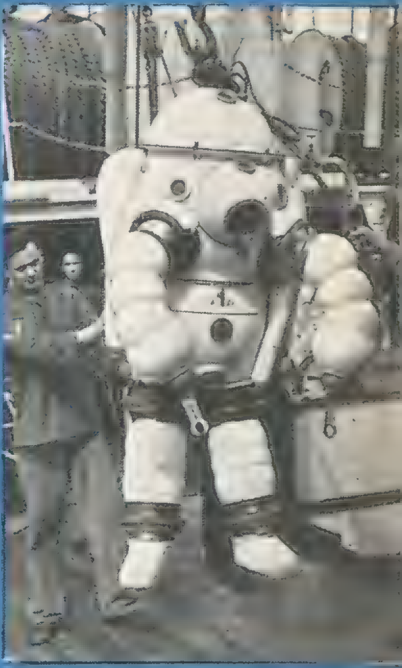
There is a breathing bag, an oxygen cylinder fitted with a valve automatically supplying two litres of oxygen a minute, and a cartridge, through which the expired air goes on its way to the breathing bag containing a chemical for absorbing the exhaled carbon dioxide. The climber is provided with a suitable mask covering the mouth and nose for breathing through. The supply of oxygen lasts him about five hours, a time which should allow the climb from the highest camp placed at or near 28,000 feet to the top, which is just over 29,000 feet high. The pilots who flew round the top of Everest used such an apparatus and by its means an R.A.F. pilot reached nearly 44,000 feet, but at this height he became faint. At such a height the breathing of oxygen does not suffice because in the depths of the lung there is water vapour given off from the moist air-tubes and carbon dioxide given off from the venous blood, and these vapours dilute the oxygen gas which is breathed in, and at 44,000 feet the barometric pressure has fallen so low, and the oxygen in consequence become so thin, that not enough can be absorbed out of each pint of air breathed to satisfy the needs of the body.

All warm-blooded animals, including man, when submitted to evacuation of the air in a steel chamber, are affected the same by oxygen want. Thus a monkey falls asleep but can still right its position when the chamber is shaken to disturb its balance, when the oxygen has fallen to such feeble concentration as prevails at the top of Everest. When yet more air is pumped out of the chamber and the barometer falls still lower, the animal sinks down until its head falls limp against the wall of the chamber. The letting into the chamber of air quickly revives it. An early sign of oxygen want in a man is inability to write and spell properly. The subject was breathing from an oxygen apparatus when the barometric pressure in the steel chamber was lowered to that of an altitude of 42,000 feet. He then dropped his pencil and could not pick it up, and to prevent him falling from his chair air was quickly let into the chamber.

The steel chamber has windows and is lit inside, and the subject of the experiment can be observed and signal that he is all right, or write messages on a tablet which can be read by the watchers outside, who are ready to let air into the chamber if there is any sign of trouble. These experiments are carried out at the works of Messrs. Siebe Gorman Ltd., where facility for such researches is available.



Dr. William Beebe, who has made a descent of 1,000 yards below the surface of the sea



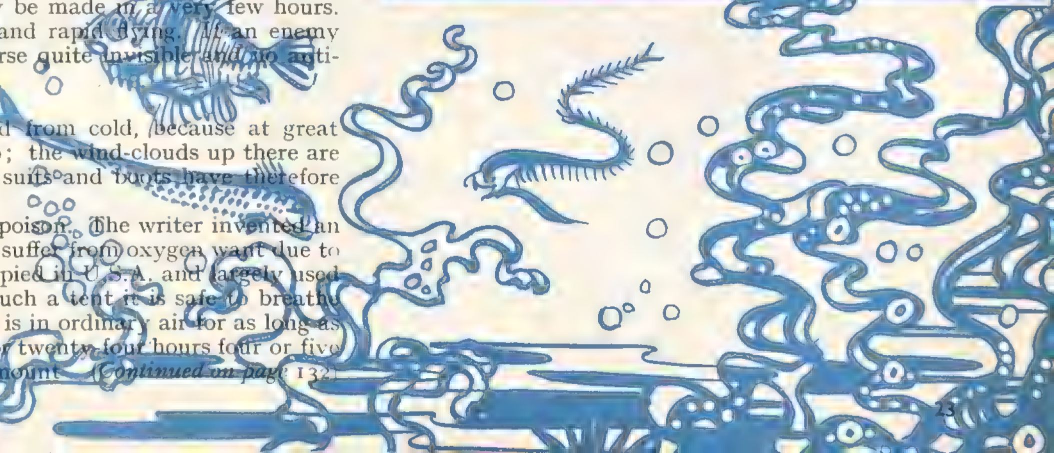
Right: The latest diving apparatus invented by the Italian, Galeazzi, weighing 400 kilos, which was tested recently at La Spezia, and descended to a depth of 250 metres

Below: Assistants to Dr. William Beebe examining his bathysphere before he made his descent of 2,000 feet to the bottom of the ocean, off Bermuda, in 1932

IN order to go higher, gondolas were at first made and slung under balloons; these gondolas were airtight in construction and strong enough to resist any difference of pressure between the inside and outside atmosphere. The balloonists having entered the gondola, the door was then closed in airtight fashion and the men breathed air at ordinary barometric pressure which was enriched with oxygen and freed from carbon dioxide by suitable means. Enormous balloons were used which were started only partly filled with hydrogen gas to allow for expansion as greater and greater heights were reached. The danger of such ascents is in coming down as the balloon loses so much gas that the gondola may be wrecked by hitting the ground. Professor Piccard thus attained a height of about ten miles, and Russian scientists went even higher, but some have lost their lives.

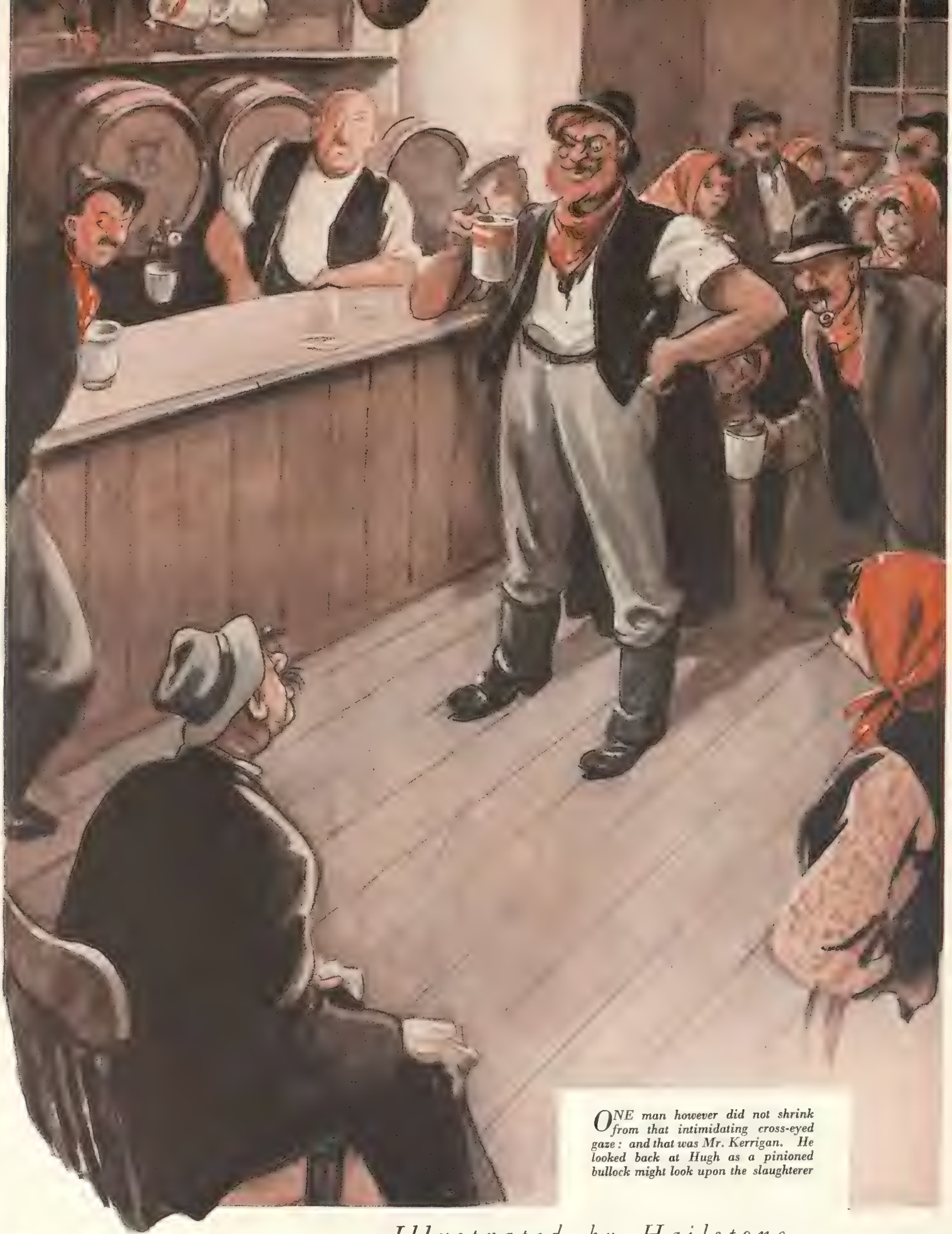
It is very difficult to so enclose a pilot in an air-tight chamber that he can work the controls of an aeroplane, but the design of a very simple dress by Sir Robert Davis has made very high flying possible.

A young American named Ridge came over here with the idea of such a dress. The theory of it had been rejected by scientists consulted in U.S.A., but Professor J. S. Haldane at once saw that it was all right. The dress is like that of a diver but is worn with a light sort of helmet fitted with a window giving a wide view. Enclosed in this dress with his hands gloved so as to allow control of the machine, the pilot breathes oxygen from an apparatus which produces a small positive pressure within the dress. Thus the great fall of barometric pressure due to altitude is overcome within the dress and any dangerous diminution of the oxygen supply prevented. Wearing such a dress within the steel chamber, Ridge endured a pumping out of the air of the chamber till the barometric pressure fell from 30 inches to one, and the thinness of the air within the chamber became equal to a height of over 90,000 feet. He suffered only from heat through being shut up in the dress, coming out at the end of the trial wet with perspiration. There is nothing then to prevent flyers, fitted with such dress reaching 90,000 feet or higher. They might even fly to the moon! It is the aeroplane engine that now fails in the thin air. Special propellers and reinforcement of air-supply to the engine have to be used, and so far the designers have given the Royal Air Force a plane which has reached 55,000 feet. It is hoped to attain yet another 10,000 feet. England is to the fore in this matter of stratosphere flying. In the thin air, and with the absence of opposing wind, great velocities are reached and the crossing to U.S.A. in the future may be made in a very few hours. There is nothing now to prevent such high and rapid flying. If an enemy comes over at such vast heights he is of course quite invisible and no anti-aircraft gun can touch him.



STRATOSPHERE flyers must be protected from cold, because at great heights the temperature falls far below zero; the wind-clouds up there are formed of ice particles. Electrically-warmed suits and boots have therefore been designed.

Excess as well as want of oxygen acts as a poison. The writer invented an oxygen tent in which patients can be put who suffer from oxygen want due to pneumonia or heart disease. This has been copied in U.S.A. and largely used there; to a less extent here, by doctors. In such a tent it is safe to breathe three times the concentration of oxygen there is in ordinary air for as long as you like, but it is not safe to go on breathing for twenty-four hours four or five times the concentration, because in time that amount (Continued on page 132)



ONE man however did not shrink from that intimidating cross-eyed gaze: and that was Mr. Kerrigan. He looked back at Hugh as a pinioned bullock might look upon the slaughterer

Illustrated by Hailstone

MR. TOBY KERRIGAN is a publican. For forty-six weeks of the year he presents to fellow-parishioners and travellers the picture of a humdrum prosperous vintner. The remaining six are his own.

They begin always in the same way. On the first day, practically, Mr. Kerrigan contracts a cold, and takes strong waters to ease it. By the start of the second week, he has sampled all his stock, and decided that brandy serves him best. By the start of the third week, the cold is cured, but the patient feels exhausted, and uses champagne to tone up his system.

During this third week it is customary for Mr. Kerrigan to make his will, to quarrel with Ted Keogh his foreman, to reward his messenger boy with lavish tips, to create deep interest among the bookies, to wax devotional, and, towards nightfall, to offer free hospitality to his customers. This trait being well known, the inn is crowded during the six days in

Mr. Kerrigan and the Tinkers

An Irishman's Holiday Adventures with his gipsy friends

By L. A. G. Strong

question : and Mr. Kerrigan fills many a stomach, and replenishes many a pocket, being only protected from giving his all away by the devoted Ted Keogh, who has had his notice a dozen times already since Monday, and will get it a dozen more before Saturday night.

And the customers, even those hardy devils the tinkers from Rathnew, approve the devotion of the dark hatchet-faced fellow, who sees to it that they only get a tithe of what his master tries to give them. Not that they would intentionally strip him bare. There is great decency in the world, and if a man under the influence tries to give you too much, sure, you slip it back into his pocket when he isn't looking. Still, it is well for the place that Ted Keogh is in it.

At the start of the fourth week Mr. Kerrigan decides to expedite his convalescence by a mixture of champagne, brandy, and port, until the morning comes when he declines to get out of bed. At this stage Ted Keogh seeks medical aid, whereupon, if all goes well, Mr. Kerrigan leaves his residence in a cab, *en route* for an institution which specialises in such cases. Ten days or a fortnight there, and he returns purified and braced for the labours of another year.

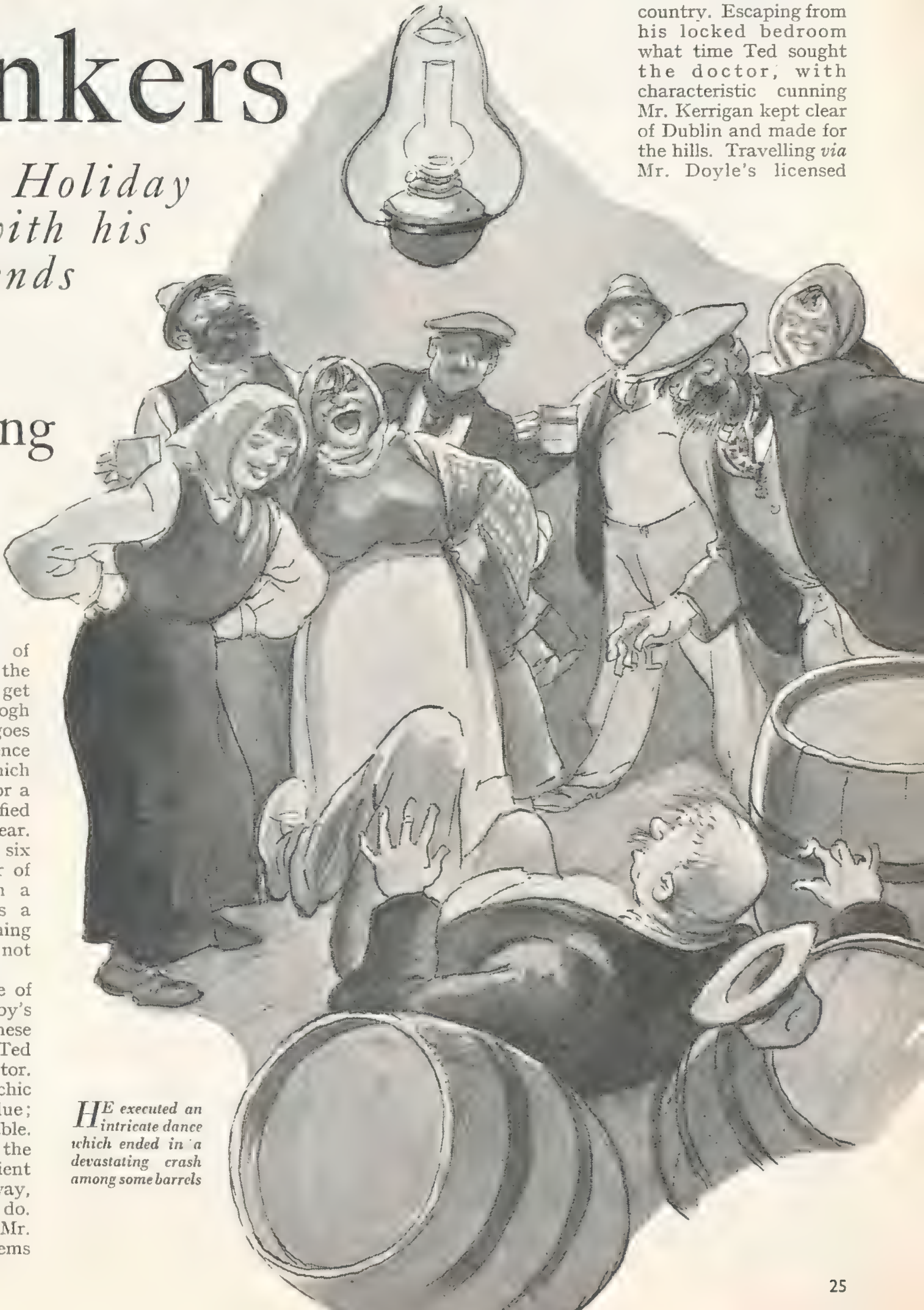
He assures his intimates that the six weeks' divagation does him a power of good, and seldom costs more than a hundred pounds sterling. As he is a bachelor, and spends next to nothing for the rest of the year, this does not seem an unreasonable figure.

Although this is the normal course of what is locally known as "Toby's divarsion," there are variations. These depend on the accuracy with which Ted Keogh judges when to fetch the doctor. Mr. Kerrigan has an almost psychic faculty of knowing when the visit is due; it is only safe to send when he is incapable. If Ted mistimes the summons, or the doctor delays in answering it, the patient is liable to escape. Once he is away, there is no knowing what he will do. The outstanding oddity about Mr. Kerrigan, all the time, is that he seems entirely sober, restrained, and composed: and this, coupled with a lunatic inventiveness, and the fact that he usually manages to take a good deal of money with him, makes him quite untraceable until the divarsion burns itself out and he chooses to come home.

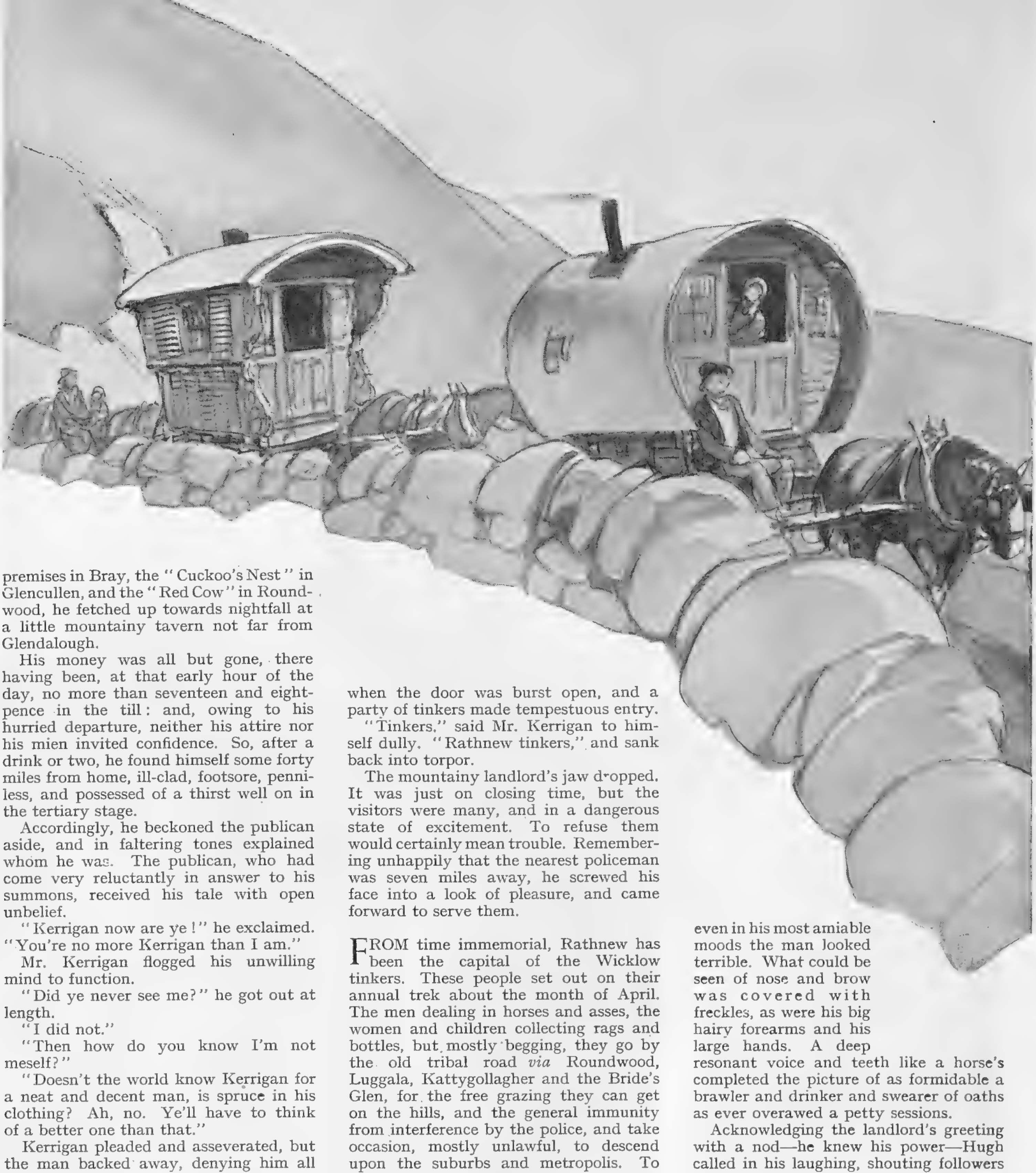
One year he got to Dublin, and met in a pub there an army officer similarly afflicted. Next morning the pair flew to Berlin, and no more was heard of them till they rode bareback into Antwerp on two enormous cart horses. What they had done in the meantime, and how they had acquired these mounts, never transpired.

On another occasion Mr. Kerrigan and two gentlemen friends went from home in a trawler with some drink and several cases of patent medicine as their sole luggage. With the aid of the drink they overcame captain and engineer, and the subsequent gyrations of the trawler off the Hebrides occasioned some anxiety in the fishing industry, and a good deal of speculation in the lesser Scottish newspapers. The trawler's voyage was ended—with some difficulty—by the intervention of a torpedo destroyer, whose astounded captain found her going round and round off Eigg in ever-widening circles.

But the best escapade of all, the one in which no word was heard of him for sixteen days and nights, was when he was all the time in his own country. Escaping from his locked bedroom what time Ted sought the doctor, with characteristic cunning Mr. Kerrigan kept clear of Dublin and made for the hills. Travelling *via* Mr. Doyle's licensed



He executed an intricate dance which ended in a devastating crash among some barrels



premises in Bray, the "Cuckoo's Nest" in Glencullen, and the "Red Cow" in Roundwood, he fetched up towards nightfall at a little mountainy tavern not far from Glendalough.

His money was all but gone, there having been, at that early hour of the day, no more than seventeen and eightpence in the till: and, owing to his hurried departure, neither his attire nor his mien invited confidence. So, after a drink or two, he found himself some forty miles from home, ill-clad, footsore, penniless, and possessed of a thirst well on in the tertiary stage.

Accordingly, he beckoned the publican aside, and in faltering tones explained whom he was. The publican, who had come very reluctantly in answer to his summons, received his tale with open unbelief.

"Kerrigan now are ye!" he exclaimed. "You're no more Kerrigan than I am."

Mr. Kerrigan flogged his unwilling mind to function.

"Did ye never see me?" he got out at length.

"I did not."

"Then how do you know I'm not meself?"

"Doesn't the world know Kerrigan for a neat and decent man, is spruce in his clothing? Ah, no. Ye'll have to think of a better one than that."

Kerrigan pleaded and asseverated, but the man backed away, denying him all and every sort of aid, even to a supper on credit.

Kerrigan sat down again and stared at the oil lamp which was the tavern's sole illumination. It was smoking. He was about to point this out to the landlord, but let his hand drop miserably to his side. What did it matter anyway. He was done. He was cleaned out. He was jerked. The sooner he was out of a harsh, dry, unfamiliar world the better.

As he sat, gloomily canvassing in his mind the relative merits of a safety razor blade in his pocket, a dive into the lake from St. Kevin's Bed, and a repast of deadly nightshade, a plant which grows so freely in the valleys, his attention was drawn by a demented racket in the lane outside. He had scarcely focused it, when the door was burst open, and a party of tinkers made tempestuous entry.

"Tinkers," said Mr. Kerrigan to himself dully. "Rathnew tinkers," and sank back into torpor.

The mountainy landlord's jaw dropped. It was just on closing time, but the visitors were many, and in a dangerous state of excitement. To refuse them would certainly mean trouble. Remembering unhappily that the nearest policeman was seven miles away, he screwed his face into a look of pleasure, and came forward to serve them.

FROM time immemorial, Rathnew has been the capital of the Wicklow tinkers. These people set out on their annual trek about the month of April. The men dealing in horses and asses, the women and children collecting rags and bottles, but mostly begging, they go by the old tribal road *via* Roundwood, Luggala, Kattygollagher and the Bride's Glen, for the free grazing they can get on the hills, and the general immunity from interference by the police, and take occasion, mostly unlawful, to descend upon the suburbs and metropolis. To describe them in detail would strain belief: but for squalor, hardihood, impudence, fecundity, robust health, combativeness, and freedom from moral prejudice, the Rathnew tinkers are celebrated within the four coasts of Ireland.

Their leader strode into the tavern some twenty seconds behind his vanguard. Kerrigan, sunk in his apathetic dream, recognised him without emotion. Hugh O'Leary stood six foot three, as magnificently built a man as you could hope to see. His head and face were almost entirely covered in wild, matted red hair and a beard that grew almost up to his eyes. These were grey, and alight with flashing devils of mirth and anger, one staring outwards from its fellow, so that even in his most amiable moods the man looked terrible. What could be seen of nose and brow was covered with freckles, as were his big hairy forearms and his large hands. A deep resonant voice and teeth like a horse's completed the picture of as formidable a brawler and drinker and swearer of oaths as ever overawed a petty sessions.

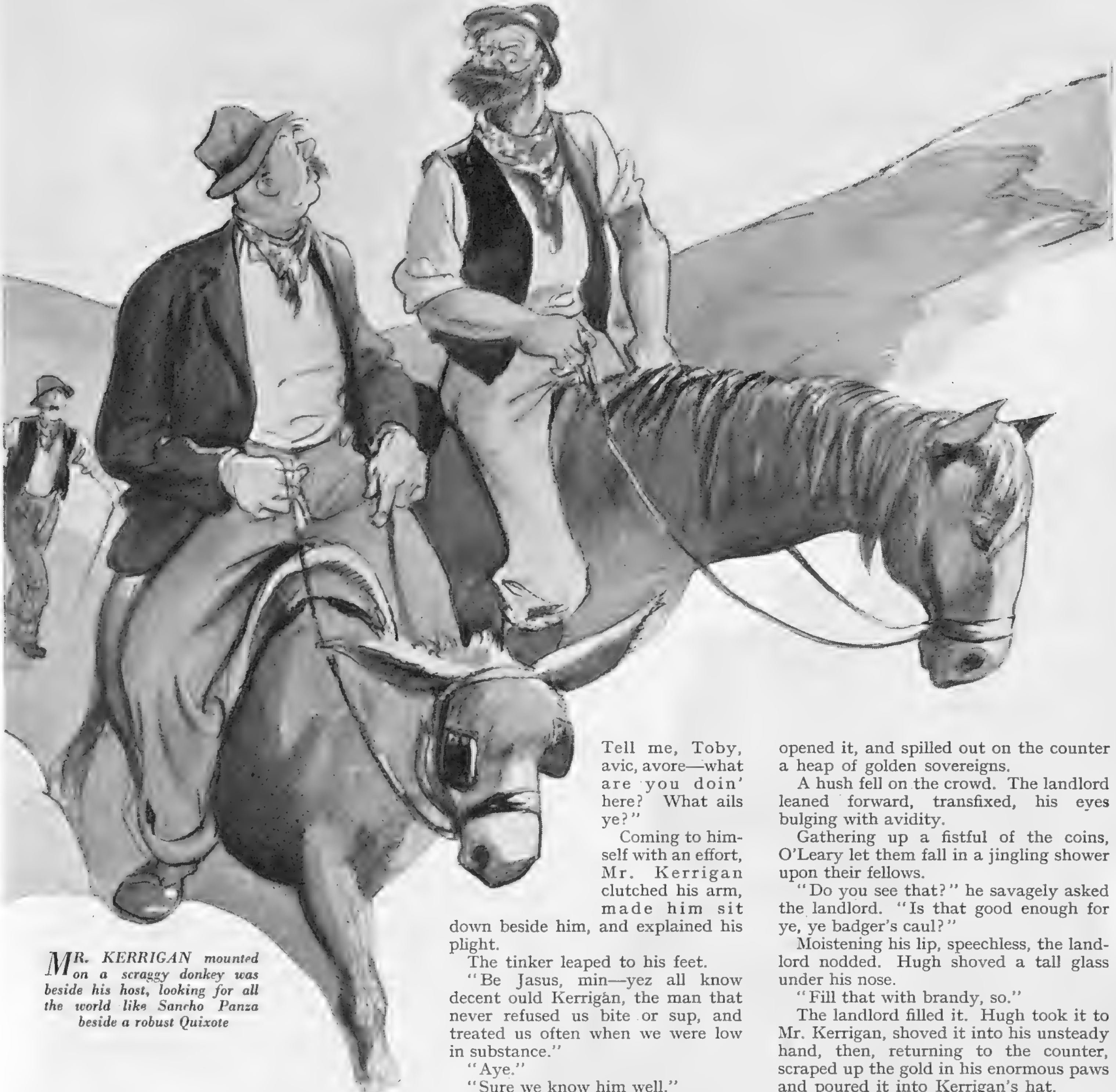
Acknowledging the landlord's greeting with a nod—he knew his power—Hugh called in his laughing, shouting followers and ordered porter all round. Old cunning twisters, middle-aged men, growing lads, slatterns, expectant mothers crowded in with great excitement and animation, for they had come a long and dusty road.

Red Hugh was served first, but, for some scruple of etiquette, he did not drink till each one held a glass. Then he lifted his.

"*Slainté*, min," he bellowed, and with an answering bellow all drank deep.

Hugh did not check till he had drained his glass. He banged it on the counter, and demanded a refill all round. Then, while the glasses were filling, he looked round with insolent contempt upon the few regular customers, who were making themselves as small as they knew how.

One man, however, did not shrink from



MR. KERRIGAN mounted on a scraggy donkey was beside his host, looking for all the world like Sancho Panza beside a robust Quixote

that intimidating cross-eyed gaze: and that was Mr. Kerrigan. Not from hope or hardihood, but sunk in such gloom he no longer cared what happened, he looked back at Hugh as a pinioned bullock might look upon the slaughterer.

Hugh's eyes gleamed in joyful amazement.

"Begod," he cried. "Min—will ye look who is in it! If it isn't old Kerrigan. The sound and decent man."

He rushed across the room, seized the befuddled Toby, pulled him to his feet, and kissed him noisily on both cheeks.

"An' what in the name of the sivin snotty orphans is he doin' here! Wid ne'er a collar nor tie and three days beard and his shoes in tatthers! Him that could buy up the three lakes, St. Kevin's Bed, this pub and all, and not feel the weight gone from his pocket! Tell me, Toby, avic, avore—what are you doin' here? What ails ye?"

Coming to himself with an effort, Mr. Kerrigan clutched his arm, made him sit down beside him, and explained his plight.

The tinker leaped to his feet.

"Be Jasus, min—yez all know decent ould Kerrigan, the man that never refused us bite or sup, and treated us often when we were low in substance."

"Aye."

"Sure we know him well."

"Good ould Kerrigan."

They crowded sympathetically round, the women especially signifying with their looks that Mr. Kerrigan had only to ask.

"Well," roared Hugh. "Lord alone knows how he got here, but here he is, sunk in the ruddy horrors; and this goshawk here"—he turned and glared fiercely upon the cowering landlord—"this weasel's pup wouldn't stretch out a hand to help or cure him."

A howl of execration went up from the listeners.

"Min. Yez all know me, Red Hugh, ould Red Hugh. Mr. Kerrigan's a decent man. Many's the pint and many's the bob we've had off of him when they were badly wanted. Well now, min—fair play's a jewel."

He plunged a hand down inside his shirt, and after some struggling hauled out a large black greasy leather bag. He opened it, and spilled out on the counter a heap of golden sovereigns.

A hush fell on the crowd. The landlord leaned forward, transfixed, his eyes bulging with avidity.

Gathering up a fistful of the coins, O'Leary let them fall in a jingling shower upon their fellows.

"Do you see that?" he savagely asked the landlord. "Is that good enough for ye, ye badger's caul?"

Moistening his lip, speechless, the landlord nodded. Hugh shoved a tall glass under his nose.

"Fill that with brandy, so."

The landlord filled it. Hugh took it to Mr. Kerrigan, shoved it into his unsteady hand, then, returning to the counter, scraped up the gold in his enormous paws and poured it into Kerrigan's hat.

"There y'are, sir. Hugh O'Leary remembers them as has been good to him The seat may be outta me britches, but I've the price of another pair: and no man or woman of yez all will go short while I'm above the sod."

Slowly, deliberately, Mr. Kerrigan drained the brandy. It was the Hippocrene remedy, and it revived him. He looked at the gold, at Hugh O'Leary and his entourage. He looked at the landlord. He smiled grimly.

"Bring me a pen," he said.

Hugh laid a restraining hand on his arm.

"No matter, now. No matter."

"Yes. Leave me set my hand to it while I'm able."

The pen being produced, in a dead silence Mr. Kerrigan counted fifty sovereigns from the pile. There were many more but the rest he pushed away and returned to (*Continued on page* 80)

Books:

Between the Book-Ends

By Alan Seymour

It is difficult for me to review with decent impartiality Mr. Compton Mackenzie's *The Windsor Tapestry*, because I hold certain views on the abdication of the hero of this book which keep superimposing themselves upon what I read.

Nevertheless, even I, out of sympathy as I am with much of it, cannot deny that the book is a masterly piece of literary legerdemain.

Mr. Mackenzie has developed highly the ability to manipulate his readers' sympathies—some of them, at any rate!—and his verbal lighting effects are contrived with a deliberate artlessness which enables a destructive fact to remain in obscurity while a constructive fiction is picked out so that those in the back row of the gallery may see it even more clearly than those in the third row of the stalls.

THE WINDSOR TAPESTRY
DAPHNE DU MAURIER
a new novel
REBECCA
ROBERT HICHENS
THE JOURNEY UP
This England
MAN IN A CHEMICAL WORLD
A. CRESSY MORRISON
CRICKETING LIFE
BRADMAN
A Mrs PYM STORY
EXPERT EVIDENCE
CECIL FREEMAN GREGG
INTRODUCING BRITAIN
What is Happiness?

Rich and Cowan publish *The Windsor Tapestry* at 16s. It is described as "A Study of the Life, Heritage and Abdication of H.R.H. The Duke of Windsor, K.G."

It is all that—and more, for it is also a study of a soul in search of happiness and its determination to sacrifice everything and, if necessary, *everyone* to attain that end.

And if you, gentle reader, are concerned in your own less drastic way with the attainment of happiness, you will like to know what *is* happiness.

If one faithful answer to this question is possible—a fact which I, personally, doubt, holding happiness, like Time, to be relative—you will find it in the slim volume which lies before me now.

What is Happiness? is its title, it is published by The Bodley Head at the modest figure of 3s. 6d. and in its pages answers to this question are suggested by ten of your favourite writers, namely, Martin Armstrong, Gerald Bullett, Havelock Ellis, John Hilton, Storm Jameson, Eric Linklater, J. B. Priestley, V. S. Pritchett, Bertrand Russell and Sir Hugh Walpole.

There are a number of quotations bestrewing the pages of this book, but nowhere do I find what is to me the most penetrating paragraph ever penned on this subject.

It was Nathaniel Hawthorne who wrote:

> "*Happiness in this world, when it comes, comes incidentally. Make it the object of pursuit, and it leads us a wild-goose chase, and is never attained. Follow some other object, and very possibly we may find that we have caught happiness without dreaming of it; but likely enough it is gone the moment we say to ourselves: 'Here it is!' like the chest of gold that treasure-seekers find.*"

For all his weaving of a very profitable tapestry, Mr. Compton Mackenzie was not invited, apparently, to contribute a chapter in answer to the question of this book. . . .

Society, according to Carlyle, is founded upon hero-worship.

With the possible exception of Walt Disney, I doubt if any English-speaking man to-day is more deservedly hero-worshipped than Don Bradman, but it must be left to a future generation of historians to determine which of these two contemporaries of ours will have done more to have influenced present-day Society.

The job of these historians will be eased considerably in the case of Don Bradman by his autobiography. *My Cricketing Life* (Stanley Paul, 3s. 6d.), but they will have to be adaptable, these historians, for there is nothing silly about this symphony!

Beginning with his boyhood and the development of the batting genius that was in him, on to inter-State matches and the Tests, his life reads like a fairy tale.

Like a Disney creation, it has its moments of romance, of beauty and of humour—sometimes subtle, sometimes robust—and also in its ability to keep its "audience" continually amused it shares the appeal of a Disney creation.

But there the resemblance ceases. For cricket can also be a game of dramatic incident and the world's greatest batsman must of necessity have a responsible and serious side to his nature.

For all this, Bradman's book is a light-hearted and essentially entertaining account of the career of one of the greatest sportsmen of all time.

You will like it.

From a sporting autobiography, let us now turn to an autobiography of industry.

Man in a Chemical World, by A. Cressy Morrison (The Scientific Book Club, 2s. 6d.), is not another of those peeps into the future which contain so much of conjecture that it is impossible to estimate the value of their conclusions, it is a straight-from-the-shoulder account of the activities of chemical industry in converting the discoveries of science into day-to-day necessities for you and me.

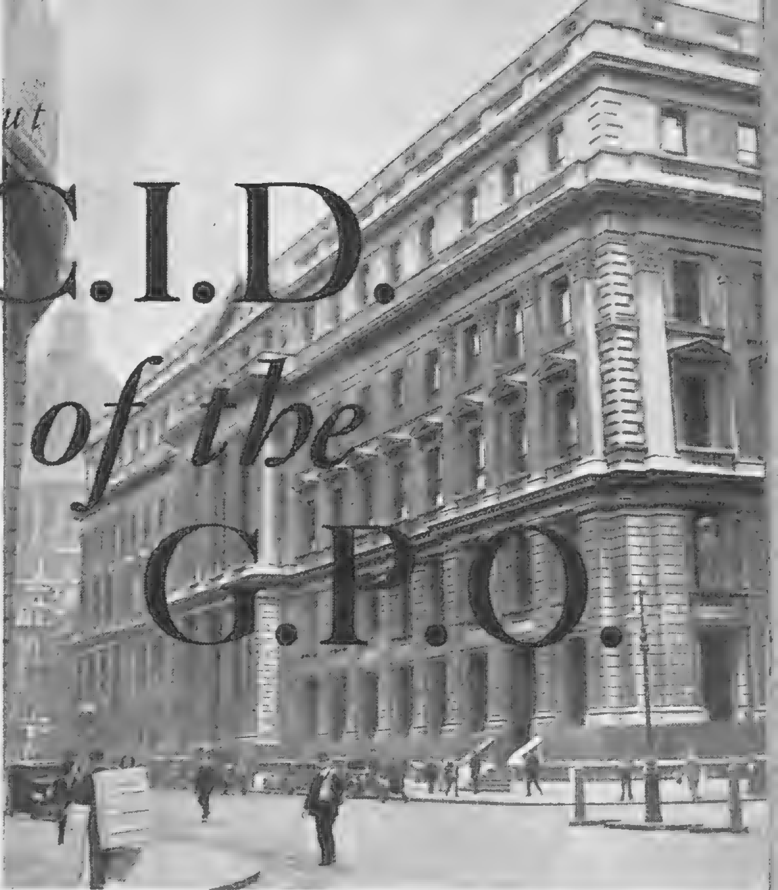
Its matter-of-fact presentation of the amazing workings of science, as applied to the problems of living, reveals the fascinating romance of modern industrial development.

In an illuminating foreword, Mr. Arthur W. Hixson points

(*Continued on page* 88)

A. J. Forrest *tells you about*

The C.I.D. *of the* G.P.O.



THEY do not encourage you to search for detective dramas in St. Martin's-le-Grand, E.C., but behind the expressionless grey façade of that vast building, known as G.P.O. headquarters, a very alert, patient-minded C.I.D. grapples daily with a mass of provocative crime material and is instrumental in engineering arrests in all corners of Britain.

Its function is twofold: to protect the huge turnover, a matter of £84,000,000 a year, enjoyed by our largest and incidentally most prosperous business, and to ensure harmonious and honest-working relationship between the Post Office's 250,000 employees and 45,500,000 customers.

If, for a moment, you imagine yourself seated at the chief of this "hush hush" department's spacious, glass-panelled desk, your gaze will be swiftly focused on a framed and faded notice relating to the execution of a West Country rapscallion named Arthur Baily. His crime, a monstrous one in the early nineteenth century and still a monstrous one to-day as Investigation Branch officers view it, was to purloin mails from Bath Post Office.

Mark his pathetic memorial, telling how "shortly before eight o'clock he was placed in a cart accompanied by the under-sheriff and chaplain of the prison in a chaise." His calm demeanour on the fatal journey is next praised. Then "when under the gallows, he joined fervently in prayer and addressed the spectators audibly, saying: 'I hope you will take warning from me. Be sure to be honest and not covet money—cursed money.'" Whose clever little mind, I wonder, evolved that punctilious homily?

Finally, Baily's broken body was conveyed back to Bath, deposited in a walled grave, beside which two thousand ghoulish spectators assembled "to witness the interment of this victim of the Offended Laws of his Country."

This happened in 1811. But not until 1840 were robbers of her Majesty's mails deemed by law to be unworthy of capital punishment.

ACTUALLY, Investigation Branch, as the G.P.O.'s C.I.D. is officially styled, came into existence in 1829, the year when Peel founded the Metropolitan Police, and its first officer was Robert Tyrell, a chimney-hatted ex-Bow Street runner, who for thirty shillings a week kept a guardian eye on London's mail carriers, most of whom delivered their packages on horseback.

Occasionally, some fortune-dreaming post-boy, yielding to sudden temptation, would abscond with the day's mail-bags. Then, to hunt him down became Tyrell's ruthless task, and sometimes, much to the illicit glee of London's frowsy coster-women, detective and thief would meet on horseback, and a roistering gallop over the city's cobbles in the direction of Epping Forest, a most popular refuge, would ensue.

Still to-day diverting interludes, though not perhaps so bucolic, enliven I.B.'s crime schedule. Directed by courteous, precise-minded Mr. C. F. Wavish, the department is staffed by approximately thirty civil servants, and at their elbow, so to speak, are twenty-eight plain clothes sergeants, one police inspector and one station sergeant, transferred from the Metropolitan Police's famous "A" division, and a discreet number of "assistants" or shadowers whose duties involve watching suspects and carrying out ingenious thief-trapping schemes.

Fewer than one hundred men, therefore, combat the sixty-odd different types of outrage against G.P.O. regulations. Now to turn the searchlight on some of their riddles and triumphs.

ONE recent feature of the telephone service, on which a profit of £7,143,000 was returned in 1935–1936, has been greatly increased facilities in outside call-boxes, manifest not only in stations and post offices but along busy high roads, and thanks to these welcome provisions first-class criminal brains briskly perceived a golden harvest.

The telephone controller's department became rudely alarmed. For losses, from telephone kiosks in London alone, rocketed suddenly from about £10 a month to over £750 a month, and I.B. felt convinced that one gang of professional cracksmen was mainly responsible.

Using an unostentatious, not necessarily high-powered car, the gangsters would quietly "park" in the vicinity of a kiosk, whereupon their "breaker," an expert mechanic, would summarily rifle the coin box with his companion looming in the doorway to screen his movements and act as look-out. Danger signals, too, were readily conveyed by the car's waiting driver; he might either suddenly wrench his gears, as a bobby approached, or give a swift hand signal, just as convenience dictated. Thus risks of detection were minimised. And so, often within half an hour, fifteen kiosks were emptied of their coppers.

I.B.'s detectives sallied into action. One of its keenest intelligences, Mr. F. C. Cartright, invented a special gadget, now christened the "Cartright buzzer," which installed inside a coin box, warned instantaneously the local exchange whenever anyone tried to tamper with the box's mechanism. It was ingenious, but not quite good enough.

For, as was perhaps to be expected, the gangsters grew very wily after one or two minor members had been arrested. Instead of ransacking a kiosk, indiscriminately as hitherto, the "breaker" would first wriggle a hairpin in the coin box's keyhole, then dart back to his confederates, sitting in their car, and wait for developments.

Should no police patrol materialise, the obvious conclusion was "no buzzer alarm." Therefore, the crib could be cracked with impunity.

However, one day a wide-awake I.B. plain-clothes policeman caught a telephone thief red-handed and, whilst escorting him to the nearest police station, luckily spotted and seized on a crumpled scrap of paper that tumbled inadvertently, it seemed, from the thief's trouser pocket. On it was scrawled a North London telephone number.

For weeks the house renting this line was kept under observation, day and night, till finally, suspicions appearing justified, a raid was staged. With completely gratifying results. For in a pretty, jasmine-covered tool shed, situated at the back of this real life Laburnum Grove residence, police officers confiscated an intricate key-cutting plant, together with fifty separate sets of keys, all specifically designed for unlocking kiosk coin boxes.

Yes, they had at last run to earth the gang's "big boss." Since he was put away at the Old Bailey for a lengthy term, losses have slipped back to their old level, and I.B.'s telephone "rescue squad" to-day pits its wits mostly against arrogant young hooligans, out for a cheap lark, and casual sneak thieves.

I may add, though, that as an additional secret defence for external kiosks, these indefatigable sleuths have perfected a new wax veneer which, when painted very lightly over a coin box, creates an ideal—and almost invisible—surface for retaining finger print impressions.

"Whenever practicable," an I.B. officer told me, "we aim at making the malefactor catch

(*Continued on page 72*)

We Teach You HORSE

" With your head and your heart held up
And your heels and hands held down,
Your knees pressed close to your horse's side
And your elbows close to your own."

THERE is hardly a woman who, at some time, has not longed to ride.

The fascination of horseback riding is not easy to describe. For the novice there is glamour in it. In the trim costume, the excitement of bestriding a horse. For the more practised there is the joy of healthy exercise, the solace of green turf underfoot and the companionship of a beloved horse.

Away from the city, unhampered by traffic and undisturbed by noise the horsewoman enjoys herself in a manner supreme.

Hacking stables and riding schools abound all over the country, and wherever she lives the beginner should have no difficulty in getting tuition or hacks.

Londoners are particularly well catered for, with a number of riding establishments in the Home Counties within easy reach by road or rail. An excellent monthly publication has an alphabetical directory of riding schools, clubs and stables, and if you choose an equitation school that is approved by the National Horse Association of Great Britain you can be certain that the tuition will be good, the stables well run and the horses properly cared for.

Charges vary, but good hacks can often be hired from 5s. an hour, while lessons usually cost half a guinea, with a reduction for a course of six or twelve.

If your enthusiasm runs to learning all about horses and stable management in addition to just riding, you can go to a residential riding school. There are many of these, and inclusive terms will be quoted on application.

The very first thing you'll do of course is to get yourself a suitable outfit. Spend as much as you can afford on this. By economising too drastically you sacrifice both your comfort and your appearance. Remember, you are very conspicuous on horseback.

If you are a week-end rider, jodhpurs are sensible things to get. They pack easily and are light to carry. They have, too, the advantage, where money has to be considered, of being much less expensive than breeches and boots. The latter are a big item.

Go to a tailor where riding kit is a speciality, and, with your jodhpurs, wear a good tailored shirt and tie under a well-cut tweed coat. In warm weather when you don't need a coat, a polo-necked sweater looks neat and workmanlike. With jodhpurs you can either wear jodhpur boots or, equally suitable, a good pair of low-heeled country brogues. A plain felt hat or beret and a pair of string gloves will complete your outfit.

Now do remember that you will only get the maximum amount of pleasure out of riding if you are a good rider, so start from the beginning, and before you try to canter across the countryside see that you acquire confidence and a good; firm seat; you cannot hope to have control of your mount when it takes all your time and concentration to keep seated.

When you first start riding don't let

SENSE

enthusiasm keep you too long in the saddle at one time; you are using muscles that do not normally come into much use and they must be gradually strengthened.

Keep your hands low and your wrists rounded. It is a mistake to think that good hands have no contact with the horse's mouth; a light contact must always be maintained, otherwise you cannot anticipate the animal's intentions.

Soon after the start of your ride see that your girths have not grown slack; horses blow themselves out when their girths are first done up, and later they become quite loose.

Make sure your stirrups are the right length. If they are too long they are uncomfortable and if they are too short you get pushed to the back of the saddle. Sit well down into the saddle and keep your heels down. This brings the right muscles in your legs into play.

Do not thrust your legs forward. As an illustration stand on the ground and bend your knees, so that you are in the same position as you would be when sitting in the saddle; you will find that your legs are slightly behind your knees. In front of them you would be quite unbalanced.

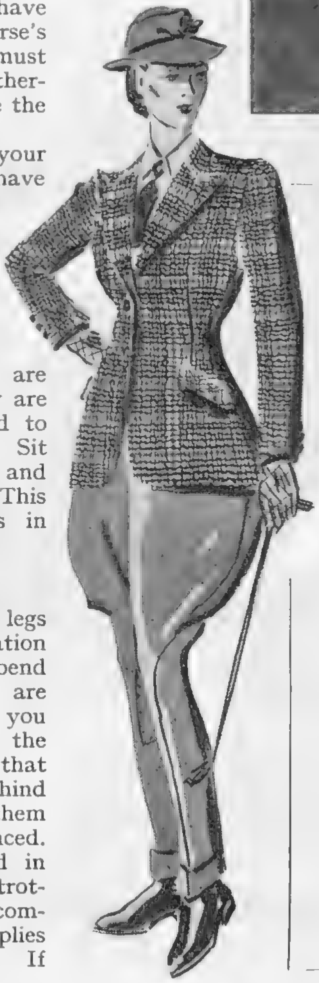
Do not crouch forward in the saddle when you are trotting, sit naturally and comfortably. The same applies when you are cantering. If you lean forward your horse thinks you want him to gallop. Another thing, when you are galloping and want to pull up do not take a dead pull on the horse's mouth. In a competition of strength the horse wins every time. His head moves backwards and forwards as he gallops, so, as his head comes in, give a firm, smooth feel on the reins, relaxing it as his head goes out.

Above all things, when you want to stop a horse *sit up*; to lean forward is the equivalent of putting your foot on the accelerator.

Try always to have your horse under control, a collected canter is far more enjoyable than a wild gallop, and if you suddenly meet pedestrians or a perambulator round a corner in a narrow lane, though your horse may be able to stop, you will probably find yourself unseated. Rabbit holes and tree roots are not so apt to crop up unexpectedly when you are in control.

Remembering that the horse is a nervous animal, learn to anticipate the objects which may cause him to shy, and take an extra firm grip with your knees. Do not beat him for shying, let him investigate the object he fears, and the next time he passes it he will probably make no fuss.

If you should (*Continued on page 122*)



The Whole Kit

Felt hat with creased crown, trimmed with petersham ribbon and game-feather tip. Price 21s.

Tweed jacket in dark brown check with light brown overcheck on natural ground. Well-waisted with deep vent at the back, flap pockets. Price 4 guineas.

Jodhpurs in brown Garbircord. Price 55s.

Brown willow calf boots with elastic sides. Block Chelsea front with no centre seam. Price 3 guineas. From Studd and Millington.

Silk shirt with long sleeves and two detachable collars. Price 1 guinea. From Lillywhites. String gloves, obtainable in various colours, 2s. 11d. From Thomas Wallis.

Old Tales Re-told

Fra Filippo Lippi, *Gay Genius of the Florentine Age*

Written and Illustrated

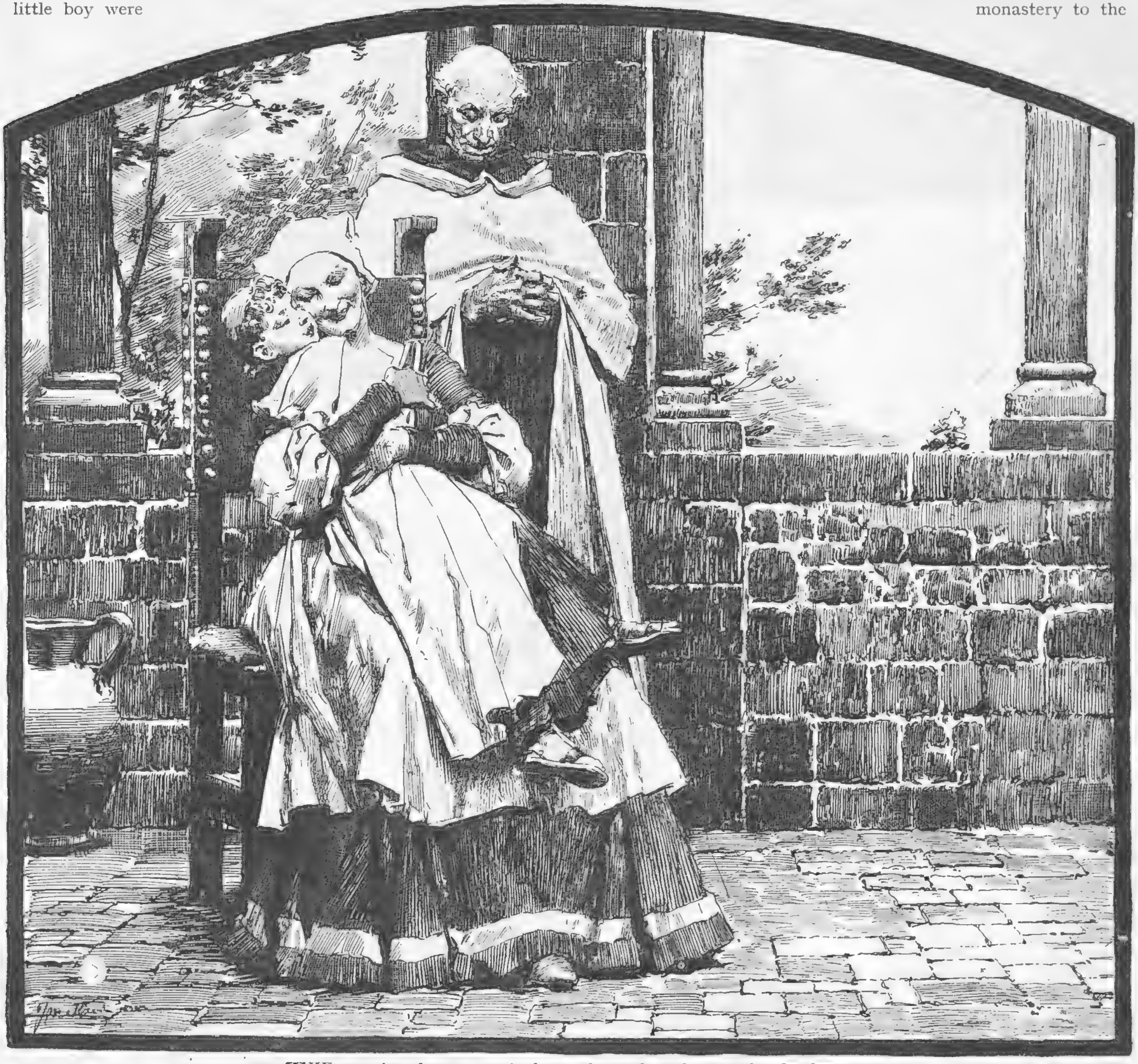
By

F. Matania, R.I.

FLORENCE in the beginning of the fifteenth century was not always peaceful, but convents and monasteries were oases of peace. Silent was the life inside. Silent the line of beggars queuing up for the welcome *scodella*—the pot of soup given to them by the charitable friars. Silent were the adjacent streets. It is to this period that our story belongs.

Wondering who it could be at such an unusual time, the friar door-keeper of the Carmelite monastery calmly approached the closed door where the old bell, which had been unexpectedly disturbed, was still swinging to and fro. Outside the picturesque entrance a poor woman and a little boy were waiting, their appearance evidencing a vain effort to disguise the most obvious poverty. The door opened and after a short parley, the two visitors were admitted.

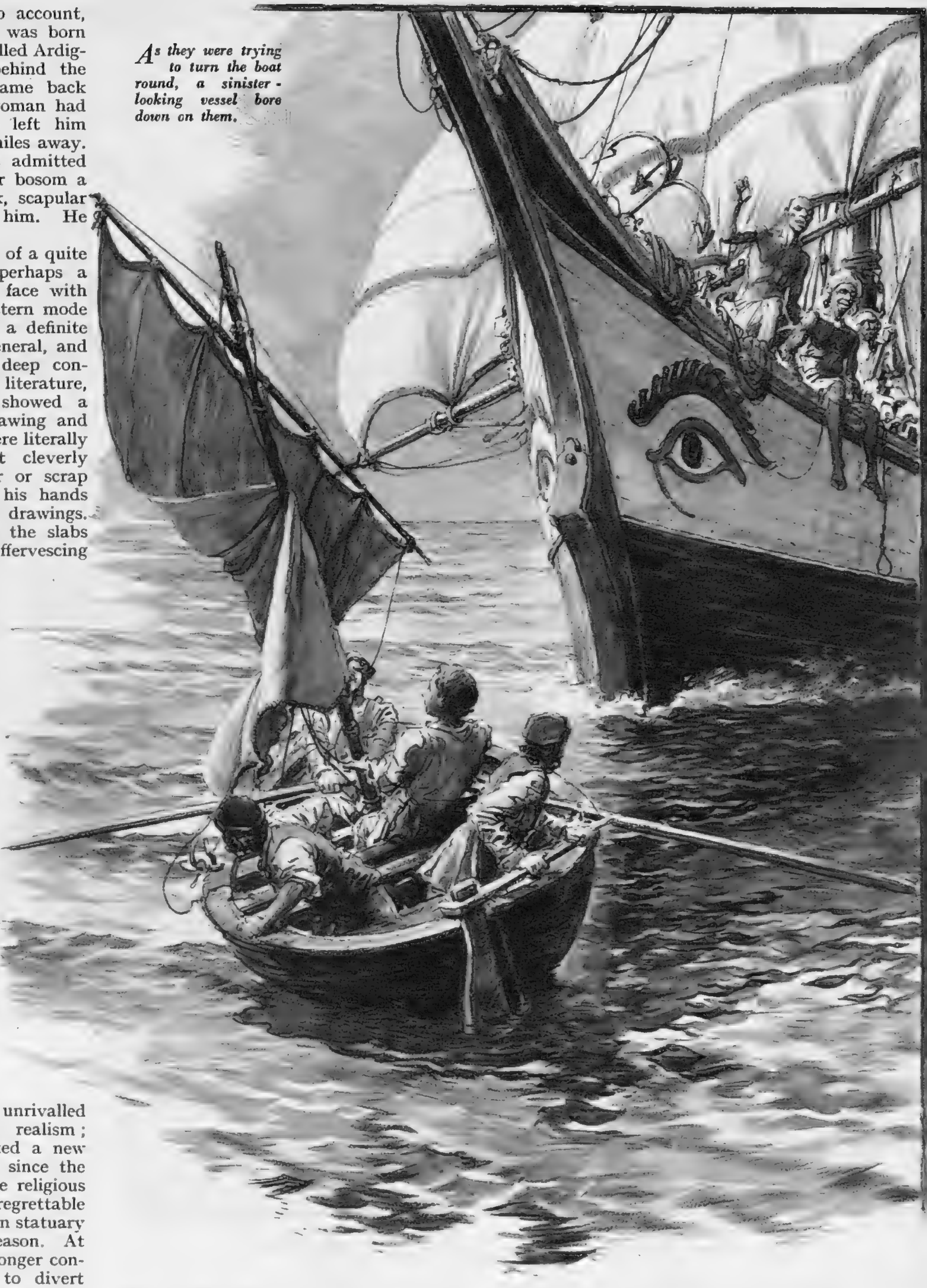
A little later the poor woman reappeared but without the little boy. Her eyes full of tears she whispered a few last recommendations to the benevolent friar who saw her out and came away repeating mentally the story she had told the prior. The boy was her nephew, she had brought him up since he was born, for his poor mother died as the child was coming into the world—one life in exchange for another. His father, Tommaso Lippi, had only survived his young wife by two years, leaving little Filippo an orphan and totally unprovided for. For six years the poor woman struggled to keep the little boy until she could no longer make ends meet and she was compelled, not without a broken heart, to trust the child to the care of the friars. From the monastery to the



THE next time she was permitted to see her nephew, she pressed to her bosom a tiny friar with a new cassock, scapular and hood made specially for him house the distance was of no account, for the house where the boy was born and lived was in the street called Ardiglione, and that was just behind the monastery; yet when she came back without the boy, the poor woman had the sensation that she had left him thousands and thousands of miles away. The next time that she was admitted to see him she pressed to her bosom a tiny friar with a new cassock, scapular and hood made specially for him. He looked so pretty.

Filippo grew up to be a boy of a quite delightful nature, although perhaps a trifle eccentric when face to face with rather a rigid tuition and a stern mode of life. He certainly showed a definite aversion to mathematics in general, and any other matter requiring deep concentration, such as grammar, literature, theology, etc. Instead, he showed a remarkable inclination for drawing and painting. His school books were literally covered with sketches most cleverly done. Every piece of paper or scrap of parchment that fell into his hands was instantly used for more drawings. The walls, the marble steps, the slabs of slate, were all media for his effervescing art. There was no doubt, the boy was a born artist, and it was in that field that fate had prepared for Filippo Lippi one of the most glorious and lofty pedestals.

With time, the teachers and the Prior realised that any imposition of discipline or punishment would only be a useless cruelty. Undoubtedly Filippo had no inclination for scientific matters, but he did excel in this one thing, showing every evidence of genius.



As they were trying to turn the boat round, a sinister-looking vessel bore down on them.

FILIPPO was born at a time when the pioneers of the Renaissance had already begun to tear aside the veil of ignorance, prejudice and intellectual slumber which had for so long beset the Western world. It was a period of vital regeneration. Dante had already given to the world the *Divine Comedy*; Giotto had drawn the Campanile; Piero Della Francesco was demonstrating his unrivalled mastery in perspective and realism; Luca Della Robbia had started a new form of art, almost forgotten since the time of the Babylonians. The religious fanaticism responsible for the regrettable destruction of Greek and Roman statuary was rapidly giving way to reason. At last the naked Venus was no longer considered an infernal attempt to divert mankind from the path of virtue, and the curly little horn of a marble faun was no longer interpreted as the epitome of the diabolical.

Owing to the tendency towards broader views on art, obtaining specially amongst the clergy of Florence, Filippo found no opposition in acquiring the kind of education he sought, and it was with all his might that he plunged into artistic studies. It was not long before fate helped him with a stroke of luck that was to have a tremendous bearing on his future.

The great artist Masaccio came to paint the Chapel in the very Monastery of the Padri Carmelitani. Filippo, still a novice, judged from the fame of the great master that he would see at least a man of middle age, whereas the man he saw was his senior by but a few years. Needless to say that nothing could have spurred on the young friar more than this comparison of their ages. During all the time that the work lasted in the Chapel, Filippo was in the seventh heaven of delight, and to such a degree did he absorb the spirit of Masaccio, that when the latter died (before he had reached thirty years of age) it was a general belief that his soul had entered Filippo's so that his wonderful art might be perpetuated.

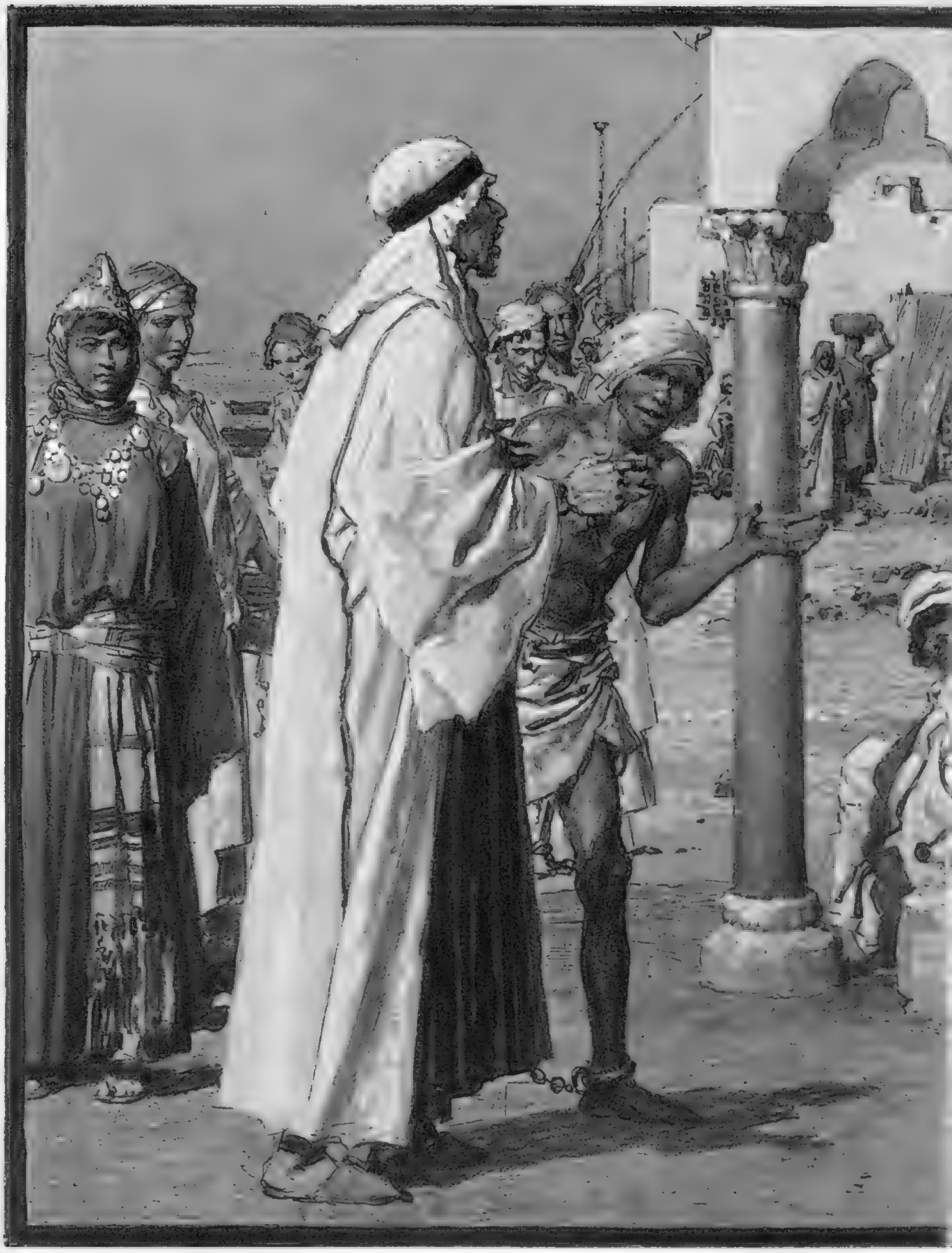
Filippo was not seventeen when he had painted the celebrated picture of the Pope confirming the rules of the Carmelites. Excited by the praise accorded to him and tempted by the freedom of the outside world, he began to find the peaceful monastery too small. One fine day his brown cassock was the only thing of his left within the holy precincts of the old convent. Filippo had disappeared.

With some of his friends he had crossed Italy towards the Adriatic, passed through Urbino, where sixty years later the immortal Raphael was to be born, and reached Ancona. The sight of the water tempted the happy party to provide themselves with a boat and venture out to sea.

As they were trying their prentice hands in manning the little sail, a sinister-looking vessel started to tack right against them. A minute later some heavy brutes of coloured skin dropped down into the boat. The dumbfounded boys were caught and lifted on board. Every protestation was met with mocking laughter. When they did regain their wits they realised that their exciting adventure had become decidedly more exciting than they had anticipated, for they had fallen into the hands of some Moorish pirates and, without the least hope of being rescued by anybody, were sailing for an unknown destination, there probably to be sold as slaves. The unlucky boys had comparative peace only when they were between sea and sky, but when the vessel stopped in port, there were always fresh troubles. Often other batches of slaves were thrown down the steerage; people of many races to be sold in one lot to wholesale buyers who would afterwards sort them out, price them, and put them on the market according to their individual possibilities.

At last, in front of a wild-looking place on the coast of Barbary (Algeria), the pirate vessel finally dropped anchor. Tied together like a string of sausages, the prisoners landed. Their gladness to be on *terra firma* was soon dispelled by a fresh experience as disheartening as it was unexpected. Being slaves they had to be chained. Rings were riveted round the ankles of some of them and a chain passed between the rings. Others had a big ring round the neck and were chained in couples. The young Filippo could not believe his own eyes. His state of despair was such that he often thought that he would surely wake up from the nightmare at any moment. More often still, the remembrance of his beautiful Florence, where the gentle language was spoken and where the air was sweet with the scent of every flower, was for Filippo an added torture.

In such a god-forsaken place as Barbary, who would appreciate his real qualities? How could he ever hope to be singled out in a land where brute force was the only law? Where men were valued only by the solidity of their muscles and their powers of endurance?



One day, with a piece of charcoal he
master in his Moorish costume, life-

Eventually Filippo became the property of a Moorish merchant. He proved unfit to be a servant, still more unfit to be an instrument for the shady trafficking of his master. One day, with a piece of charcoal, he drew a full-length portrait of his master in his Moorish costume, life size and worked from memory. Paintings and drawings were not well known in those regions, and when they saw his work, some enthusiastic servants ran to the master and showed him the wall where Filippo had drawn the portrait. Filippo's success was immediate, and it was soon realised that the young friar had the ability to transform the Moorish merchant and slave-driver into a patron of fine art. Several paintings in full colour came from the clever brush of the boy, creating thereby the first and only little art gallery of the Northern coast of Africa.

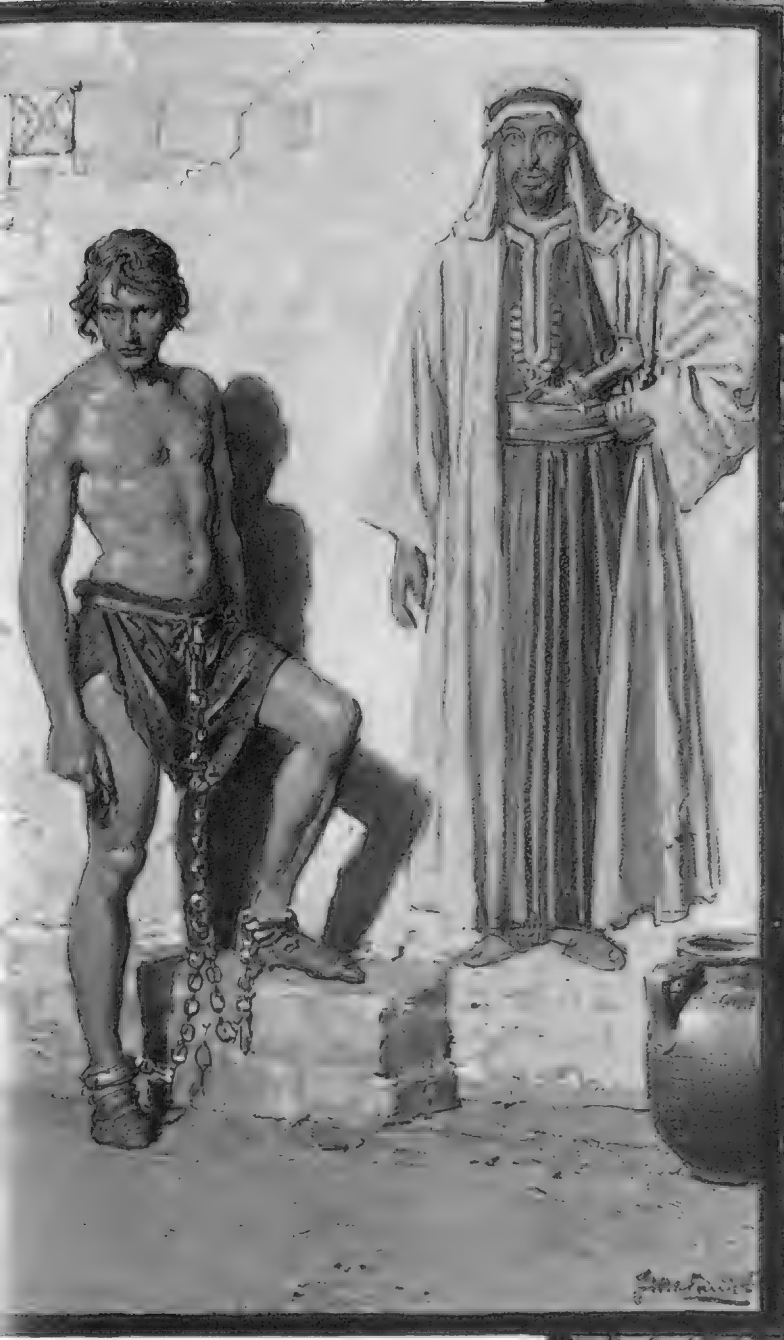
We must not forget that, in spite of his youth and inexperience, Filippo Lippi was always a Florentine, and as such he did not miss the opportunity to use his persuasive powers on his own behalf. He succeeded eventually in exchanging his pictures for his freedom.

EIGHTEEN months had elapsed since his capture. Eighteen months that had seemed eighteen years, yet the day came, at long last, when Filippo, no iron rings round his ankles, but a free man, was sailing towards his beloved native land, the cradle of every fine art. As the boat was cutting towards the north-east, with the coveted land in view, the profile of Vesuvius was gradually emerging. Happy as he had never been before, he landed at Naples, there to enquire for the Carmelite fathers of that town. Their convent, as it happened, was but a stone's-throw from the landing-place. Wherever he went, Filippo was helped along, and in a comparatively short time he reached Florence, where he reappeared as if from the dead. The dramatic adventure he had experienced added quite a romantic touch to his fame as an artist.

Received enthusiastically by his brother Carmelites, he resumed his previous position. He attracted also the attention of the ruler of Florence, Cosimo De' Medici, and was commissioned to do some important work at the Palace, where he took up residence as Cosimo's guest.

Until then, Filippo had hardly known what one would call real freedom. He had lived under the discipline of a monastic life since he was a child, and the first time he had tried to escape he found himself bound by the fetters of slavery. Now, swung by the pendulum of fortune, he found himself in a princely residence, surrounded by a dozen or so servants, his purse fuller than ever before, and he felt that fortune had never smiled on him so benignly. What better opportunity for getting acquainted with that gay life of Florence of which he had heard so much? Needless to say what were the consequences of such curiosity. Filippo's work was neglected, his bed remained unoccupied for nights at a stretch, and Cosimo, who was so favourably disposed towards him, began to get annoyed. So much annoyed was he, indeed, that he gave men orders to watch for Lippi's return, and as soon as he was in his apartment to lock every door, thus preventing him from going out again until he had proceeded satisfactorily with his work.

Sure of himself, smiling and whistling, the gay Filippo went up the stairs and on into his rooms, perhaps only to change his clothes, when, of a sudden, he heard all the locks going at once as if by

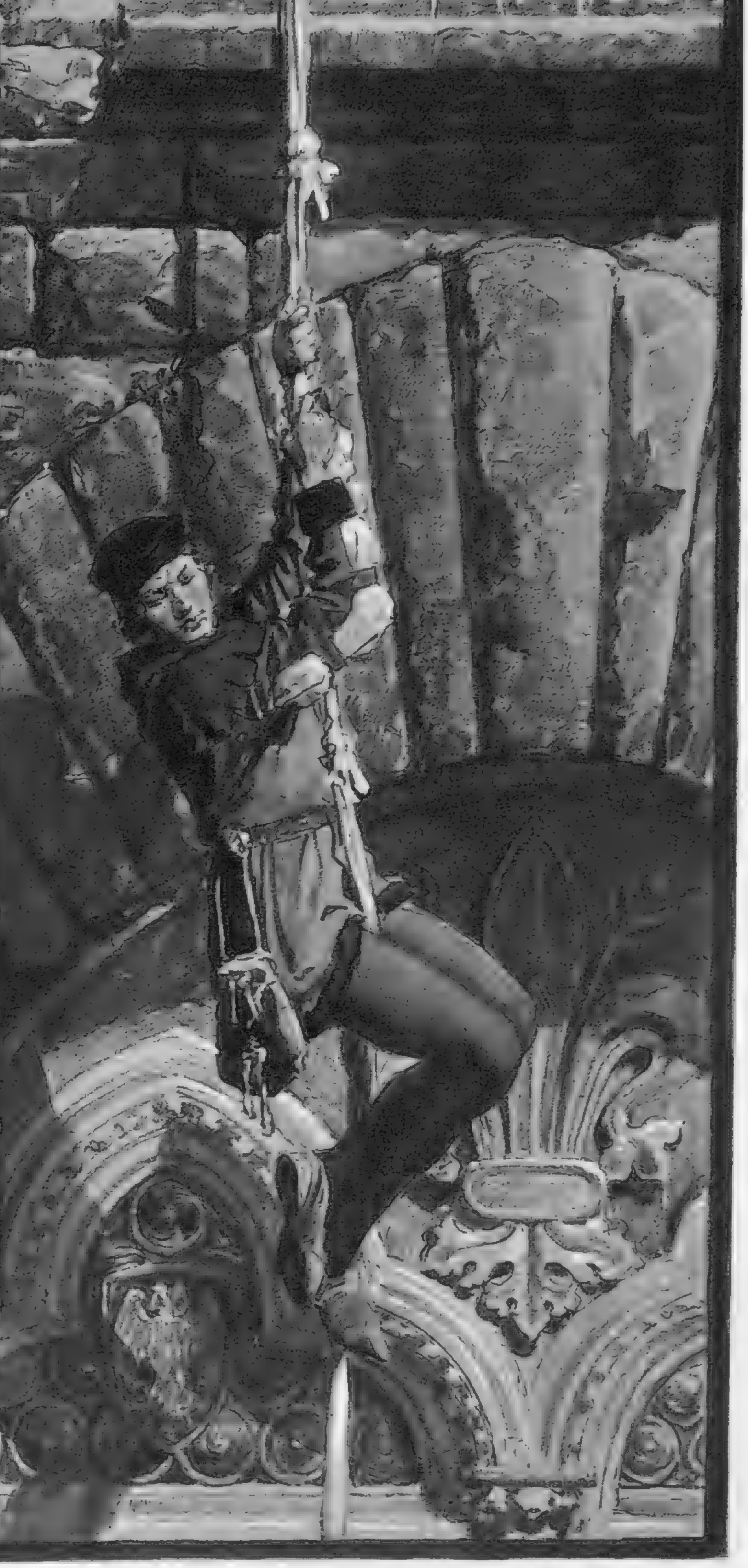


drew a full-length portrait of his size. He worked from memory

magic. Stunned by surprise, at first he thought it was only a joke, but later he realised it was far from being so. He tried persuasion, force, bribery, but the only reply he had was to the effect that any action taken was in accordance with superior orders.

For him to be a prisoner on a pirate vessel or a slave on the coast of Barbary seemed logical and reasonable, but to be a prisoner in the very heart of his beloved Florence and by order of one of the greatest patrons of art that the world had ever produced, was more than his mind could conceive, more than his heart could accept, more than his reason could bear.

As always happens in life, Filippo overlooked the fact that Cosimo was perfectly justified in doing as he did. For a day or two he remained incarcerated, quivering with indignation. Then one morning his jailers found him gone. With a pair of scissors he had cut his bed-sheets, made a rope, and let himself down from the window. It was an astonishing feat, for the window was very high, and in order to reach the street, one pair of sheets could only make a very thin rope, totally insufficient for the weight of a man. When the flimsy contraption was shown to Cosimo, he realised how easily Filippo could have broken his neck, so he withdrew all his orders and let the young man do as he pleased. The ultimate result, however, was very satisfactory for both Cosimo and Lippi, because the latter got to work and fully deserved all the favours that Cosimo bestowed on him.

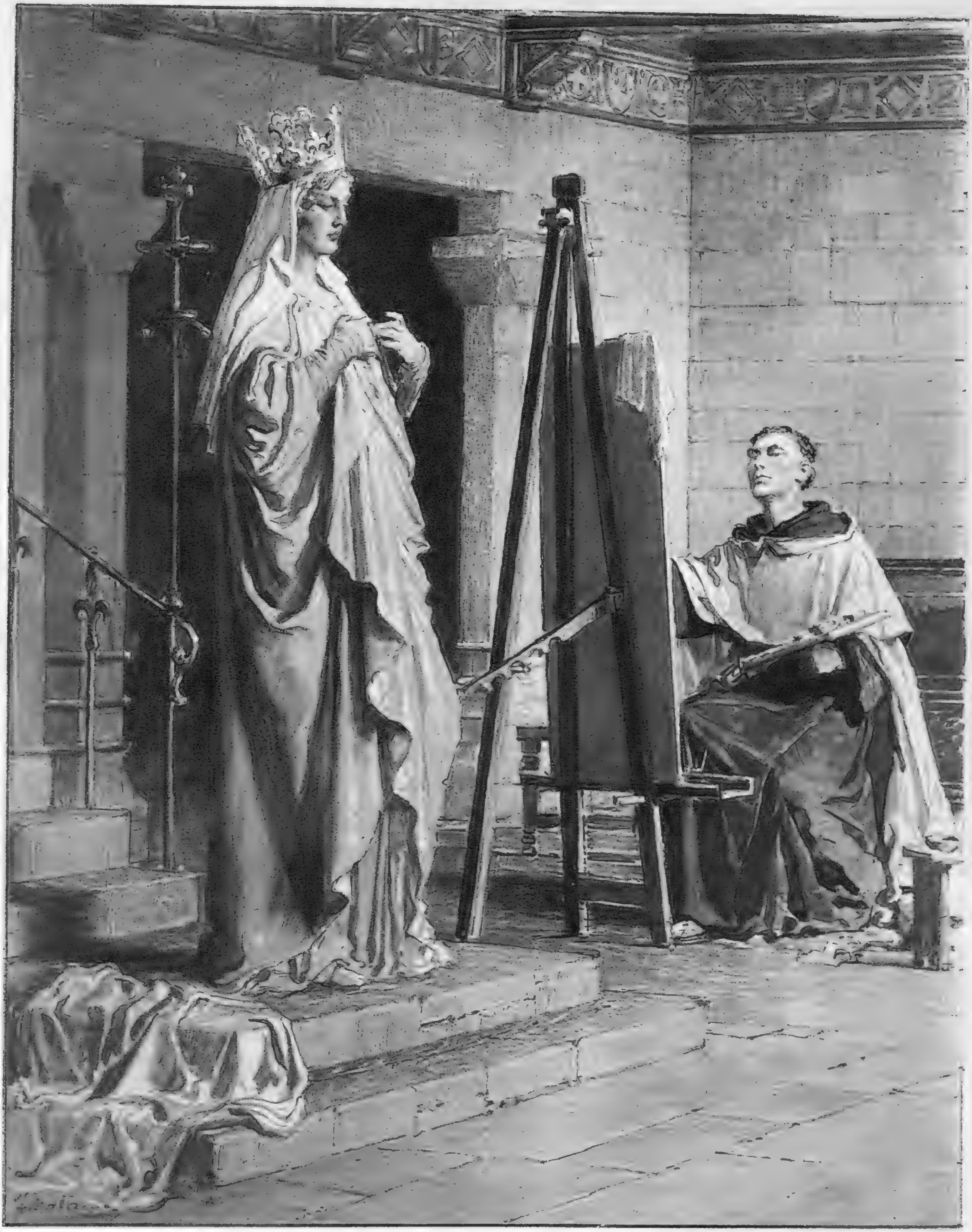


Lippi cut up his bed-sheets, made them into a rope, and let himself down from the window

Artists at that time were allowed a considerable latitude in their actions and there was much toleration for their eccentricities. Filippo must have lived a unique life between the ultra-freedom of the studio and the severe sobriety of the monastic life that he never wholly ceased to follow. During the year 1430 he ceased to be a novice and became a friar, with the official right of putting the word " Fra " in front of his name.

IN Florentine days, convents and monasteries often served as convalescent homes for souls in distress, lonely widows, retired old ladies, unprotected minors, with or without legacies, etc. These people were accepted as paying guests, and shared the life of the rest of the congregation, some only for a short period, some for ever.

It happened that Fra Filippo was invited to do some work at Prato, a picturesque little town with an important cathedral eleven miles from Florence. There he met a certain Messer Francesco Buti, who, tired of the strenuous life of



Lippi had been struck by the angelic beauty of Lucrezia Buti and obtained permission from the nuns to use her as a model for the Virgin Mary in one of his paintings

Florence, grief-stricken by the loss of his wife, had retired to the peaceful little place so that he might lavish all his care and affection upon his daughter Lucrezia, a girl in the flower of her youth, and so beautiful that even the casual passer-by stood fascinated and motionless until she had vanished from sight. It is clear that, owing to the great affection that Messer Francesco had for his daughter, he had arranged for himself to be a guest and his Lucrezia to become a nun in the Convent of Santa Margherita ; in that way he deemed he could be near his child always.

Fra Filippo did not stay at Prato solely in his capacity as a painter, but became chaplain of the convent, a position of some authority. For some time he had been struck by the angelic beauty of Lucrezia, and one day he asked the nuns for permission to use the girl as a model for a painting of the Virgin he was about to start. The request was granted and the beautiful Lucrezia in a red garment and blue mantle stood in the middle of Fra Filippo's studio, adorable vision of a Madonna who seemed fallen from heaven rather than of this earth.

FRA FILIPPO did his work in a trance of delight, for he was falling madly in love with his model and reached an age when man does not treat such things as a joke any more, and he was fully conscious of having been burned right through. Lucrezia's sentiments were hardly a bit different, and during the unforgettable days of that divine seclusion in the studio they foresaw their twin destiny. Neither of them had ever before had such a rich emotional experience, and a new life was calling them away from the world of renunciation and penance.

Unlike the majority of lovers, they succeeded in hiding their feelings in front of the good folk who surrounded them. They knew too well that even the least suspicion would mean the end of everything. One day the nuns of Santa Margherita were going out to see a holy relic of our Lady. The occasion, however, was spoilt by the most unexpected scandal. Under the noses of everybody, as if spirited away by some devilish power Fra Filippo and Lucrezia disappeared. Every search for them proved fruitless and with the evening vanished the hope of bringing back to the convent a Lucrezia still unstained by mortal sin.

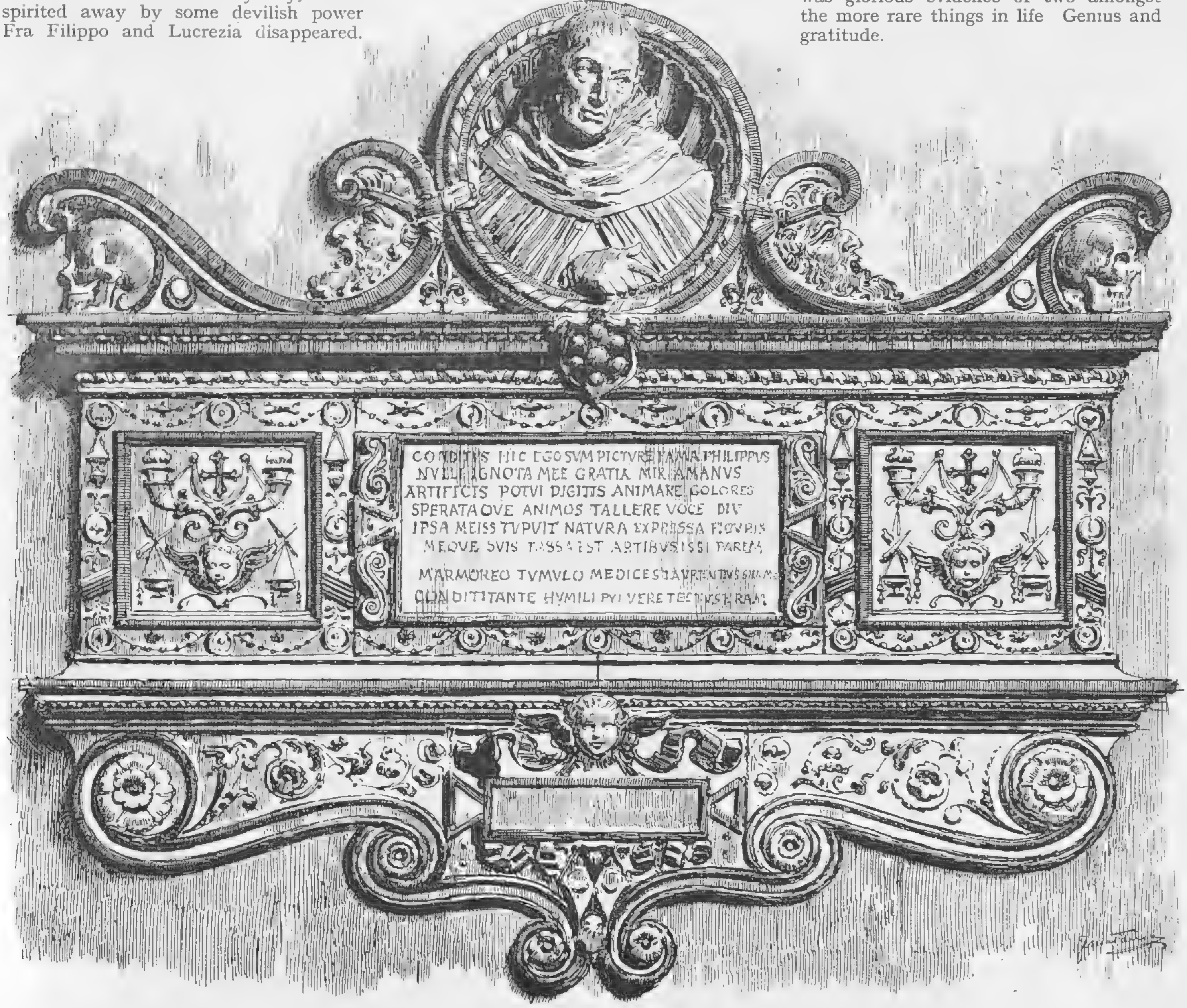
The distress and shame of the nuns knew no bounds, while Messer Francesco Buti was almost demented with grief. When the place to which they had absconded was discovered, almost all opposition was dispelled.

The nuns kept to their serious attitude, but human nature is human nature, and God only knows how many of them envied the fate of the beautiful Lucrezia. The only person who was relentless in his wrath against Fra Filippo was Messer Francesco. For him his happiness counted far more than that of his daughter. This kind of parent always refuses to believe that his child can be happy if mated with some one he dislikes. Messer Francesco was sure that his child had been bewitched by that devil of an artist disguised as a monk, so he left no stone unturned to persuade his daughter to come back to him; but Lucrezia was adamant. She had chosen and, in her view, there was no mistake to rectify. She refused to leave the man she loved and time proved that they were the most congenial and well matched pair that love had ever put together.

THE history of art owes to those two lovers another great artist, Filippino, a son born to them in 1457, who was as clever as his father, and had a career equally brilliant. The little boy grew in his father's studio, mixing with numerous pupils amongst whom there was no less a star than Sandro Botticelli, the artist who after five centuries still remains among the supreme poets of the brush, favourite of the British public above all others.

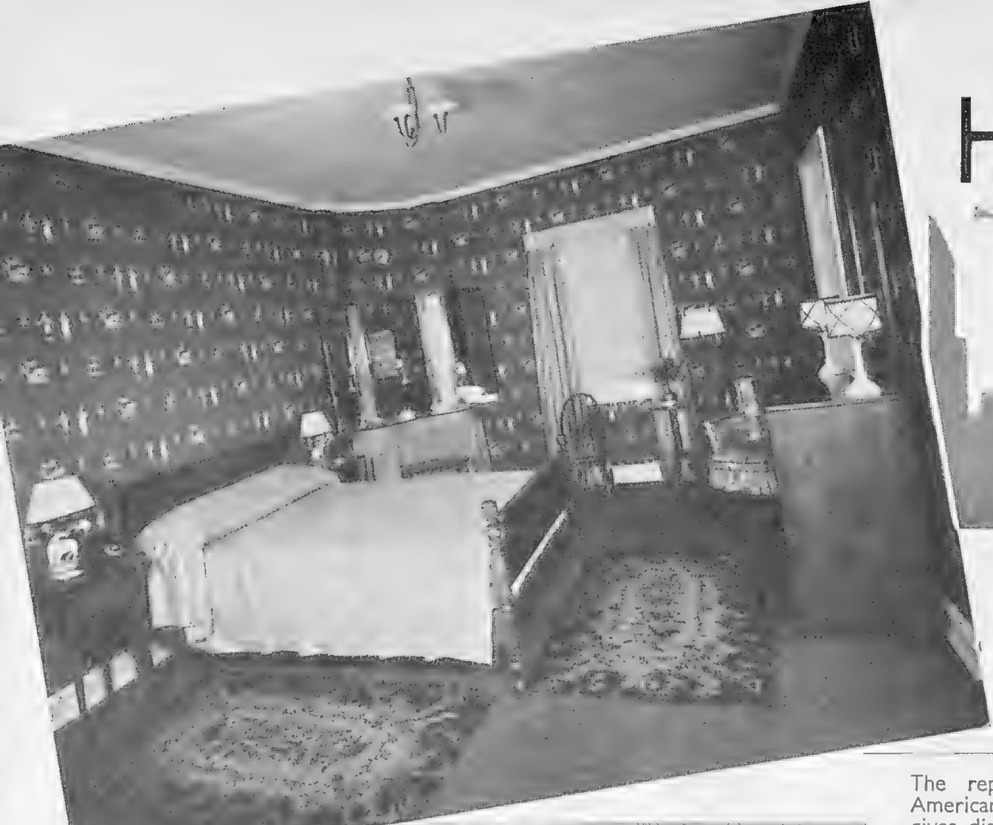
Filippino had reached the age of twelve when his father's studio, until then so happy, so full of life, was plunged suddenly into mourning and grief. The great master had died. It was the year 1469 and Sandro Botticelli, the principal pupil, was only about twenty-five. Sandro was yet young, but at once from being the pupil of the father, he became the teacher of the son, and so the life story of Fra Filippo closes on a touching and noble note.

TO-DAY in the Cathedral of Spoleto we can see the monument that Filippino drew for his father, inspired by his mentor Botticelli. Here indeed was glorious evidence of two amongst the more rare things in life Genius and gratitude.

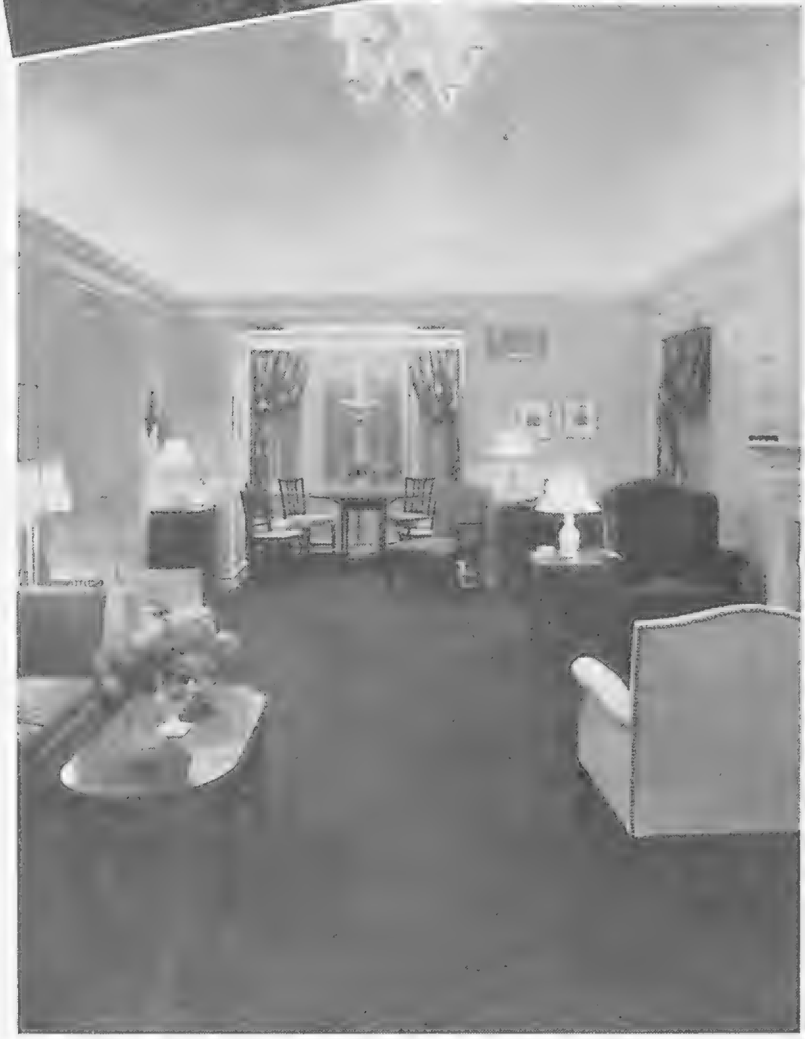

CONDITVS HIC EGO SVM PICTVRE FAMA PHILIPPVS
NVLLI IGNOTA MEE GRATIA MIRA MANVS
ARTIFICIS POTVI DIGITIS ANIMARE COLORES
SPERATAQVE ANIMOS FALLERE VOCE DIV
IPSA MEIS STVPVIT NATVRA EXPRESSA FIGVRIS
MEQVE SVIS FASSA EST ARTIBVS ESSE PAREM
MARMOREO TVMVLO MEDICES LAVRENTIVS
CONDIDIT ANTE HVMILI PVLVERE TECTVS ERAM

THE monument erected in Spoleto Cathedral to the memory of Fra Filippo Lippi. This was designed by his son Filippino

HOW AMERICA IS



The reproduction of early American decorative effects gives distinctive character to this bedroom, which is furnished with reproductions of the Colonial period. Curtains, bedspread and dressing-table draperies repeat the colours in the wallpaper



In this living-room the walls have been painted deep peach colour with blue, peach, cream and yellow in curtains, upholsteries and carpet. The bow window is furnished as an informal dining recess

Since the beginning of things, comfort and common-sense have been the outstanding features of the American home, and to-day there is every indication that on the other side of the Atlantic practical fitness is still the height of fashion.

It is odd in some ways that with all his admitted keenness for scientific progress in the home—central heating, air-conditioning, fitted furniture, labour-saving and hygienic kitchen equipment—the average American has been slow in falling for the more extreme manifestations of modernity in decoration.

The reason undoubtedly is that in America, adventurous as they are, comfort is still the all-important factor.

When commercial invention puts new materials at their disposal—glass bricks, tinted mirrors, chromium, laminated wood, modern wrought iron, plastics—the American makes practical use of them as and where he can, but entirely without sacrificing comfort or tradition.

For example, one of the most interesting bedrooms recently designed by a leading New York decorator showed modern mirror treatments alternating with a classical Chinese landscape wallpaper reproduced from an eighteenth century original. The furniture, in mahogany, suggested Hepplewhite; and there was no mistaking the beautifully draped and gathered curtains, the early nineteenth century style of window treatment which nearly all Americans love and which somehow suggests an ideal condition of comfort, quietude and happiness. This bedroom was definitely in period mode, yet from a practical standpoint it was ultra-modern.

The selection of recent American interiors reproduced with this article are of unusual interest because they show, at one and the same time, some of the latest ideas in electric lighting, heating, labour-saving and general comfort, and the trend of decorative style. They are, in fact, a perfect fusion of modern scientific invention with a trend towards period decoration. Furniture in American Colonial style, charming and unpretentious versions of contemporary eighteenth century fashions in England, are seen in every room. Even the highly scientific kitchen, with its tiled walls, steel sink and flush cupboards, has a breakfast recess equipped with a trestle table and two high-backed settles with wing pieces. Furniture which suggests a very different age.

Contemporary window treatments show a partiality for pleats and festoons and a luxurious use of fringes, braids and tassels. Typical Empire or Directoire *motifs*. Long curtains are often gathered at a rather higher point from the floor than formerly. The double-crossed drape is also seen, both for heavy hangings and for the inner screening curtains. A similar treatment is even chosen sometimes for the oilsilk window furnishings of the American kitchen, and the effect when seen side by side with streamlined fitments and a stainless steel sink is not so incongruous as one might suppose. The draping introduces a suggestion of charm and femininity, and prevents the interior seeming stark or too severe in its efficiency.

On the whole the key-note of American decoration is tradition. The nation which has for many years been identified with the all-electric home and which has pioneered such practical comforts of modern civilisation as the electric lamp, the refrigerator, air-conditioning plant, were also the first to

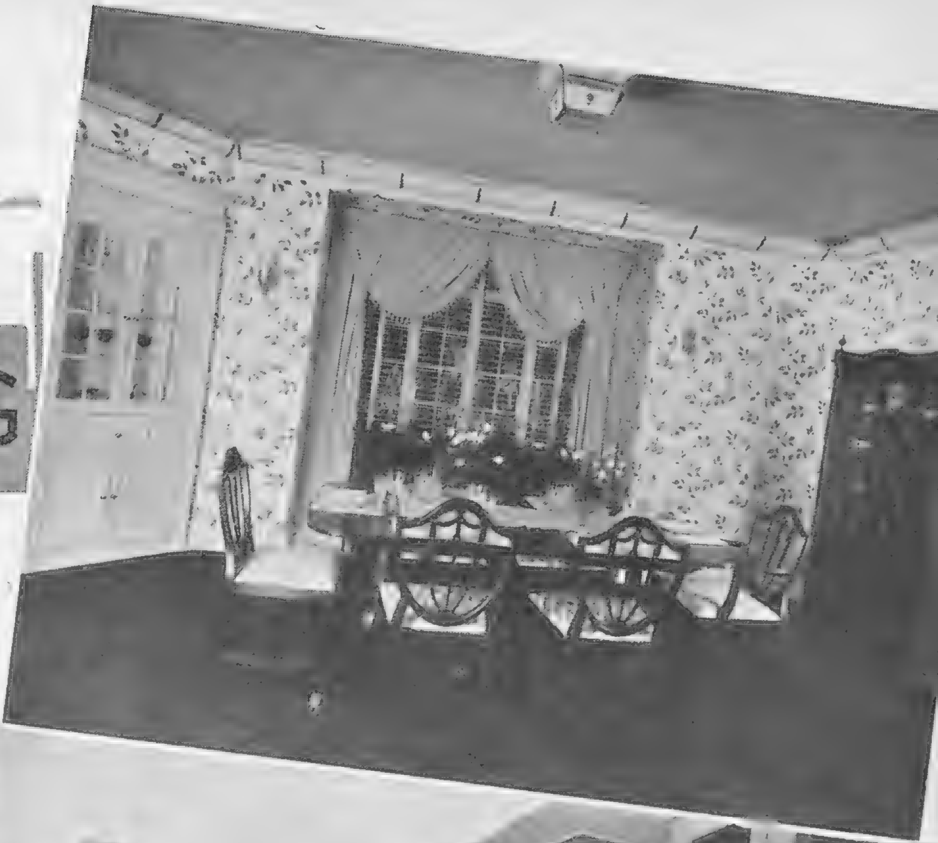
By Baseden Butt

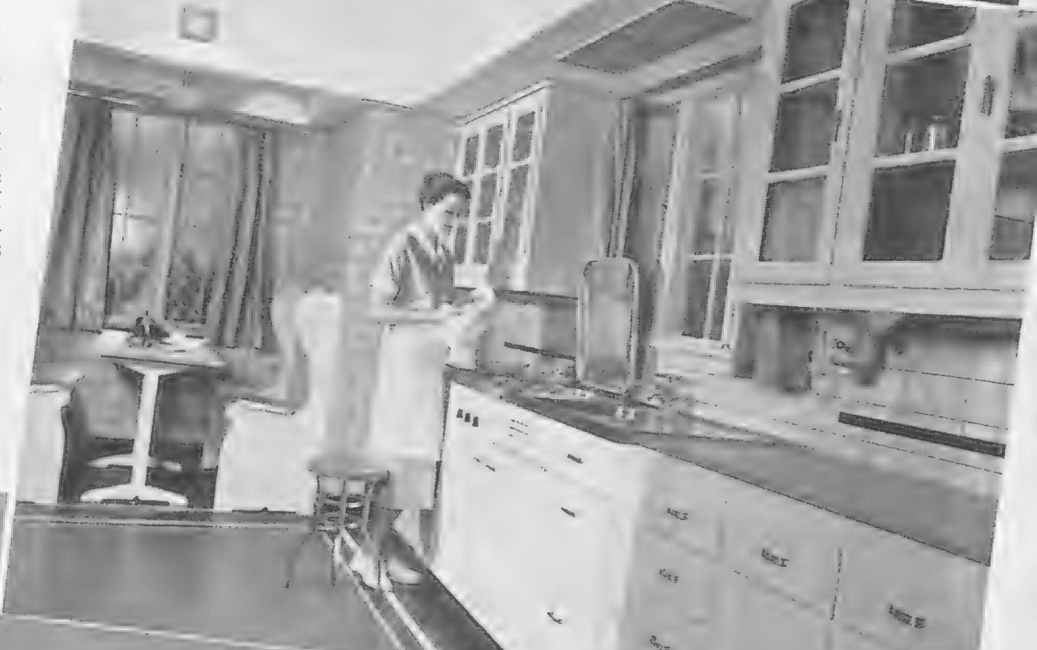
FURNISHING

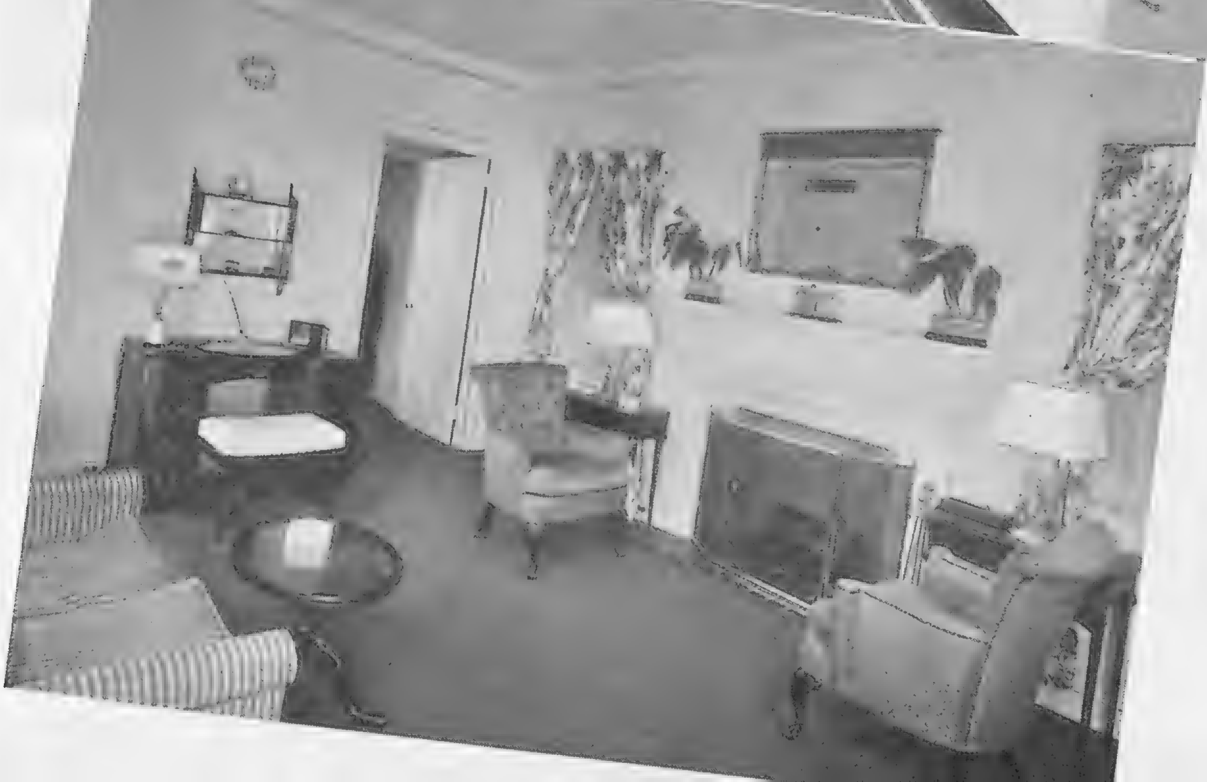
re-introduce the Venetian blind, seeing in this type of window furnishing artistic possibilities which had long been forgotten.

Venetian blinds are used in American interiors primarily for practical reasons to do with climate. In summer they have to contend with soaring temperatures and blazing sunshine. The Venetian blind is unique in the ease and accuracy with which it allows the regulation of daylight admitted to the house. In some cases the blinds are made of metal slats instead of wooden ones, the metal having a tendency to keep the interior cooler.

The rigorous extremes of climate also have their effect on the whole character of American decoration, which is daintier, more lighthearted in feeling than our own, as befits a country where sunshine and hot weather are more familiar. Nevertheless, the American love of period architecture and furniture is almost idolatrous. At its best, it results in homes of unpretentious charm and singular sweetness, in which comfort and beauty are one and indivisible.







Tiled walls, steel sink, flush cupboards and a breakfast recess are featured in this scientifically planned kitchen

Top : The period dining room as America sees it, with pedestal dining table, Hepplewhite chairs, Colonial corner cupboard, pleated and festooned curtains and Venetian blinds

Left : The principal furniture in this small sitting-room is mahogany, in the manner of Chippendale, and the arm-chairs, although on period lines, are entirely modern as regards upholstery and comfort

PLANT TULIPS — NOVEMBER

AUTUMN

By Eleanour Sinclair Rohde

THE work of the last few months detailed in the previous article of this series was only the beginning of the intensive campaign that is now in progress. For in autumn gardeners are so busy that every hour of daylight is precious.

Firstly roses. You can plant them from now onwards till the really severe weather sets in.

Have you seen the new rose Mrs. Edward Laxton? If not, plant it. I foresee that this rose will supplant even the universally popular Betty Uprichard, for Mrs. Edward Laxton is a lovely deep rose pink, has abundant foliage (whereas so many modern roses look as though their foliage had been rationed) and is a vigorous grower.

Other exquisite roses are Etoile de Hollande (rich red and deliciously fragrant), Caroline Testout (very vigorous, pink flowers, good foliage), General McArthur (one of the sweetest scented red roses and very vigorous) and George Dickson (gorgeous velvety crimson flowers very sweetly scented).

If you have room for only one single rose plant Dainty Bess. The prettily frilled flowers are held bolt upright in charming trusses and have very conspicuous golden stamens. Far more attractive than the too popular Poulsen roses.

Put climbing and rambling roses (*see* GLOSSARY) at the back of herbaceous borders and the beauty of the borders will be doubled, besides protecting them from cutting winds which roses do not object to. Rambling roses are in full beauty during June and July, but climbers flower again in autumn. So make a hole three feet each way at twelve feet apart along the back of the border and put in one rambler and one climber and you will have a tapestry of beauty behind the border all through the summer. Get good stout poles to put in the holes. Thin posts last no time. The rambling roses I recommend are Dr. van Fleet and Emily Gray, Edmond Proust, Francois Juranville, Miss Helyett and the old Crimson Rambler.

If you are not very expert at pruning, plant only Francois Juranville, for this is one of the few ramblers that should never be touched with a knife. Amongst the pick of the climbers are Paul Scarlet, Mermaid (never prune this rose), Zephyrin Drouhin (also best unpruned), Lady Waterlow and those fine old favourites William Allen Richardson and Gloire de Dijon.

Now is the best time for making or refurbishing an herbaceous border. The most decorative herbaceous plants are delphiniums,

PLANT ROSES FROM NOW ON UNTIL REALLY SEVERE WEATHER

Gardeners' Glossary

Climbing Roses grow about eight feet high, but with few exceptions, do not produce long lateral growths Most of them are climbing sorts of bush roses. They flower in June and July and again in autumn.

Rambling Roses produce lateral growths ten to fifteen feet long and are especially suitable for growing over pergolas and trellises. They flower only in June and July.

Herbaceous Border is a border devoted to plants that die down during the winter and throw up new growths the following season.

Rabbit-proof Plants are those that rabbits do not eat either in the seedling stage or when fully grown. Irises, Aconites, Lupins, Anchusas and Monkshoods are amongst the most reliable in this category.

PROGRAMME

Last Three Months In Your Garden

lupins, anchusas, campanulas, centaureas, geums, penstemons, phloxes, nepeta grandiflora, michaelmas daisies, heleniums, rudbeckias and helianthus.

If expense is important don't buy named delphiniums. All the leading firms sell batches of seedlings quite cheaply and these are just as effective in a mixed border. Don't omit the belladonna delphiniums. They grow only four feet high, have a much longer flowering period, and in time make plants about three feet across and require very little staking.

Lupins are amongst the few rabbit-proof plants and once planted require no further attention. *Never cut them down after flowering*, for the effort to produce a second display of flowers exhausts the plants and they usually perish the following winter. The best of the anchusas is Dropmore. This is a flowery mass of sky blue on stems four feet high with a very long blooming period.

The tallest and most decorative campanulas are *C. Latifolia Alba* and Telham Beauty. Campanulas have very thin stems and the varieties mentioned grow four feet high so, to save the trouble of staking, put them in between plants which help to support and yet do not hide them. Foxgloves, for instance.

Be sure to have *Centaurea Macrocephala*. It has golden thistle-like flowers the size of tennis balls and is wonderfully effective yet not commonly grown.

Far and away the best of the geums is *G. Borisii*, which grows about three feet high and is in bloom from April till cut by severe frost. A plant in fact that should be in every border.

Nepeta Grandiflora is another first-rate border plant. It blooms from May to October and the masses of blue flowers are continually haunted by bees and butterflies.

Don't get the rampant sunflowers that spread like weeds and become a nuisance. The most beautiful is Monarch. Even in the finest border this sunflower catches every eye. If you followed the advice in a previous article in this series to sow the biennials at the right time you will have a bountiful supply of wallflowers, canterbury bells, honesty, sweet williams and foxgloves to plant out in autumn and have your garden gay in spring. Packets of the seeds cost only a few pence

(*Continued on page* 90)

Gardeners' Calendar

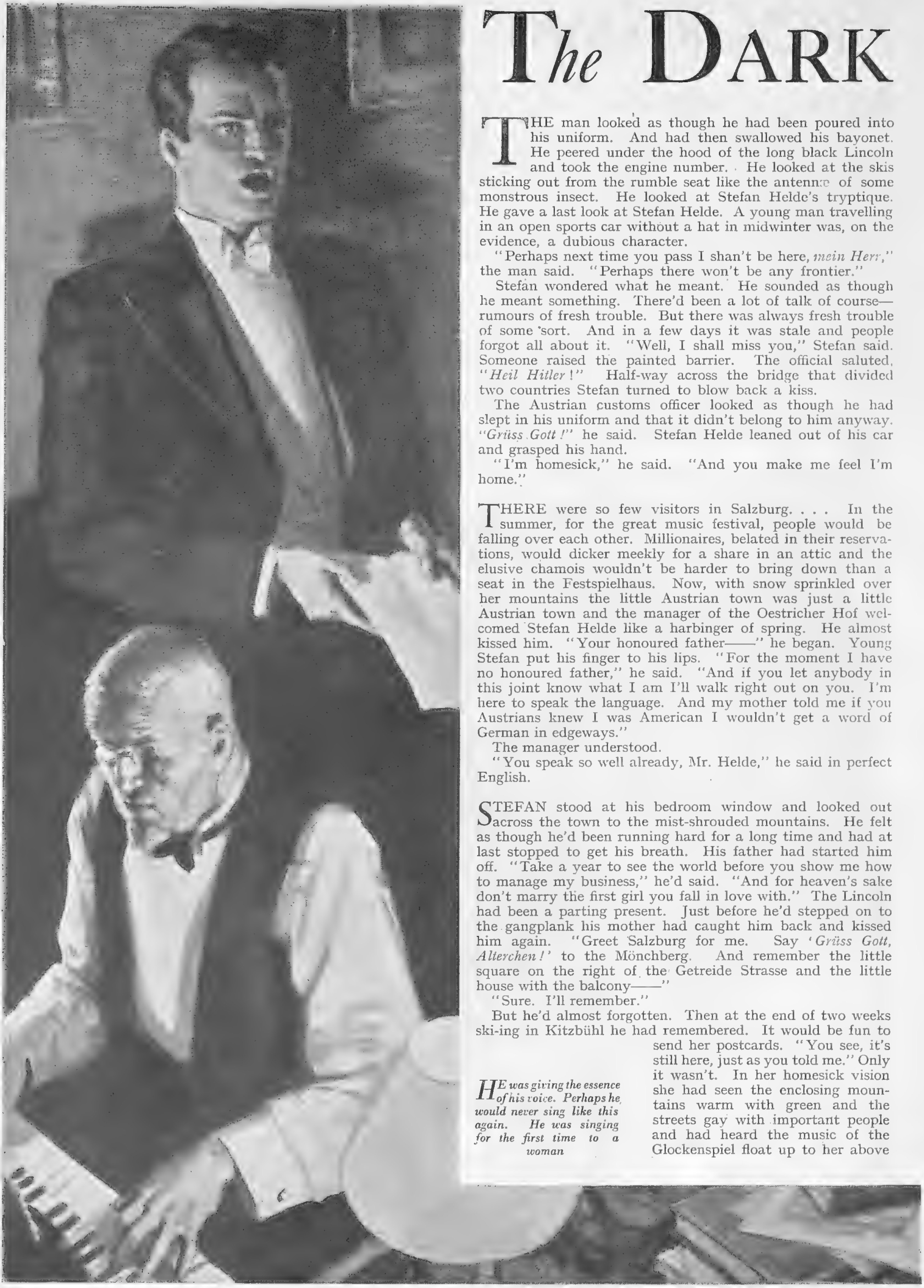
October Lift and store dahlias in a cool, not too dry place at a temperature not over 50 degrees.
Plant out biennials sown earlier, wallflowers, forget-me-nots, etc. Lift with plenty of soil. Plant very firm.
Improve shabby aubrietias by sprinkling a little rich soil round their centres. Do not smother the foliage.
Clear weeds before they seed.

November Plant tulips. To avoid failure and ensure strong growth plant *four inches deep*.
Lift and store gladioli in dry place. To ensure good flowering next year leave decaying foliage intact. Collect bulblet offshoots. Store separately for planting next April.
Spread hydrated lime on newly-dug ground. Use sparingly.

December Sweep up decaying leaves for leafmould.
Burn decaying wood and spread ashes on vacant ground for fertilizing.
See that glass over violet frames is kept diamond clean so that all available light penetrates.
Collect brushwood to cover tender plants when the severe cold comes.

SPRINKLE EARTH ON AUBRIETIA

MAKE AND REPLENISH HERBACEOUS BORDERS



The DARK

THE man looked as though he had been poured into his uniform. And had then swallowed his bayonet. He peered under the hood of the long black Lincoln and took the engine number. He looked at the skis sticking out from the rumble seat like the antennæ of some monstrous insect. He looked at Stefan Helde's tryptique. He gave a last look at Stefan Helde. A young man travelling in an open sports car without a hat in midwinter was, on the evidence, a dubious character.

"Perhaps next time you pass I shan't be here, *mein Herr*," the man said. "Perhaps there won't be any frontier."

Stefan wondered what he meant. He sounded as though he meant something. There'd been a lot of talk of course—rumours of fresh trouble. But there was always fresh trouble of some sort. And in a few days it was stale and people forgot all about it. "Well, I shall miss you," Stefan said. Someone raised the painted barrier. The official saluted, "*Heil Hitler!*" Half-way across the bridge that divided two countries Stefan turned to blow back a kiss.

The Austrian customs officer looked as though he had slept in his uniform and that it didn't belong to him anyway. "*Grüss Gott!*" he said. Stefan Helde leaned out of his car and grasped his hand.

"I'm homesick," he said. "And you make me feel I'm home."

THERE were so few visitors in Salzburg. . . . In the summer, for the great music festival, people would be falling over each other. Millionaires, belated in their reservations, would dicker meekly for a share in an attic and the elusive chamois wouldn't be harder to bring down than a seat in the Festspielhaus. Now, with snow sprinkled over her mountains the little Austrian town was just a little Austrian town and the manager of the Oestricher Hof welcomed Stefan Helde like a harbinger of spring. He almost kissed him. "Your honoured father——" he began. Young Stefan put his finger to his lips. "For the moment I have no honoured father," he said. "And if you let anybody in this joint know what I am I'll walk right out on you. I'm here to speak the language. And my mother told me if you Austrians knew I was American I wouldn't get a word of German in edgeways."

The manager understood.

"You speak so well already, Mr. Helde," he said in perfect English.

STEFAN stood at his bedroom window and looked out across the town to the mist-shrouded mountains. He felt as though he'd been running hard for a long time and had at last stopped to get his breath. His father had started him off. "Take a year to see the world before you show me how to manage my business," he'd said. "And for heaven's sake don't marry the first girl you fall in love with." The Lincoln had been a parting present. Just before he'd stepped on to the gangplank his mother had caught him back and kissed him again. "Greet Salzburg for me. Say '*Grüss Gott, Alterchen!*' to the Mönchberg. And remember the little square on the right of the Getreide Strasse and the little house with the balcony——"

"Sure. I'll remember."

But he'd almost forgotten. Then at the end of two weeks ski-ing in Kitzbühl he had remembered. It would be fun to send her postcards. "You see, it's still here, just as you told me." Only it wasn't. In her homesick vision she had seen the enclosing mountains warm with green and the streets gay with important people and had heard the music of the Glockenspiel float up to her above

HE was giving the essence of his voice. Perhaps he would never sing like this again. He was singing for the first time to a woman

AGES

Art Knows no National boundary—Not so the Artist

By I. A. R. Wylie

the towers and domes of the churches. Now everything was sheathed in a thin white and mists drifted damply across the face of the great Festung that lowered like a grim sentinel over the silence. The damp seemed to be in everything. It was creeping into his heart so that for the first time he felt sick of everything and wanted to take the Lincoln out of its garage and race for the nearest port. Well, he would be gone to-morrow. Not back to Kitzbühl. There'd been a blonde kid there. The gold-digger type. But Stefan was a wise young guy. He wasn't falling—not for her or anyone. Maybe when he was old—thirty or thereabouts he'd let himself fall in love. That gave him eight good years.

He wouldn't wait. Before it was too dark he'd go out and find the Getreide Strasse and the house with the balcony so that he could tell his mother. He would never tell her how sad and dead it had all seemed to him.

He had no difficulty in finding his way. He knew it by heart. You followed the Elizabeth Kai, passed the Café Bazaar down to the Staatsbrücke which you crossed. And there, almost at once, was the little old street. Mozart had been born there, but much more important, Stefan Helde's mother.

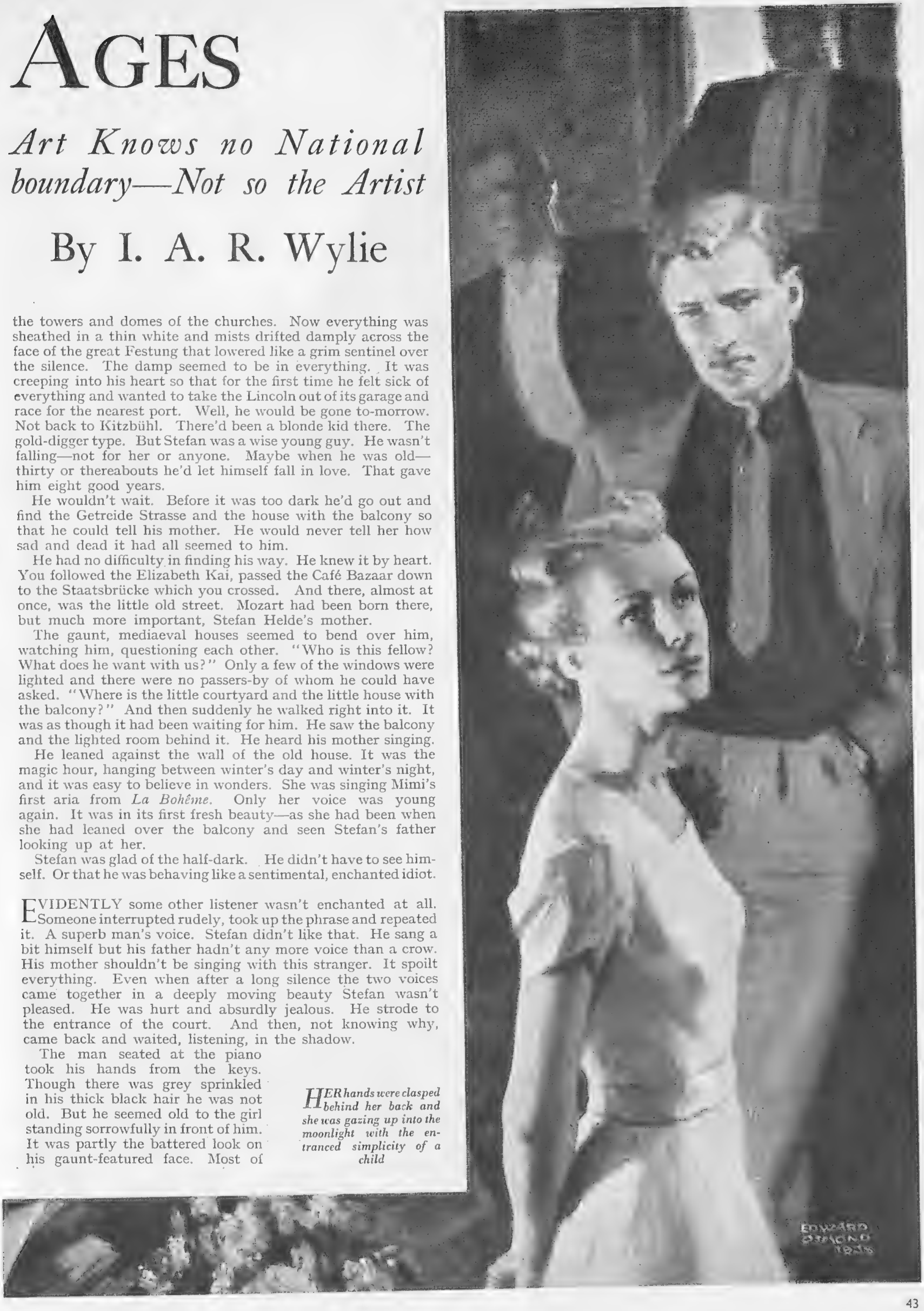
The gaunt, mediaeval houses seemed to bend over him, watching him, questioning each other. "Who is this fellow? What does he want with us?" Only a few of the windows were lighted and there were no passers-by of whom he could have asked. "Where is the little courtyard and the little house with the balcony?" And then suddenly he walked right into it. It was as though it had been waiting for him. He saw the balcony and the lighted room behind it. He heard his mother singing.

He leaned against the wall of the old house. It was the magic hour, hanging between winter's day and winter's night, and it was easy to believe in wonders. She was singing Mimi's first aria from *La Bohème*. Only her voice was young again. It was in its first fresh beauty—as she had been when she had leaned over the balcony and seen Stefan's father looking up at her.

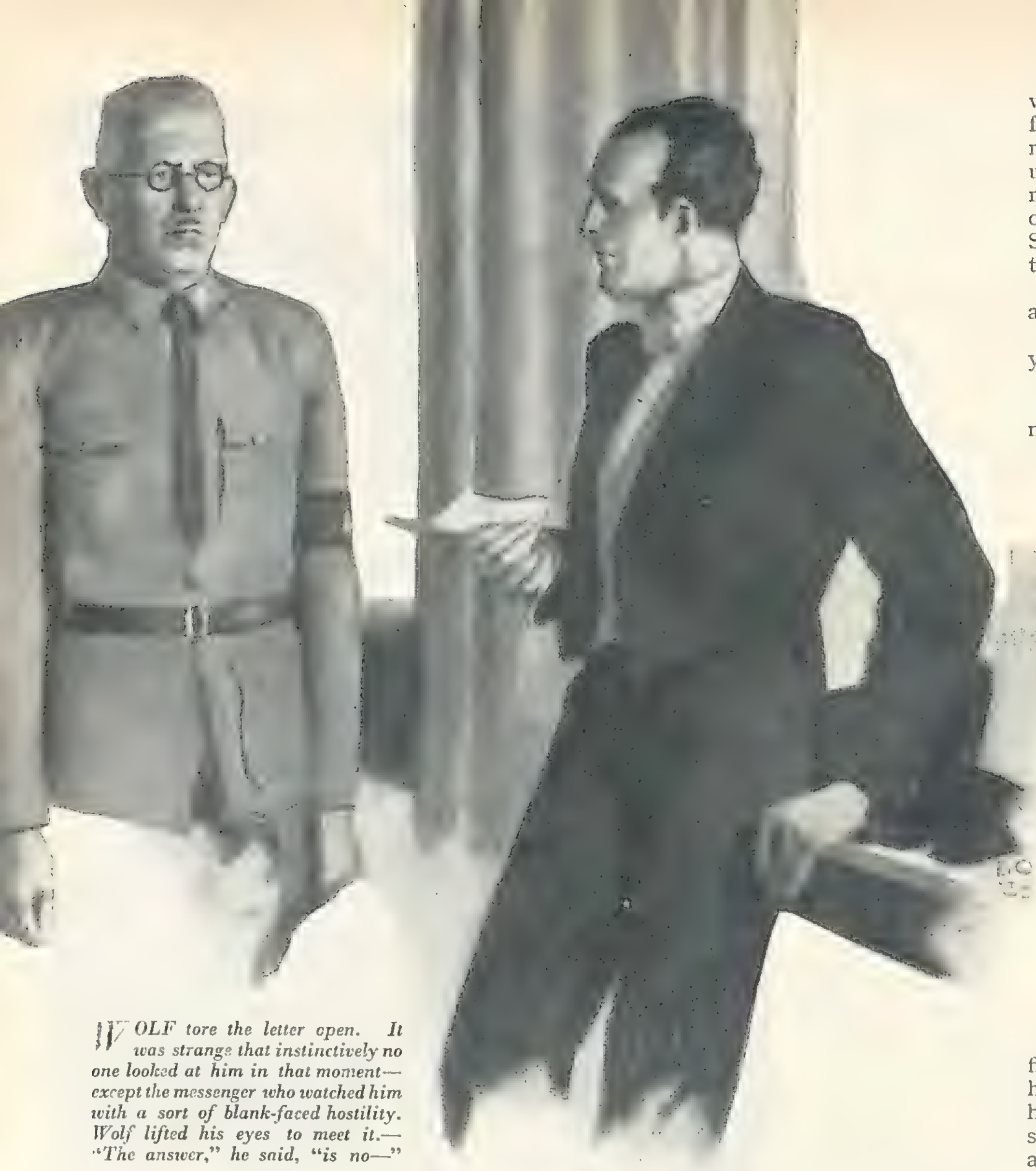
Stefan was glad of the half-dark. He didn't have to see himself. Or that he was behaving like a sentimental, enchanted idiot.

EVIDENTLY some other listener wasn't enchanted at all. Someone interrupted rudely, took up the phrase and repeated it. A superb man's voice. Stefan didn't like that. He sang a bit himself but his father hadn't any more voice than a crow. His mother shouldn't be singing with this stranger. It spoilt everything. Even when after a long silence the two voices came together in a deeply moving beauty Stefan wasn't pleased. He was hurt and absurdly jealous. He strode to the entrance of the court. And then, not knowing why, came back and waited, listening, in the shadow.

The man seated at the piano took his hands from the keys. Though there was grey sprinkled in his thick black hair he was not old. But he seemed old to the girl standing sorrowfully in front of him. It was partly the battered look on his gaunt-featured face. Most of



HER hands were clasped behind her back and she was gazing up into the moonlight with the entranced simplicity of a child



WOLF tore the letter open. It was strange that instinctively no one looked at him in that moment—except the messenger who watched him with a sort of blank-faced hostility. Wolf lifted his eyes to meet it.—"The answer," he said, "is no—"

all it was her own shining youth. When one is twenty, forty seems the end of life. But she was glad that he was old. It gave her a sense of security in her broken, foundering world. If she had to she could cry on his shoulder. And it would be all right. Old people could understand.

"Fräulein Nina," he said, "your voice is good. And you are singing atrociously. Why?"

She answered him with another question.

"Tell me something, Meister. If I study for another year will it be worth while? Shall I be what you said—a real singer?"

"If you study as you have done. If you don't spend your time crying about heaven knows what—yes, you will be a real singer." He glanced at her, his dark eyes whimsical but puzzled. "Well—aren't you satisfied?"

"No. It was my last hope. If you'd said you'd made a mistake and I was a failure I could have stood it. Because you see, I am not going to study for another year. I am going home—"

"Going home?" he repeated. He said impatiently, "But that's absurd——"

"Yes—isn't it? But it happens to be true. I've got to. I had a letter this morning. After all, father left nothing—only debts and trouble." She broke off. She had meant to be so grown-up and stoical. And she was near to being swept off her feet with grief and bitterness. The man at the piano looked down at his hands, away from her. "Poor child!" he said gently.

"So you see—it doesn't matter—I can cry all I want to and it won't matter—"

"It matters a great deal—to you, perhaps to the world—at least to me—"

"What can it matter to you?" she demanded almost with defiance.

He struck a chord and listened to its echo.

"I've been a real singer too, Nina," he said. "I can still sing—most people say; as well as ever. But I know better. The glory is departing. One day soon it will be gone. That is why I live here, where I belong, and teach you and others like you, to take my place—to sing for me when I am silent." He flashed her a brief, half-mocking smile. "One day I shall go to the Festspielhaus and a new Mimi will sing with some new Rudolf. That will be my immortality."

She caught her breath, dazzled, incredulous. She had seen him so often triumphant, laurel-crowned, the tributes of love and admiration piled about his feet. Now for the first time she saw that he could suffer. He could be defeated. And he had said he needed her. Her own disaster was forgotten. She said humbly and wretchedly, "So I have got to fail you too——"

"You need not. You must not." He ran over the first notes of a fugue to hide the fact that he was stammering. "Your lessons would cost you nothing, Nina. I could help you to live. You can pay me back when you are rich and famous."

She shook her head.

"I may never be—I can't be sure——"

"You can be. You can repay me now."

"How—how could I?"

He got up and walked over to the window out of the circle of light that framed them both amidst the quiet darkness of his room. The window was high up. He could see beyond the roofs of the neighbouring houses to the dim outlines of the mountains. He could not see Stefan Helde, waiting and listening in the shadow.

"What do you really care for?" he asked.

"You know—my work—being what you want me to be."

"You don't love anyone?"

She said proudly—almost with indignation:

"I am not so stupid, Meister."

He laughed a little.

"No—I suppose one has to be old for that. When I was your age I didn't love any one either—only my career—my voice. Now these things have failed me. And I love you, Nina. It's not even my immortality in you. I love you so much I would be glad to be forgotten—I am not even proud enough to let this disaster overtake us both." He asked in a low voice, "Does all this seem—very ridiculous to you?"

"No—only very strange—and and wonderful."

"Nina—I am asking you to marry me—not to love me." He was careful not to look at her. If he had seen her face he would have known that she had told him the truth. The very word "love" was like a word spoken to a child for the first time. "I am asking for the right to help you." But before she answered he turned full on her. He said with a sudden harshness, "Think first who I am."

She faltered, not understanding.

"Why, you're Franz Wolf—the great tenor. Everyone knows you—all over the world. Everyone in Salzburg loves you."

"I am a Jew," he said. He spoke with a bitter pride. "Time was in this town when I would have worn a yellow patch on my coat to distinguish me from human beings. And at night I should have been hounded back with the rest of my race into the Judengasse."

"Those were the dark ages," she said scornfully.

But even as she spoke her assurance faltered. It was as though an inner ear caught the sound of some sombre, swiftly approaching menace. Of course she had read things—headlines in the newspapers—about other places, other people. But like all tragedy, like death itself, they had seemed remote, belonging to another world. They could not happen in Salzburg—not to him. But perhaps he had heard what, for a moment she had seemed to hear. Perhaps, beneath the plaudits of the mob, he had always heard it.

"Ours may be a dark age," he said, half to himself. "The wheel turns. Even now we may be entering into the shadow—even in our Salzburg where there seems so much light."

She went to him, her young chivalry in arms. She took his hand and kissed it. "I have warned you," he said unsteadily. "There is still our Judengasse."

"Make what you can of me!" she retorted in headlong, gallant self-dedication.

He caught her to him. She did not know

the man who kissed her. A complete stranger had emerged suddenly from behind the figure of the beloved and honoured Meister. And she could not check the instinctive movement of recoil. He felt it. He released her instantly. He became quiet and matter-of-fact.

"You see—I do love you. And you must forgive me, little Nina, because you don't know what love means. Well, that's something I won't try to teach you. One day you may learn—please God, you will. But first you must be my great singer." He had gone back to the piano. "Do you trust me?" he asked.

She nodded, ashamed and eager to make amends.

"I always do."

"It's all settled then?"

"Settled."

"Full steam ahead?"

"Full steam."

"In that case," he said, laughing at her across the piano, "You will now sing the duet with me. And you will kindly not spoil my performance by singing flat again."

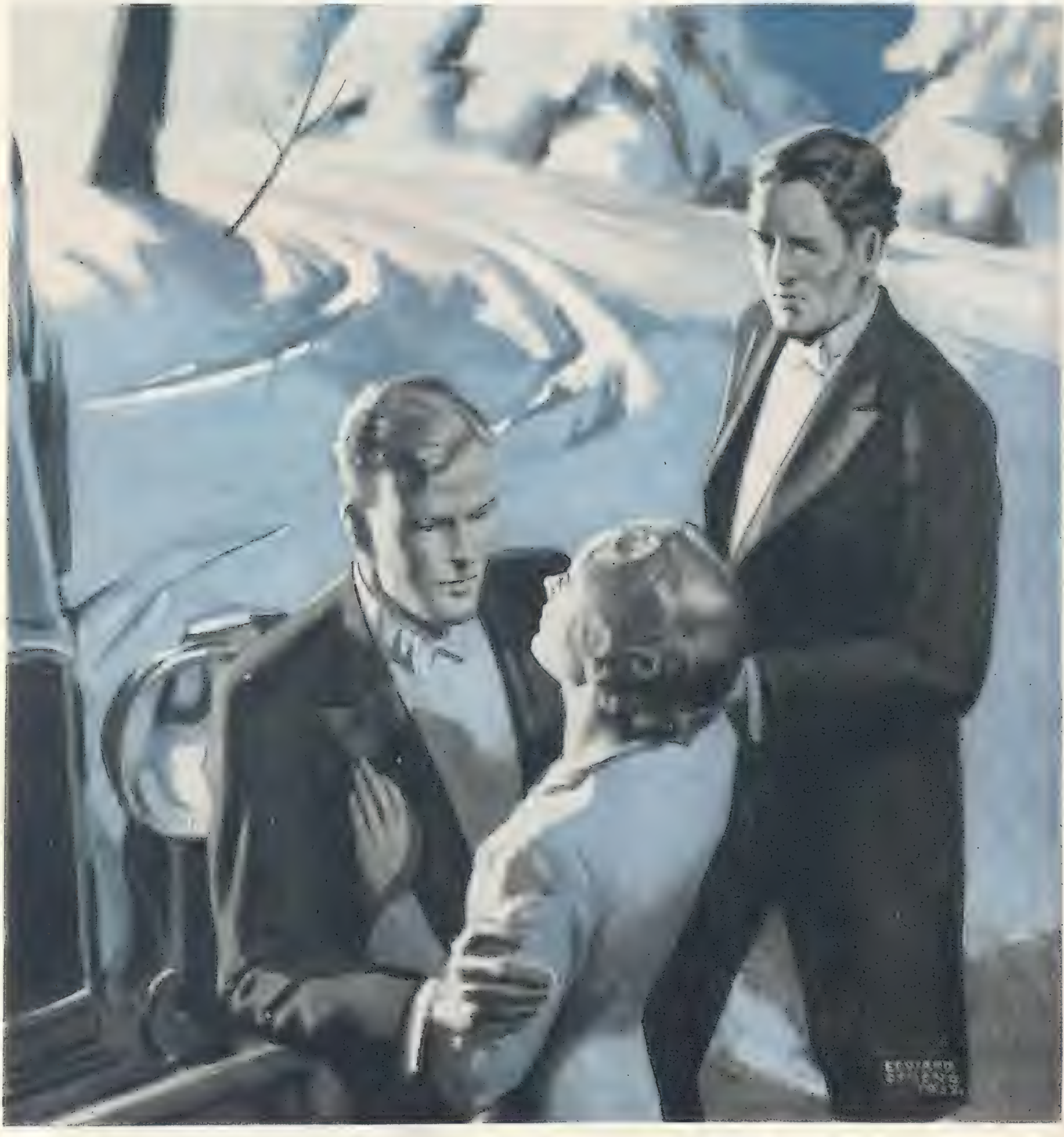
She laughed back, happy as she had never been. Disaster had broken over her like a sudden thunderstorm over the Mönchberg. It had passed. The sun was out again. With him beside her she could not fail.

He began, throwing back his head, "*O suave fanciulla—*" and she gathered herself together to give him the best she had—all that he had given her of loveliness.

SHE was still humming Mimi's aria to herself as she came down the dark narrow stairs. But she wasn't thinking of Mimi. She was thinking how wonderful it would be to write home and tell them not to worry. She was safe. She was to marry the world's greatest lyric tenor. He was going to make a great singer out of her. One day they would all have to come to the Salzburg Festspiel to hear her. They would never have to worry again.

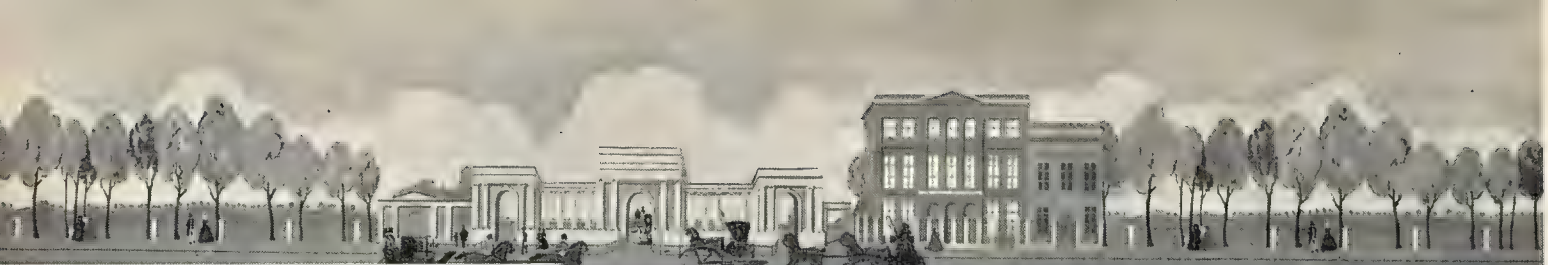
(*Continued on page* 114)

Illustrated by Edward Osmond



He knew that they were saying good-bye. They loved each other. He knew that too, suddenly and with certainty

PAPER CHASE



Scenic paper of classic design in a Regency scheme

With decoration becoming more feminine, more flowery every day, plain walls were bound to go. And they have. Wallpapers are here again.

If you cherish the notion that designs on the wall are stuffy and dated and unadaptable to modern schemes, you are not well informed about wallpapers.

Wallpaper was used way back in the early days of Chinese history and practically nothing has superseded it as a means of introducing character and beauty to the home. True, there have been some sad mistakes made in the use of it, but we learn by these.

Never fear, the overdramatised and obtrusive wallpaper has gone with many other ugly things of the pre-war era. Delicacy, artistic beauty and colour harmony are the characteristics of the new wall coverings.

You may not have realised it, but two-thirds of your home is wall space. All of it background to your cherished possessions. The walls are the backcloth upon which is depicted the character of the house. Its freshness and charm depend upon them.

Whatever style of decoration you favour the new wallpapers will help you to carry it out. Textiles and wall coverings walk hand in hand now and you can use them together, with designs discreetly varied or accurately matched.

Frilly curtains and flounced bedspreads almost demand bouquet patterned papers and many are used in the new schemes. Cream and white groundwork with delicate sprig designs in soft flower colourings make perfect backgrounds for painted furniture and the crisp flower chintzes that are so popular.

White polka dots on a pastel background form the basis of a type of paper which is used a good deal in conjunction with flowered design. Stripes, reminiscent of Empire designs, are strongly fancied, too.

In many cases three walls are papered, say, in a cream spotted paper and a bouquet pattern is used on the fourth wall as a background to the bed. If the design of the paper can be repeated in glazed chintz, this fabric is used for curtains and, possibly bedspread.

Pastel tones of grey make this scenic paper an ideal combination with white panelling

A charming bedroom scheme can be carried out on these lines with three walls treated in a pale turquoise paper lightly dotted with cream. The fourth wall is covered with a cream paper delicately figured with a bouquet design in rose, pale green, turquoise and cherry red. This is used as a background for the bed.

The bedspread is composed, at the top, of glazed chintz repeating the design of the flowered wallpaper and at the sides with a deep valance of cherry red moiré.

The flowered chintz hangs at the windows, framing draped marquisette screening curtains and an armchair is covered with cherry red moiré.

A lovely and individual scheme, made possible by a wallpaper background.

Wallpapers and draperies need not necessarily match, but it is desirable that they should have something in common. It may be colour, texture, or "atmosphere."

Here is a lovely bedroom scheme with wallpaper as the inspiration:

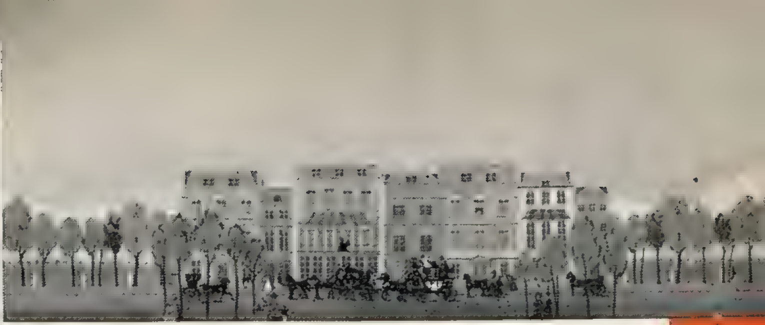
The scheme is faintly old-world yet essentially modern. The wallpaper is cream with a delicate ivy leaf design in two shades of green scattered upon it. The woodwork is soft green.

Crisp yellow taffeta is at the windows, the edges of the curtains finished with stiffly pleated frills. There is a white and green candlewick bedspread. A saffron carpet. Flower pictures.

A simple scheme, but lovely.

That is what wallpapers do. They give distinction to very simple furnishings. But they must be used artistically and harmonised with feeling.

Landscape papers, often inspired by



By
Winifred Lewis

some of the finest French designs, have achieved full recognition again as an elegant form of decoration. Their use is limited, however, to larger rooms.

An example of the use of a landscape paper above the panelled dado of a period dining-room is shown in one of the illustrations. The paper in question is perfectly in spirit with the gracious period of which the furniture is representative and was carried out in soft smoky-grey tones seen in charming relief against the cream panelled dado.

At the top of the page we show an enchanting landscape paper—one of Sanderson's best—that is proving very popular with those who have rooms suitable for such bold treatments. The design depicts a vista of old London—Hyde Park Corner, in fact—and does it with a charming old-world formality that is relieved by the gaiety of the colouring.

Not to be omitted from any résumé of wallpaper designs is wallpaper "panelling." Wood graining imitated in paper with such accuracy that it is impossible to detect the copy from the original has made the panelled room a practical possibility for all.

Pine, oak, walnut and, in fact, every kind of wood panelling is reproduced on these convincing papers. They can be hung simply, in strips to give the effect of a plain panelled effect or, more elaborately, with mouldings, to allow use of the "grain" in decorative ways.

One of the rooms photographed is papered with "stripped pine" which, more than any other "wood," makes the perfect background to rich fabrics and flowery chintzes.

A hall treated with one of the new "wood" papers to give the effect of stripped pine panelling (Sandersons)

Sweetly feminine. A sprigged wallpaper with a white ground. White spotted marquisette is used for the bedspreads

One of the new-old flowered wallpapers is used to give atmosphere to this distinguished scheme

This type of paper cost very little more than any other and is perfectly simple to hang. Its durability is one of its assets, so the small extra cost is justified.

Sprigged wallpapers for dormer ceilings and sloping walls, old classic designs in new pastel colourings for drawing-rooms and bedrooms and "wood panelling" for halls and dining-rooms sums up the wallpaper position of to-day.

Winter is the time for laying plans for spring renovations, so begin your paper chase now.

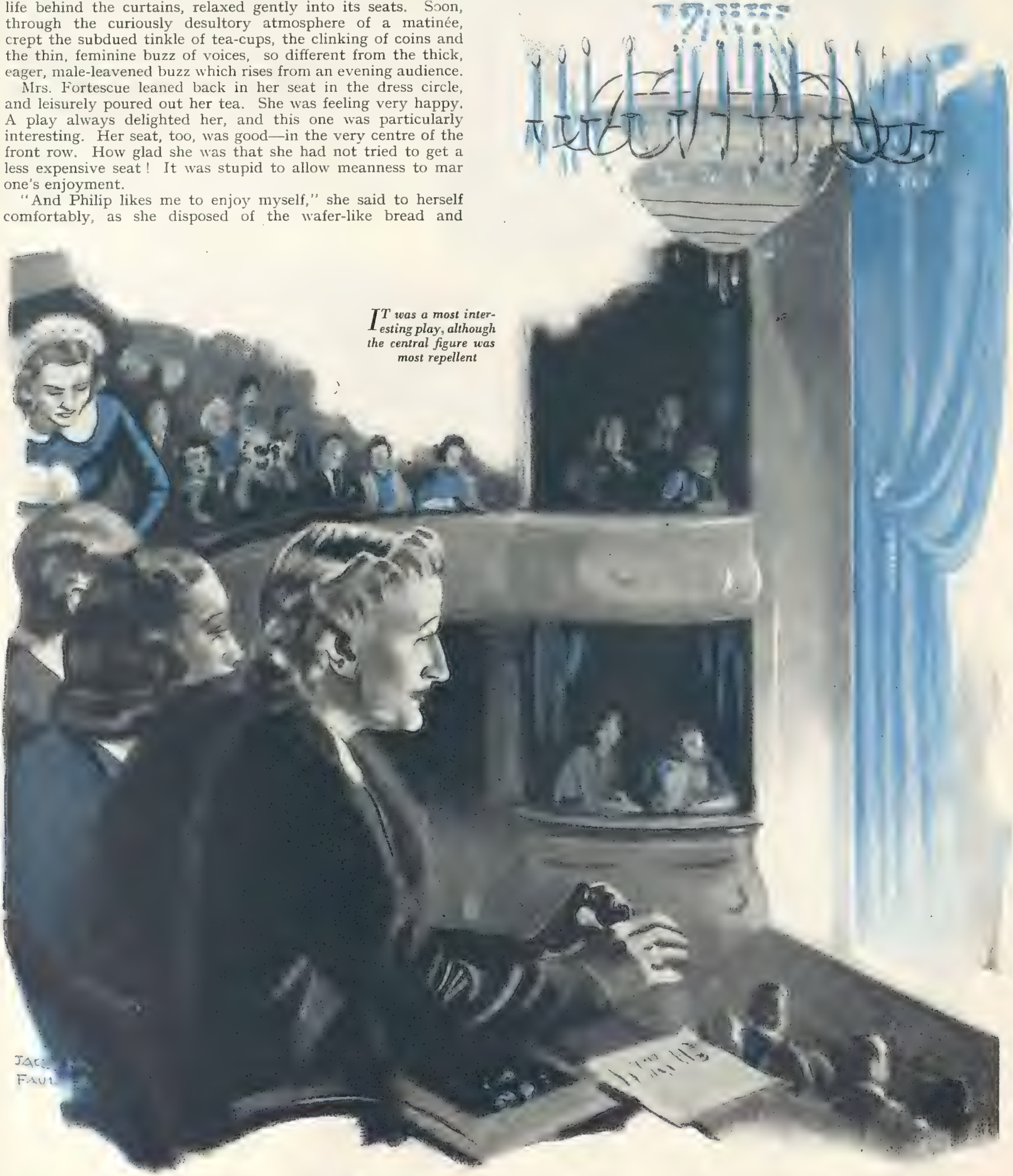
Without Footlights

IT was the second interval. The great chandelier near the gilded roof blazed into sudden magnificence, revealing the safety curtain descending with dull and leisurely decorum, over the glories of opulent red velvet. The audience, thus inexorably cut off from the electric current of life behind the curtains, relaxed gently into its seats. Soon, through the curiously desultory atmosphere of a matinée, crept the subdued tinkle of tea-cups, the clinking of coins and the thin, feminine buzz of voices, so different from the thick, eager, male-leavened buzz which rises from an evening audience.

Mrs. Fortescue leaned back in her seat in the dress circle, and leisurely poured out her tea. She was feeling very happy. A play always delighted her, and this one was particularly interesting. Her seat, too, was good—in the very centre of the front row. How glad she was that she had not tried to get a less expensive seat! It was stupid to allow meanness to mar one's enjoyment.

"And Philip likes me to enjoy myself," she said to herself comfortably, as she disposed of the wafer-like bread and butter. "He spoils me—silly boy!" she added indulgently, and patted her white, beautifully waved hair with a white, beautifully manicured hand.

She had had quite an interesting day. The ten o'clock train had deposited her at Victoria with unusual punctuality, and



IT was a most interesting play, although the central figure was most repellent

A domestic drama in which the leading part is played by Mother

By Powell Hill

she had been able to do her shopping in that leisurely and dignified way which she loved. (That hat which she had bought was really perfect—such subtlety of line). She wished that it had not been quite so expensive, "but then," sighed Mrs. Fortescue who was something of a philosopher, "one *has* to pay for things in this world!" After that she had had her hair shampooed and freshly set. "And it really has," said Mrs. Fortescue, suddenly snatching out her mirror and inspecting it from all angles, "come up beautifully, as that nice young man said it would." Then there had been lunch at Buzzards and now the matinée.

"There was something else, too," mused Mrs. Fortescue, her pretty china-blue eyes faintly puzzled. "Oh, yes, of course! How stupid of me! The cruise reservation."

Philip had been a little, tiny bit difficult over the cruise.

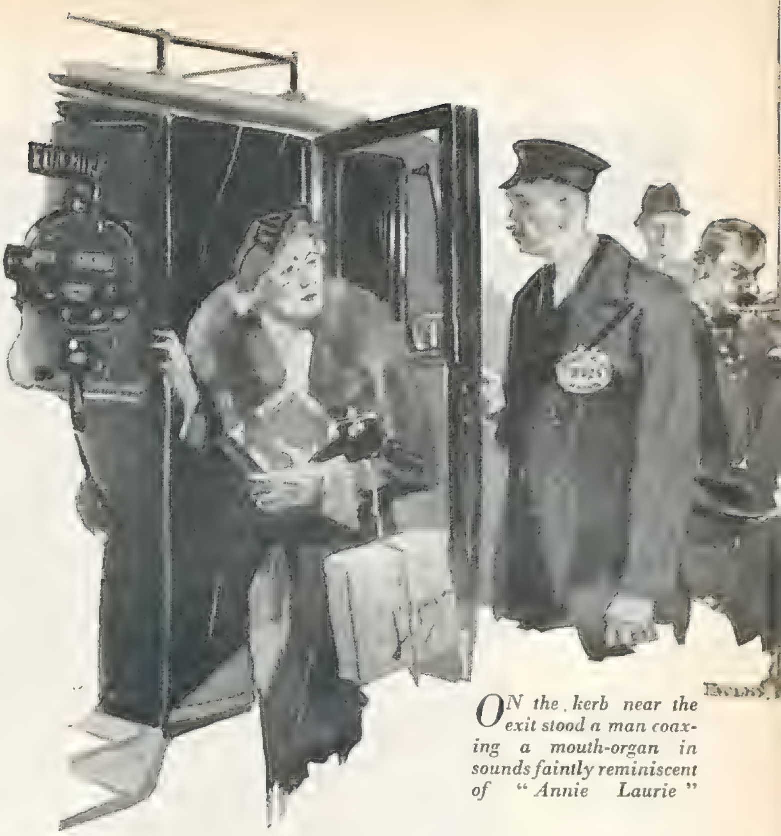
"Must it be the long trip, mother?" he had said, rather anxiously. But eventually he had agreed that she really needed it to set her up for the winter. He had even urged her to go.

"Of *course* you must go, mother!" he had said firmly. He knew that she was delicate. Dear Philip! It was a pity that he chose to spend his holiday tutoring again. One would have thought that a schoolmaster would have had enough of children without choosing to spend his holiday with them. But Mrs. Fortescue had made no complaint.

"Not for the world would I put the least pressure on Philip," she said to herself proudly. "He must do as he pleases!"

And if doing as he pleased meant that his mother had to spend a lonely holiday—well, she could bear it. No one could, with justice, say that she did not allow her son perfect freedom to do as he wished. Mrs. Fortescue poured out another cup of tea.

"Dear Philip!" she mused tranquilly. "He has his failings, but he really *is* a dear boy and so fond of me. I really don't deserve such a son."



ON the kerb near the exit stood a man coaxing a mouth-organ in sounds faintly reminiscent of "Annie Laurie"

But in her heart she knew that she did, because she herself had given him life and had spent herself to the uttermost to mould him into the man he was. Who but she had induced Philip to sit for scholarship after scholarship; had insisted, steeling herself against his tears and protestations, that he should develop to the uttermost the gifts which she alone knew that he possessed? And who but she had sat up with him night after night before those terrible examinations, so that he should not fall asleep over his books? Those dreadful examinations! How did mothers survive them? The strain had been terrible, terrible. Only her great love for him had sustained her. And then that dreadful illness of his. A nervous breakdown the specialist had said. That had been too dreadful. She could not bear to see him. But she had not lost her head. She had sent him straight away to hospital, although he had begged to be allowed to stay at home.

"Ah!" the hospital doctor had said to her (he was a funny little man with very bright, penetrating eyes, but obviously admiring). "What a mother you are, Mrs. Fortescue! *What* a mother!"

It was a pity that he had gone away so abruptly after that. But doctors are busy people. It would have been pleasant to see his appreciation of all the other things that she had done for Philip.

Reflectively, Mrs. Fortescue handed back her tea-tray to the attendant. What a dear little thing Philip had been when he was small! So quiet and thoughtful. Trying sometimes, of course, as children will be, and inclined to be a little selfish—like poor Henry. She had to check him for that.

"Now Philip, *please!* Mummie only wants to do what's best for you. You don't want to make mummie *ill*—do you, dear?"

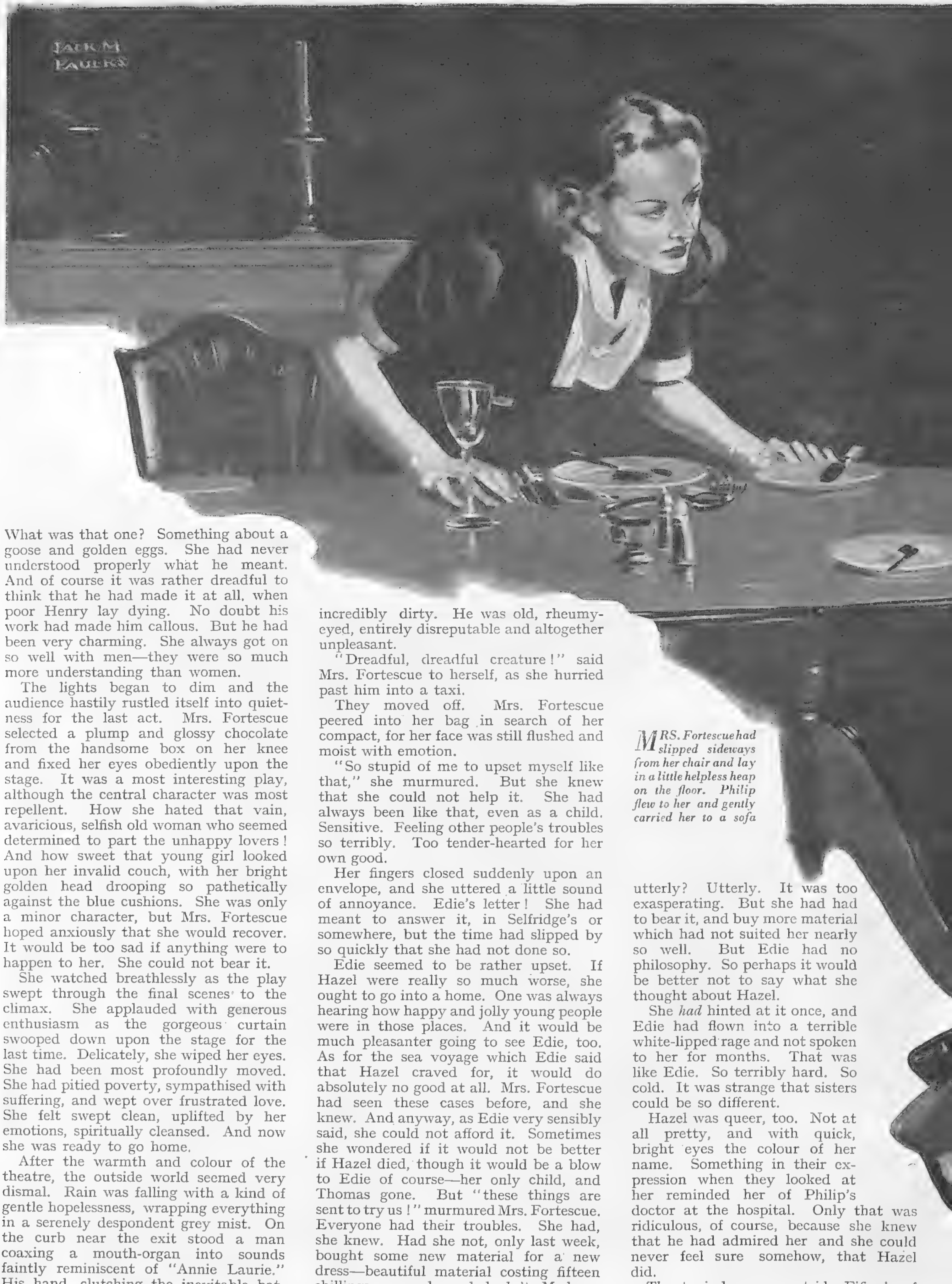
Fortunately he had always realised that she was delicate and could not bear worry of any kind. How sweet he had been when poor Henry died.

"Who's going to take care of poor mummie now, darling?" she had said to him. And he had whispered, pressing close, his little face quite white and anxious, "I'll look after you mummie. Don't cry!"

She had been quite touched. He had been ten then.

Poor Henry. He had died happy in the belief that he had provided for her and for Philip's education. But he simply hadn't realised, poor dear, how much it took to live. Sometimes Philip reminded her of him.

MRS. FORTESCUE settled her magnificent silver fox fur more comfortably upon her shoulders. What a queer man Henry's doctor had been. Queer but nice. She always remembered the way he used to stare at her for moments on end without speaking, as though he were fascinated. Perhaps he was. And the funny little jokes he made without a vestige of a smile upon his face, so that if one had not known him well, one would never have suspected that they were jokes at all.



MRS. Fortescue had slipped sideways from her chair and lay in a little helpless heap on the floor. Philip flew to her and gently carried her to a sofa

What was that one? Something about a goose and golden eggs. She had never understood properly what he meant. And of course it was rather dreadful to think that he had made it at all, when poor Henry lay dying. No doubt his work had made him callous. But he had been very charming. She always got on so well with men—they were so much more understanding than women.

The lights began to dim and the audience hastily rustled itself into quietness for the last act. Mrs. Fortescue selected a plump and glossy chocolate from the handsome box on her knee and fixed her eyes obediently upon the stage. It was a most interesting play, although the central character was most repellent. How she hated that vain, avaricious, selfish old woman who seemed determined to part the unhappy lovers! And how sweet that young girl looked upon her invalid couch, with her bright golden head drooping so pathetically against the blue cushions. She was only a minor character, but Mrs. Fortescue hoped anxiously that she would recover. It would be too sad if anything were to happen to her. She could not bear it.

She watched breathlessly as the play swept through the final scenes to the climax. She applauded with generous enthusiasm as the gorgeous curtain swooped down upon the stage for the last time. Delicately, she wiped her eyes. She had been most profoundly moved. She had pitied poverty, sympathised with suffering, and wept over frustrated love. She felt swept clean, uplifted by her emotions, spiritually cleansed. And now she was ready to go home.

After the warmth and colour of the theatre, the outside world seemed very dismal. Rain was falling with a kind of gentle hopelessness, wrapping everything in a serenely despondent grey mist. On the curb near the exit stood a man coaxing a mouth-organ into sounds faintly reminiscent of "Annie Laurie." His hand, clutching the inevitable hat, was gnarled and twisted. It was also incredibly dirty. He was old, rheumy-eyed, entirely disreputable and altogether unpleasant.

"Dreadful, dreadful creature!" said Mrs. Fortescue to herself, as she hurried past him into a taxi.

They moved off. Mrs. Fortescue peered into her bag in search of her compact, for her face was still flushed and moist with emotion.

"So stupid of me to upset myself like that," she murmured. But she knew that she could not help it. She had always been like that, even as a child. Sensitive. Feeling other people's troubles so terribly. Too tender-hearted for her own good.

Her fingers closed suddenly upon an envelope, and she uttered a little sound of annoyance. Edie's letter! She had meant to answer it, in Selfridge's or somewhere, but the time had slipped by so quickly that she had not done so.

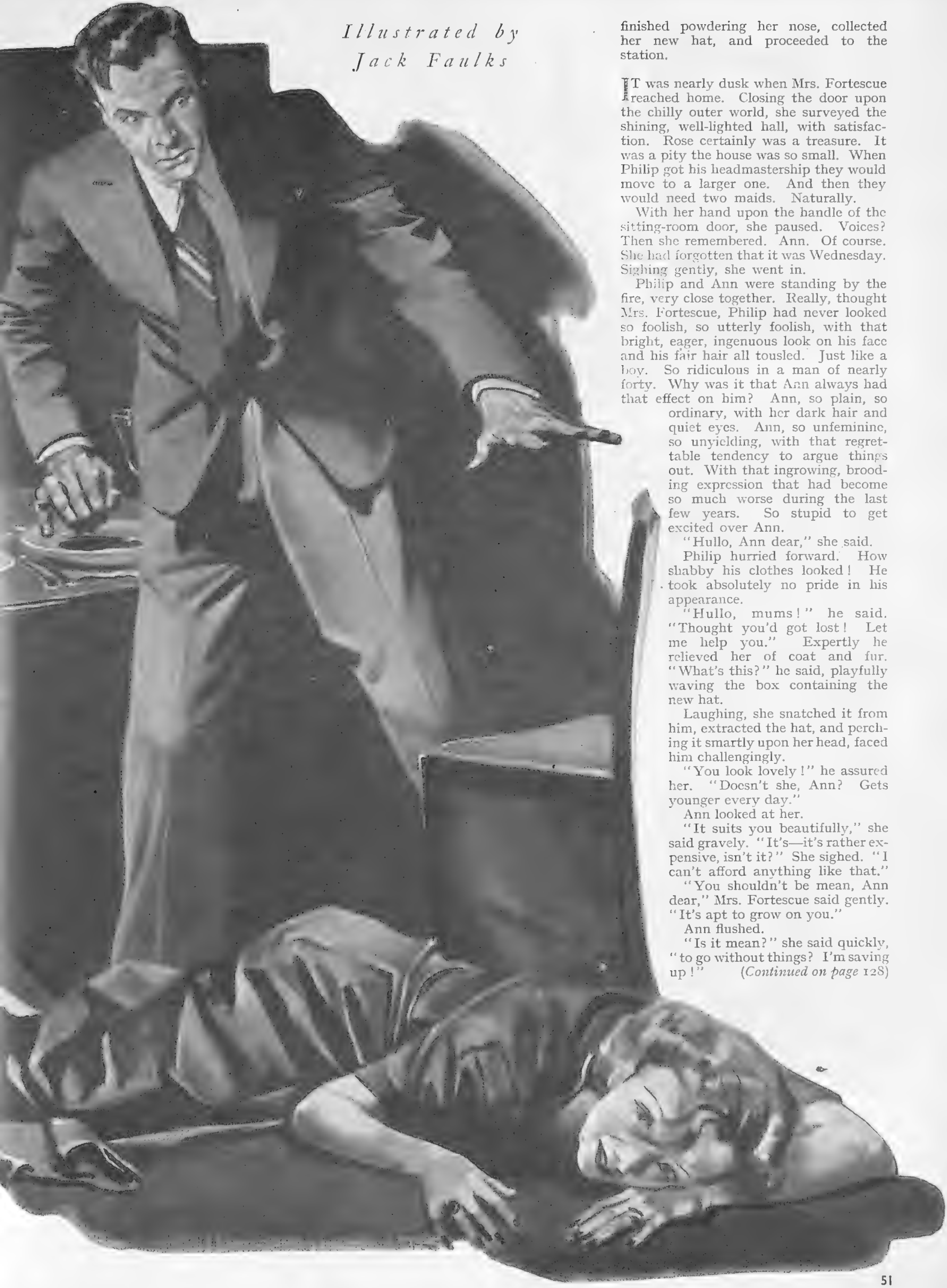
Edie seemed to be rather upset. If Hazel were really so much worse, she ought to go into a home. One was always hearing how happy and jolly young people were in those places. And it would be much pleasanter going to see Edie, too. As for the sea voyage which Edie said that Hazel craved for, it would do absolutely no good at all. Mrs. Fortescue had seen these cases before, and she knew. And anyway, as Edie very sensibly said, she could not afford it. Sometimes she wondered if it would not be better if Hazel died, though it would be a blow to Edie of course—her only child, and Thomas gone. But "these things are sent to try us!" murmured Mrs. Fortescue. Everyone had their troubles. She had, she knew. Had she not, only last week, bought some new material for a new dress—beautiful material costing fifteen shillings a yard, and hadn't Madame Lucille mistaken her idea and spoilt it utterly? Utterly. It was too exasperating. But she had had to bear it, and buy more material which had not suited her nearly so well. But Edie had no philosophy. So perhaps it would be better not to say what she thought about Hazel.

She *had* hinted at it once, and Edie had flown into a terrible white-lipped rage and not spoken to her for months. That was like Edie. So terribly hard. So cold. It was strange that sisters could be so different.

Hazel was queer, too. Not at all pretty, and with quick, bright eyes the colour of her name. Something in their expression when they looked at her reminded her of Philip's doctor at the hospital. Only that was ridiculous, of course, because she knew that he had admired her and she could never feel sure somehow, that Hazel did.

The taxi drew up outside Fifine's of Regent Street. Mrs. Fortescue hastily

Illustrated by Jack Faulks



finished powdering her nose, collected her new hat, and proceeded to the station.

IT was nearly dusk when Mrs. Fortescue reached home. Closing the door upon the chilly outer world, she surveyed the shining, well-lighted hall, with satisfaction. Rose certainly was a treasure. It was a pity the house was so small. When Philip got his headmastership they would move to a larger one. And then they would need two maids. Naturally.

With her hand upon the handle of the sitting-room door, she paused. Voices? Then she remembered. Ann. Of course. She had forgotten that it was Wednesday. Sighing gently, she went in.

Philip and Ann were standing by the fire, very close together. Really, thought Mrs. Fortescue, Philip had never looked so foolish, so utterly foolish, with that bright, eager, ingenuous look on his face and his fair hair all tousled. Just like a boy. So ridiculous in a man of nearly forty. Why was it that Ann always had that effect on him? Ann, so plain, so ordinary, with her dark hair and quiet eyes. Ann, so unfeminine, so unyielding, with that regrettable tendency to argue things out. With that ingrowing, brooding expression that had become so much worse during the last few years. So stupid to get excited over Ann.

"Hullo, Ann dear," she said.

Philip hurried forward. How shabby his clothes looked! He took absolutely no pride in his appearance.

"Hullo, mums!" he said. "Thought you'd got lost! Let me help you." Expertly he relieved her of coat and fur. "What's this?" he said, playfully waving the box containing the new hat.

Laughing, she snatched it from him, extracted the hat, and perching it smartly upon her head, faced him challengingly.

"You look lovely!" he assured her. "Doesn't she, Ann? Gets younger every day."

Ann looked at her.

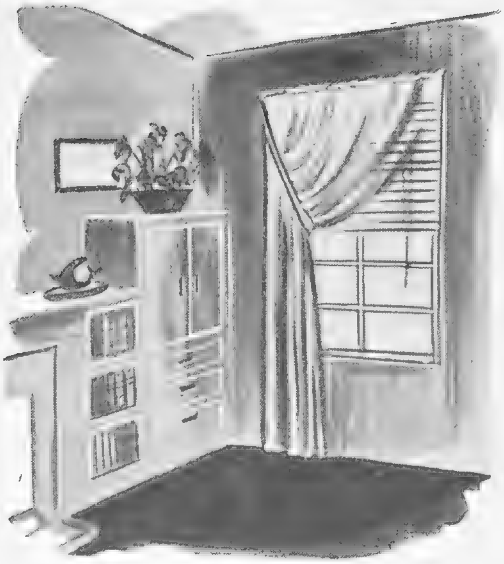
"It suits you beautifully," she said gravely. "It's—it's rather expensive, isn't it?" She sighed. "I can't afford anything like that."

"You shouldn't be mean, Ann dear," Mrs. Fortescue said gently. "It's apt to grow on you."

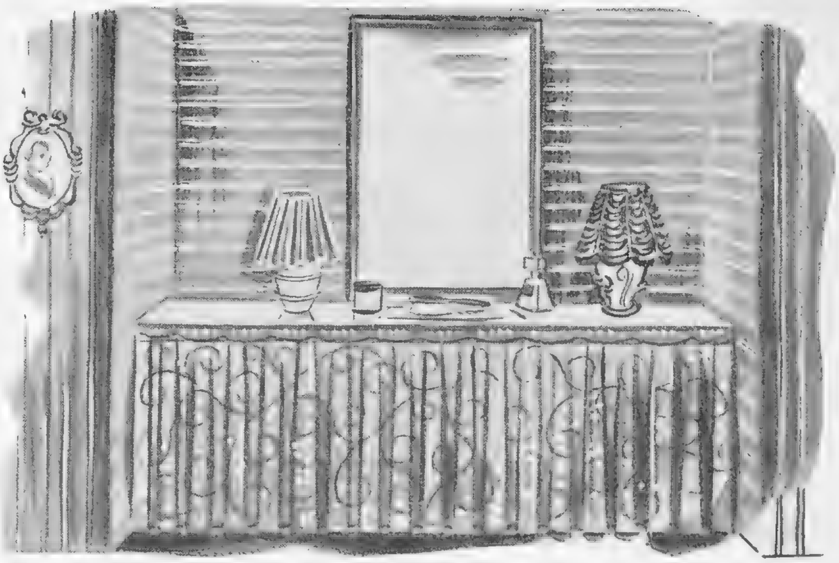
Ann flushed.

"Is it mean?" she said quickly, "to go without things? I'm saving up!"

(*Continued on page* 128)

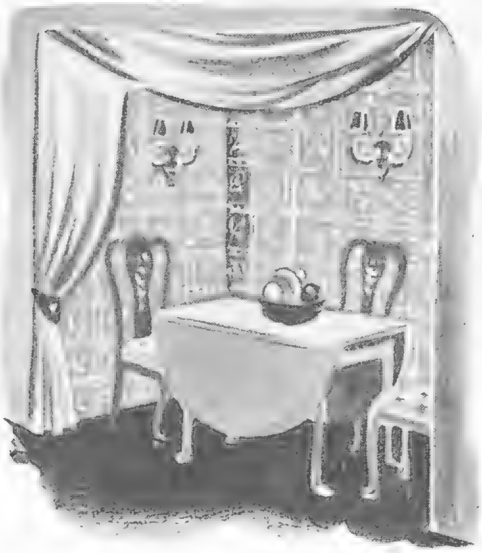


Fireside

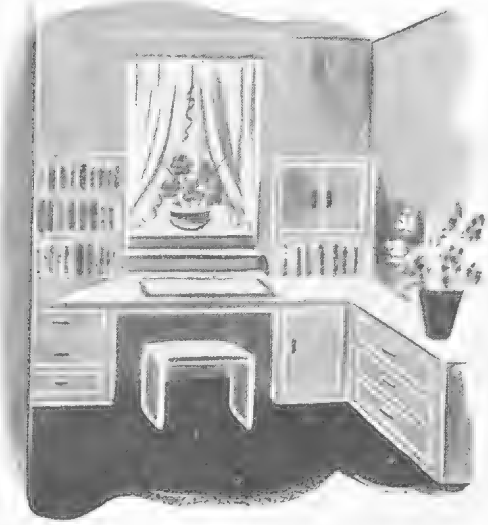


Bedroom

This bedroom recess becomes a dressing table by the addition of a plate-glass shelf, a pleated valance and a mirror



Dinette



Workroom

One end of an L-shaped room adapted as a little workroom for the mistress of the home

Top: Built-in fitment for a fireside recess. Notice how well balanced is the design

Centre: Deep enough to be used for dining this recess has a contrasting wallpaper and a gracefully-draped curtain to frame it

DESIGNS FOR ALCOVES

No matter how well designed a house may be, alcoves are sure to occur. Sometimes they come in unexpected places, and often in places that make it difficult to invest them with any practical use.

Probably for this reason the alcove is thought of as a thing not worth reckoning with, or at the best as a hoarding place for furniture not altogether worthy to enjoy the limelight.

To follow this principle is, obviously, to waste a lot of valuable space and, in some cases, splendid opportunities to create decorative effects.

The recess beside the fireplace is perhaps the most familiar of the alcove problems. Generally speaking, this recess is a waste of good space in a practical sense, yet it cannot be avoided. In rooms of such dimensions as the average small house of to-day the wastage is regrettable, yet furniture can seldom be found that will decorate the recess to advantage or preserve an appearance of balance and appropriateness.

Built-in furniture seems to be the ideal solution of the fireside alcove problem. Cupboards and bookshelves can never be superfluous in the small house and these are the ideal "fill-up" for this end of the room.

A good carpenter or cabinet-maker can make a good and fairly inexpensive job of a fitment such as the one sketched in our illustration. Plywood can be used and painted to match the walls.

In the same type of recess, shelves to hold decorative porcelain or pottery can be delightful. In this case a decorative framework for the shelves is advisable and some simple form of concealed lighting is an improvement.

A bedroom recess can be something to cheer about if it comes in such a position that it can be used as a background for the bed.

Put the head of the bed into the recess and have the wall of the recess coloured to contrast with the rest. If the bedroom walls are pastel blue, for instance, make the recess a deeper shade.

In the top picture we have utilised an imaginary bedroom recess for the purpose of a dressing table. This simple fitment is comprised simply of one sheet of plate glass (or lacquered wood for cheapness) cut to fit the recess. A box pleated chintz petticoat is attached and a strip mirror is set up behind.

To give more interest and character to the effect we have made the fashionable striped wallpaper go horizontally in the recess.

The dinette is a practical solution for the alcove of larger proportions. Where space permits, a flap table, such as the one illustrated, is decorative and adaptable, but where this cannot be accommodated a cushioned seat built round the three walls of the recess with an L-shaped table set in front of it is space-saving and quite good to look at.

Kitchen recesses lend themselves specially well to adaptation as dinettes. In almost every self-respecting American kitchen a deep recess is utilised in this way. A trestle table stands between two settles making a practical and often a very pretty breakfast nook. Quite a small recess can be utilised in this way, too.

The L-shaped room is not commonly met with except in the older type of house but there are people still who find themselves with a problem such as this to solve. Cut off as it is from the rest of the room this kind of alcove seems to require a treatment entirely its own. A wall treatment, differing yet harmonising, with the main scheme is charming if carefully thought out and an arrangement which gives this part of the room a definite purpose of its own is an excellent way of bringing it "out of the cold."

In our lower sketch we have imagined such a room with the "L" converted to the use of a little study or workroom. Built-in furniture is chosen because it pulls the whole scheme together and gives the recess a "continuity" that another type of furnishing might have lacked.

But whichever treatment is chosen every woman will appreciate the appeal of a little off-shoot from the main sitting-room where all the little personal possessions relevant to her sewing or correspondence can be kept tidily together. A little kingdom of her own.

WINTER WARMERS

The design of this Starmain gas fire makes it particularly suitable for panel or wall fitting at any height required. There are several varieties of coloured finishes in this design

Every winter the design and efficiency of gas fires improves to such an extent that they are now almost the inevitable choice for rooms where heating is required that can be switched on and off at will.

The dining-room where an open coal fire has to be kept burning for hours while the room is unoccupied is an obvious place for gas heating. Bedrooms and halls fall into the same category.

If the gas fire was once rejected as a suitable heating medium for the more important rooms of the house, this is no longer the case, since their design and presentation is now equal to that of the open grate.

Panel fires such as the one illustrated at the top of this page, have given the smaller type of gas fire an importance of appearance quite worthy of the best sitting-room. In this particular case, an out-of-date coal grate has been hidden behind a plywood frame-work, into which is inset the very attractive Starmain panel gas fire.

This is a Flavel basket gas log fire, scarcely detectable in its appearance from an ordinary fire

The simplest and smallest gas fire can be made to seem important, and to provide a focal point for a room by giving it an attractive surround.

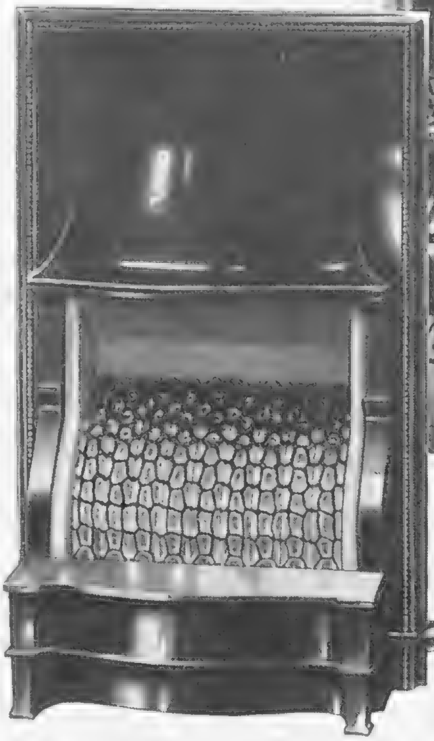
Gas fires can be bought complete with a surround, but if you have imagination and ideas of your own it is good fun and frequently cheaper to devise your own and have it fitted. Synthetic marble, painted asbestos, coloured plate-glass and brickwork make interesting and glamorous settings.

The gas log-fire gives the comforting appearance of an open coal grate, and is a decorative and practical choice on that account for a lounge hall or dining-room. The Flavel gas log-fire illustrated is a specially interesting example.

Gas panel fires continue to improve in design and efficiency and have the advantage of being flueless, and therefore simple to fix. No structural operations are involved at all.

With the type of gas fire such as the "Major" the curved radiants are an important feature. These ensure even distribution of heat and give the essential characteristics of a coal fire.

A Radiation "Panella" gas fire is fitted into the corner of this very attractive dining-room



The "Major" Sunbeam gas fire can be set up against any plain flat surround or slab as it is already fitted with a canopy and a flue outlet

I'LL TELL YOU ALL I KNOW

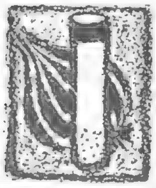
By Mary Young

If any of the subjects discussed here are the answer to your own problems, write to me at "Britannia & Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4

All you ladies who have guilty consciences in the matter of corset grooming, gather round and hear about a smart new belt which has all the newest fashion points, including the high Empire line, *and* gets top marks for easy laundering. Everything on it that can be made detachable, is so.

The cute satin suspenders button on as flat as flat; while the only two bones that matter are slipped into velvety slots. Please note, too, the fascinating silk veining which takes the place of clumsy seams and which adds so much to the streamline beauty of the garment, the first of its kind to be seen over here. The veining has a practical as well as decorative purpose. For dirt cannot lodge in it as in the old-fashioned seam.

When the belt is stripped for washing, it remains a featherweight wisp of lastex and satin to whisk through the soap-suds. But, does that wisp take the not-so-slender hip in hand and put it in its place? It certainly does. Moreover, the higher waistline assures the slim-through look, without which it will be just too bad about those autumn frocks.



There are just a few things in life upon which we all hold definite views. Garlic is one of them. Either you adore garlic or the smell of it is poison to you. I confess to being an adorer. And it distresses me to think of how many times I have had to foreswear my harmless vice on account of other people. The onion also overstays its welcome.

Well, I've made myself garlic and onion proof for ever. If you were to look in my handbag, you would find a slim glass phial with a scarlet top. It contains a white powder which, when dissolved in water and drunk (not gargled) leaves the breath as sweet and pure as a baby's. It is not a perfume, and it does not substitute one smell for another. It actually *destroys* odours. Besides food smells, halitosis, and alcoholic breath are cancelled right out in one draught of this amazing breath deodorant. The price per tube is from 1s. upwards.

To slim, without losing their facial contour, is the ambition of every woman who reaches the other side of thirty and finds herself tipping the scales at more pounds than she cares to admit to. So, when I discovered a treatment that streamlines an ankle, whittles away a stomach, and shaves off hips to snake-like proportions without diet or exercising I had to hand myself a bouquet. Still more pleased was I, in these days of quackery, to find that the treatment is given by a trained nurse and has the approval of the medical profession.

It was this nurse who, while treating patients for rheumatism, arthritis and allied complaints, found that the method fined down the part treated, as well as banishing aches and pains. So delighted were her patients (that goes for the men as well as for the women) that they came back to have other parts of their anatomy slimmed. Thus, the word went round, and now this clever, soft-voiced nurse has her establishment for slimming treatments in the heart of the West End. She has been wise enough, however, not to charge West End prices.

Taking the gamble out of woollie washing has more to it than using common sense and good soap. There is more, for instance, to washing a jumper than dipping it in soap and water. The method of drying is almost as important as the washing.

Here is news of a specially designed drier for jumpers. Features are: the cunningly designed lower hoops which take the weight of the wet woollen off the shoulders. The absolute guarantee of non-stretch; for the drier fits any size garment; and the fact that it can be hung up in the minimum amount of space. The price is 1s. 6d.; and the makers of all this excellence, offer a full length dust cover to go over the drier, FREE.

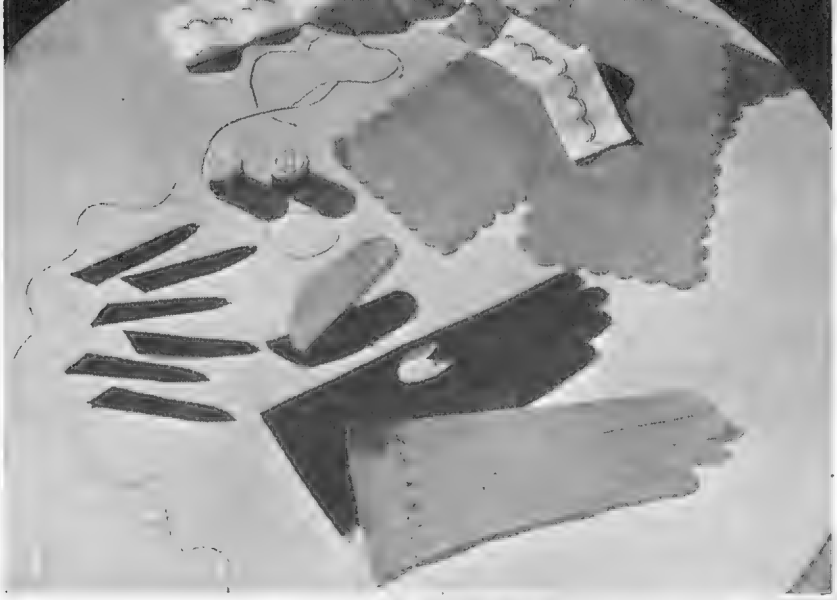
Wall-paper has staged a comeback. Attractive, you agree, but there is the practical as well as the decorative side of the matter to consider. Distemper and paint can be cleaned down; wall-paper cannot. That's what *you* say. And I am happy to tell you that you are wrong. Something *can* be done about cleaning wall-paper.

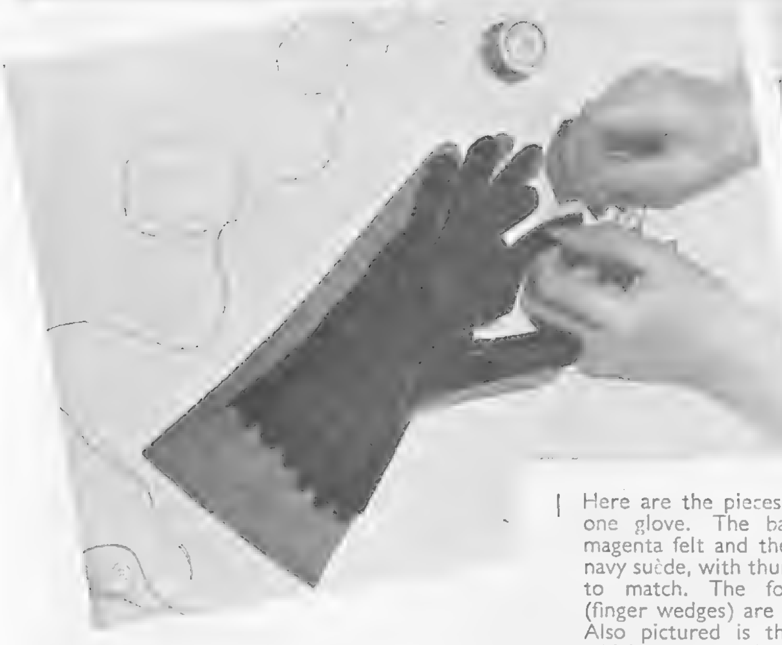
My discovery is an innocent-looking powder which comes in a flat envelope. All you have to do is to tip the contents of it into a basin; add a pint of hot water and stir until the powder is dissolved. Then take a soft sponge, squeeze it out in the solution until just a little moisture remains, and rub the paper gently. Dust, grime and smoke and all the ills that walls are heir to will come off quite easily without leaving patchy surfaces. The price of the powder is 1s. a packet.

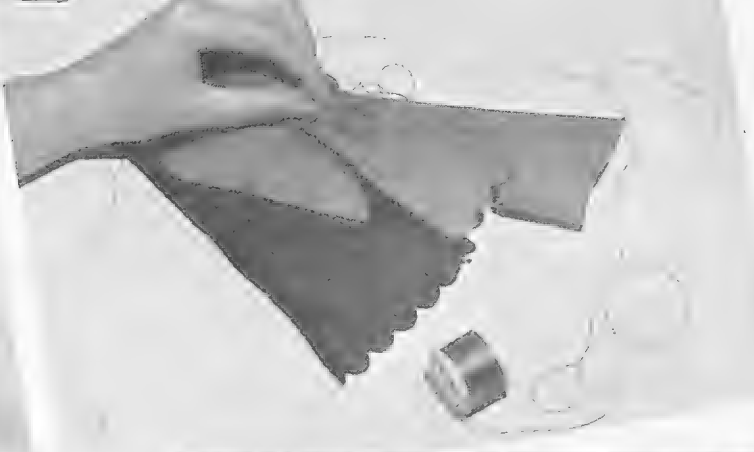
Here's a paragraph for every woman who finds life too short to bother much about her face, yet who, somehow, has a wistful envy of the woman who manages to achieve *soignée* good looks.

It deals with short cuts to good grooming. There *are* short cuts, you know, and one of the quickest methods is to use a single preparation instead of the customary daily dozen. I have one in mind that really is a wonder worker and which is rightly called a Four-in-One beauty treatment. It cleans, tones, feeds, and soothes the skin, and, in addition, makes an excellent base for powder. The beauty milk, for that is what it is, hails from America, where the woman of affairs may have the money but has little time to give to her complexion. Price is 2s. a bottle.

Make This GLOVE and CRAVAT SET







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1 Here are the pieces to make one glove. The back is in magenta felt and the palm in navy suède, with thumb pieces to match. The fourchettes (finger wedges) are all suède. Also pictured is the cravat, which can be scalloped out of the strip of felt left over from the gloves.

2 This is the shape of the thumb-hole after the pieces have been stitched in. The fourchette is now being stitched down the index finger.

3 The tucks on the back of the gloves should be stab-stitched down from the pencil marks, by taking a small crease in the felt.

4 The finished gloves, with the matching cravat tucked into the high neckline.

This two-colour glove and cravat set will cost you only 5s.

These are the materials required:

Quarter of a yard of felt (at 3s. 6d. per yard), 10½d.

Suède, 2s. 6d.

Bolt of scalloping transfer, 3½d.

Two reels of buttonhole twist (2d. each), 4d.

Charge for cutting pattern, 1s.

We suggest that you have your gloves cut out for you. It is possible to obtain a pattern, but it is not easy to cut out suède and felt.

First iron the transfer on to the inside of the back and front pieces of the gloves, at the required length. Then cut along the inside of the scallops. Next, stitch the back and front of the glove together, starting at the top of the index finger. (When joining the felt and suède use the felt-matching twist, when working two suède pieces, use the matching thread.)

Now take the two thumb pieces and stitch them together ready to be placed into the thumb-hole in the hand of the glove. This should be done without puckering the edges, and if you find the hole a little small ease out the edge of the suède. (The shape of the thumb can be seen in figure 2.)

The veinings down the back of the hand should next be made by taking a tiny crease in the material and stab-stitching it (widely spaced running stitches) from the pencil mark down towards the fingers. The two outer veins should be stitched slightly longer than the centre one. If you look at any pair of gloves you will see the length to do these.

Start stitching in the fourchettes, commencing with the felt index finger. The longest point of the fourchette should be against the back of the hand. Stitch down to the base of the finger. Do so with each of the six fourchettes.

Now, with the dark twist, stitch the suède part of the fingers to the other edges of the fourchettes. Join across the base of each finger, following the slope of the material (down towards the back of the hand), then cut away if the fourchette is too long.

Finally, join up the other edge of the glove, from the tip of the little finger down to the scalloped edges.

Write to the Editor, Women's Department, "Britannia & Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, if you would like us to tell you where to buy the materials and have the gloves cut to your own measurements.

Put Off Your Winter Cold

Three factors are responsible for the beginning of any kind of cold:

Dark Days. Sunlessness undermines or rather fails to build up vitality, and lays the body open to all kinds of germs.

Extremes of Temperature. Draughts moving from one room to another, even the change outdoors from indoors, seem to discover and fly to all the weak spots.

Stored Poisons accumulate in the body because people like to sit in a fug, are reluctant to breathe deeply out-of-doors or to take exercise. These poisons provide a hot-bed for breeding germs and more often than not result in prolonged catarrh.

PREVENTION

Now, catarrh is a sign that the body is trying to clean itself down. It can occur in the intestines, the stomach, the bronchial or nasal tubes, or wherever there are organs which have a mucus membrane lining which can become inflamed by poisons and eject—catarrh.

People who suffer from catarrh, that is people who suffer from stored poisons, have recurring colds, because catarrh is an ideal infection ground and difficult to eliminate in winter owing to the lack of sun.

A slow but infallible home-cure for clearing catarrh from any part of the system is a vegetable brew which cleanses the membrane linings. It should be drunk by those who work at home at midday, and by those who work in offices, an hour before dinner; a cupful at a time *and daily.* The ingredients are simply: 4 ozs. of potato peelings, 4 ozs. carrot tops, 4 ozs. carrots, 4 ozs. turnip or parsnip, 4 ozs. beet-leaves or cabbage leaves or outer spinach leaves—in fact the roots must be balanced by green—and four cloves. Clean, cover with water, bring to the boil and then simmer for at least three hours. Strain.

Another excellent way of cleaning the body is by correct breathing. Thoroughly empty the lungs, by coughing up the air imprisoned in the lower pockets. Keep lungs empty while mentally counting a slow five. Breathe in as you count the slow five. Keep lungs full while you count another five, and then breathe out counting five again. Keep on. There is nothing finer for cleansing the blood-stream than this rhythmic breathing.

Then, you can cleanse by means of occasional irrigation or wash-outs. Although these can be self-administered it is wiser to call at a clinic where they are given at a moderate cost and with greater comfort in less time than a hair-set.

Finally, as much Kruschen as will cover a sixpence with your early morning tea, will act as an anti-acid. Acid brings catarrh.

Having eliminated or, at least, reduced catarrh, you will have gone a long way towards avoiding colds.

These tips are also useful:

Camphorated oil rubbed on the soles of your feet keep you warm and, if you have to be out a great deal on a wet day, is a first class cold preventive.

As stimulants: Phosferine for adults after meals, keeps them fit. Glucose D, a dessertspoonful with breakfast, raises body-resistance, especially with children. A nip of hot brandy if you come in wet through will ward off a chill. Vapex on your handkerchief will ward off germs in tubes and offices where others have colds.

Exercise: don't stay in because of a cold wind or sit hugger-mugger round a fire in over-heated rooms. *Never sit in wet clothes; and always air your clothes in front of a fire before you put them on.*

CURE

Having caught a cold, diagnose it and decide whether it is due to someone else's germ, result of over-tiredness, or a chill.

If it is the first, you can safely try to *suppress* it.

This is quickest done by spraying the nostrils with Endrine to clear the back of the nose, or taking Cephos to clear the head.

Twenty drops of Chlorodyne—Dr. Collis Browne's—in a little water every two hours, will stop shivers and allay an irritating cough. The latter can also be cured by Syrup Famel.

These remedies can be taken during the day.

Once you have stepped into bed: two crushed aspirins followed half-an-hour later by a half-glassful of half brandy and half boiling water and sqeezed lemon, should chase out any cold by morning.

If a sore throat threatens, inhale friar's balsam and

(*Continued on page* 90)

Asthma

This terrifying complaint is now considered to be a nervous disorder by many doctors, having its origin in some violent emotional shock.

In certain London hospitals, sufferers are treated by psycho-analysts and many have responded very satisfactorily to treatment. But the foremost remedy during an attack is a bowl of Potter and Clarke's. Inhale it and experience relief.

Put On Your Winter Skin

THERE is a new colourless cream which forms a second skin to your own complexion and does not turn to pudding when re-powdered.

It keeps the complexion fresh, unlined, and matt for hours and hours, protecting it from harsh winds.

IT only needs re-powdering after five hours of rough-weather tramping outdoors, or half a day's shopping in and out of varying temperatures. There's nothing like it for conferring a long-lasting even bloom on any complexion.

It's simple, too. A mere slipping-on of cream and powder. Winter-Skin is its own make-up foundation, youthifying, preserving and beautifying at an almost negligible cost. You shouldn't be without it. . . . It's the most serviceable beauty-aid ever evolved.

By Chrysis

If you require further details or want help for your individual problems, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," 32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

Put it on after bracing your skin with tonic in the morning. Remove it in the evening with Cleansing Cream, if you have a dry skin—with Cleansing Milk, if your complexion is greasy.

It is better to use the complementary beauty-aids devised by the specialist who invented it, as then the ingredients in the preparations will blend. So, when Winter-Skin is removed in the evening, a little muscle-oil and skin-food should be worked into the dry complexion during the bath, while the greasy complexion should be left unchanged. The dry complexion should then be braced with skin-tonic, while the greasy one is stimulated with astringent. Petal-Cream goes on the dry skin, Petal Lotion on the greasy, before making-up.

Slimmer Hips

TAKE Special Foam Baths. You can have these at Jane Seymour's for 10/6.

Directly she sees you, Jane Seymour will tell you whether your heaviness is due to muscle, internal trouble, or just superfluous fat. If it's either of the first two, she'll leave you alone.

But if it's superfluous fat it'll be tackled and vanish under the hands of a scientifically and medically-trained masseuse; whether it's a double-chin, bicycle-tyres round the stomach, thickened thighs or upper-arms, or a camel's hump at the back of the neck. You can wish it good-bye.

This beauty specialist has been to endless trouble to formulate corrective beauty-aids. She estimates that 75 per cent. of English-women's skins are dry and fine, possessing the advantage of being transparent and the disadvantage of ageing quickly. Five per cent. of the skins are normal. Twenty per cent. are greasy, that is heavy, thick and sallow, but non-wrinkling. So the idea behind her beauty-aids is to lubricate and nourish the dry skins in such a way that they finally become self-lubricating, and to dry out the greasy skins till they become fine and transparent, but not too dry.

Her powders and rouges are all composed with this end in view. It is only the cream that forms Winter-Skin that can go on any complexion as a protective film against weather, because it is a film that is a filter through which the skin can breathe.

Make-up shades this winter will be pinky, shell-like and delicate. As long as hair-styles are piled in curls on top of the head, a woman's features have to be ethereal and romantic.

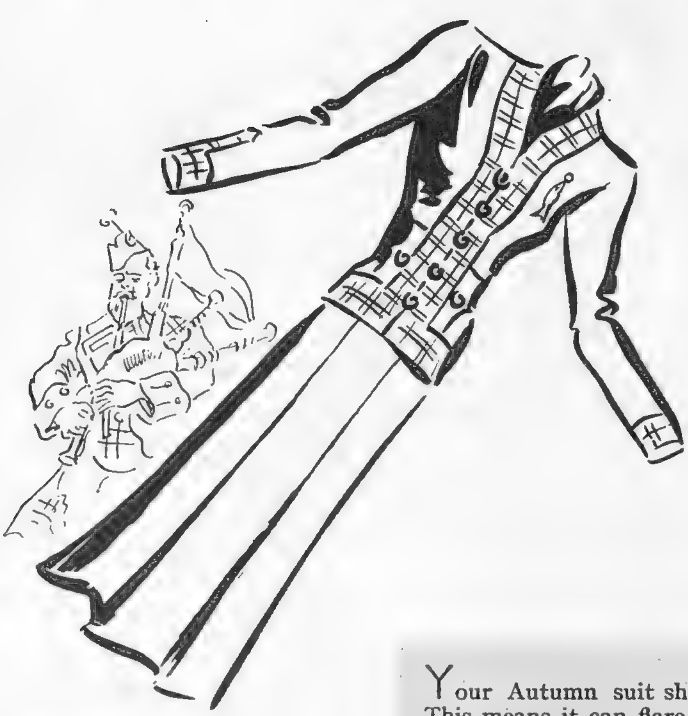
MASKS are consequently very necessary to clarify the skin by whipping up the circulation. A Stimulating Cream, applied and left on for three minutes after the bath, whips up like magic on a dry skin. It tingles; it freshens; but three minutes is the limit. Then, it should be wiped off with skin-tonic. Make-up can go on straight away.

A Rejuvenating Mask takes longer to work, is thicker, and should only be used once a week. As soon as the face and neck have been thoroughly cleansed, smooth it on. If you have a dry skin, wash it off in warm water after ten minutes; after twenty minutes if your complexion is greasy. Brace with either skin-tonic or astringent lotion according to type, but, in either case, wait half an hour before you make-up.

Satin-smoothness is also required by pink-and-white make-up. Crêpey necks are impossible. They have always been impossible, but now their impossibility is more pronounced.

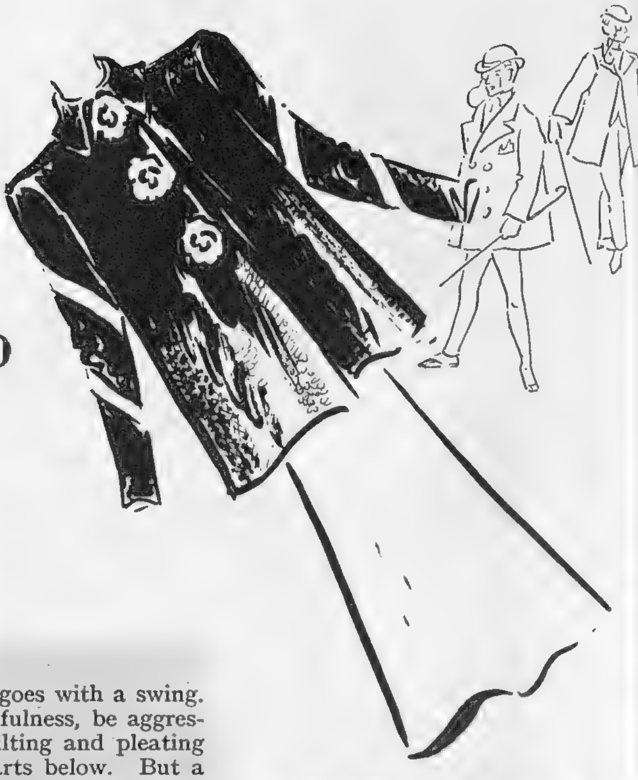
A biological hormone cream that seeps into the skin, rebuilds cells and plumps out tissues, is effective. It is claimed that this cream fills out cavities and smooths out lines for any neck or face up to sixty. (*Continued on p.* 128.)

Paris Fashions —— Suits



By Jean Burnup

Editor
Women's
Department



SCHIAPARELLI. Burgundy woollen bordered with pink and green plaid. Buttons like swirls of gold. Coloured fish at breast lights from battery.

Your Autumn suit should have a skirt that goes with a swing. This means it can flare quietly, be gored into fulness, be aggressively circular or definitely kilted. Usually kilting and pleating are stitched to the hip-bone and movement starts below. But a few kilts come bang from the waist, where they proclaim their Scots derivation by being bold colourful tartans.

Some skirts have double hems, others are hem-banded with velvet, braid, tubular fur, stitchery, plaid—this, maybe to match a plaid jacket.

Mainbocher breaks away from everybody else's slightly squared and sometimes uplifted shoulders with deep loose dolman sleeves. These appear on the dressier type of town suit, with a high neck closure and three large jewelled flower fastenings.

Other jackets are tight fitting, longer.

Contrast jackets and skirts—or dresses—recur and recur.

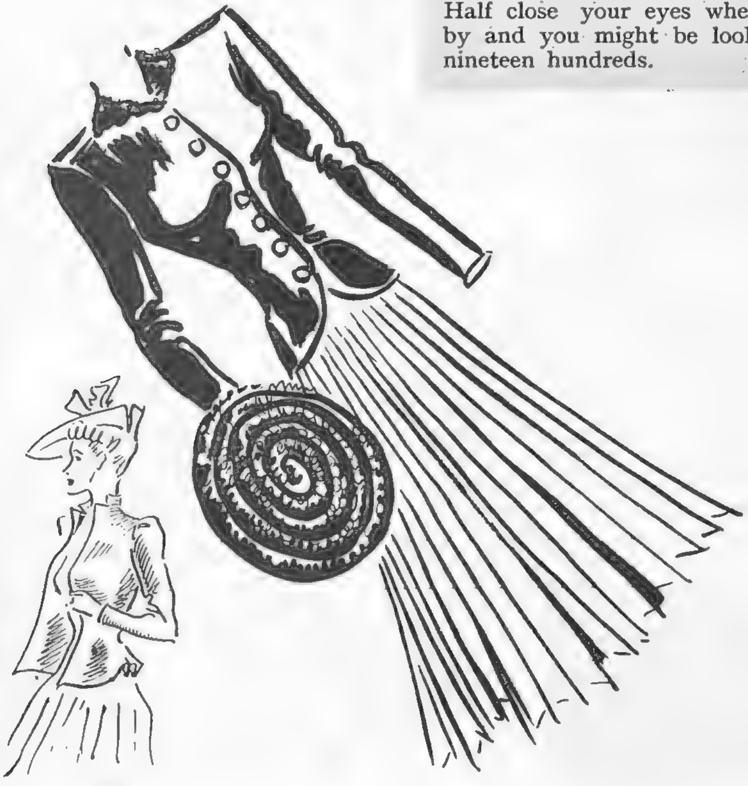
Necklines are kept high, either with Peter Pan collars, little revers and single-breasted buttonings, military collars. Militarism also proclaims itself in sergeant stripes, Sam Browne pouch pockets, perpendicular pockets, epaulettes, looped braid and corded trims.

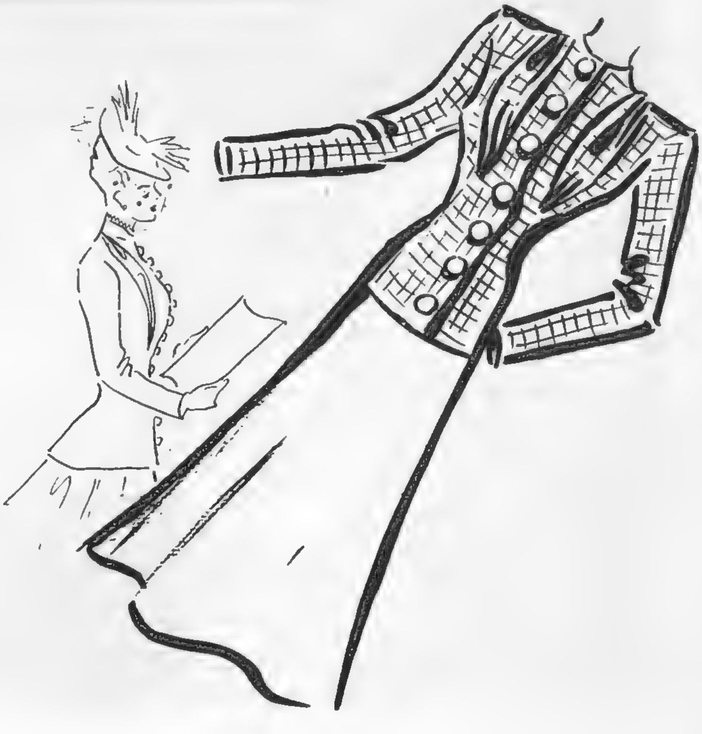
A strong Edwardian flavour pervades all the new styles. Half close your eyes when a suit or an evening gown comes by and you might be looking at a fashion plate of the early nineteen hundreds.

MAINBOCHFR. Short jacket of black cloth simulating fine astrakhan. The buttons are like large flowers. Royal blue bands in the sleeves match the dress beneath.

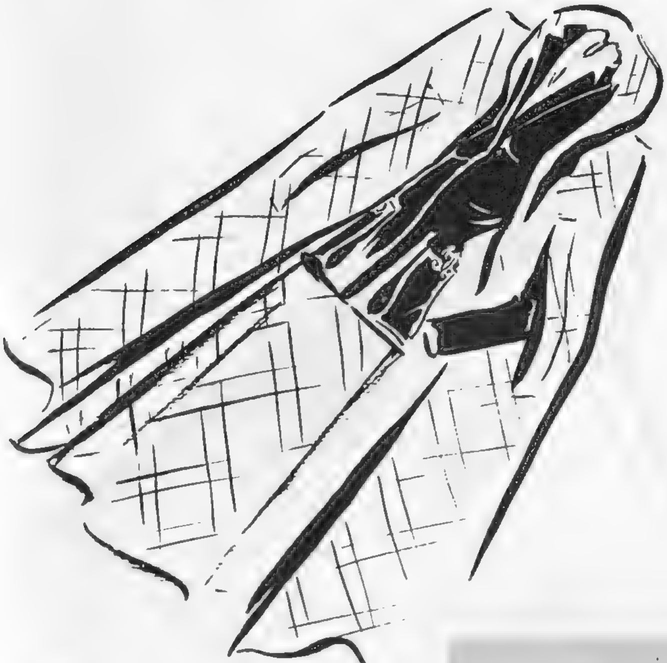
MOLYNEUX. Short jacket of black velveteen worn over a dress of black woollen with a pleated skirt. Tiny astrakhan revers. The muff is swirls of astrakhan piping.

ROCHAS. Varicoloured checked jacket over cinnamon skirt. The slight fulness over the busts and slightly shaped skirt create a small waist effect.

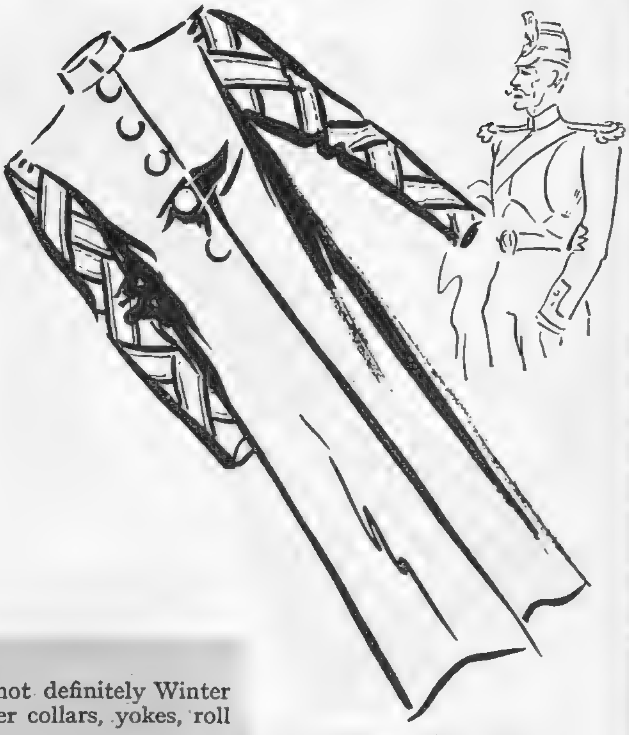




Paris Fashions—Coats, Capes



CREED. Country cape of red, beige and white plaid worn over skirt of same and jacket of tomato red woollen. Yellow scarf.



ROCHAS. Fine teddy cloth in new shot effect (green-brown) with self lattice strappings on sleeves and straight military collar.

Travel, country and other coats that are not definitely Winter coats, have military collars, small turned-over collars, yokes, roll collars.

Some coats hang dead straight from shoulder to hem, others cut in at the waist and flare in the skirt. Some straight loose fronts have flared backs, some have slightly bloused backs.

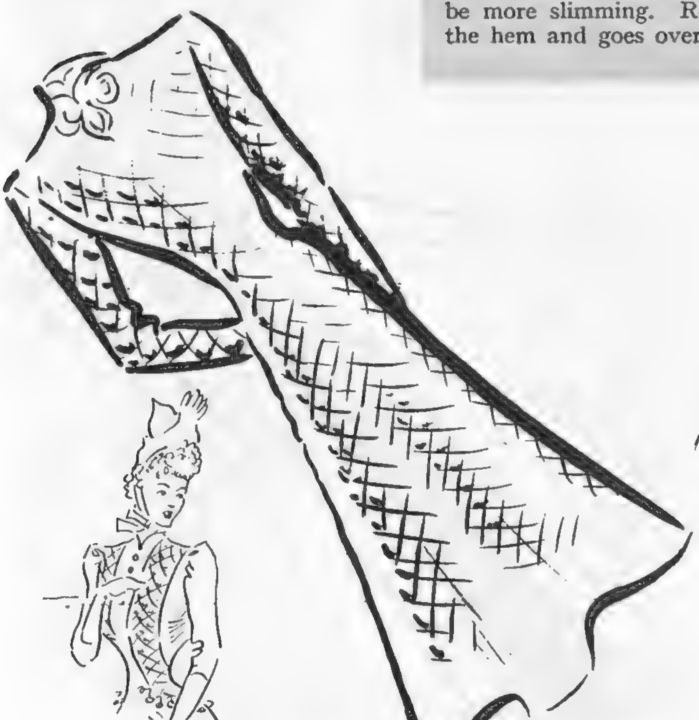
Alix shows coats of varied lengths hanging in almost cape-like and obviously draughty fulness. Quilting, which gives a new chunky look, is introduced into sleeves, panels, yokes occasionally a whole coat will be quilted, as Bruyère's black woollen sketched on the left.

There are lots of leg-of-mutton sleeves, bishop sleeves. Several colours often mix—a plum coat over a wine dress, a blue scarf, is a typical mixture. Black, cornelian, grey, beige, cinnamon, toast, fuchsia, striking plaids are starred. Teddy bears, velours, velvets, tweeds, corduroys, fine pilot cloths, favoured fabrics.

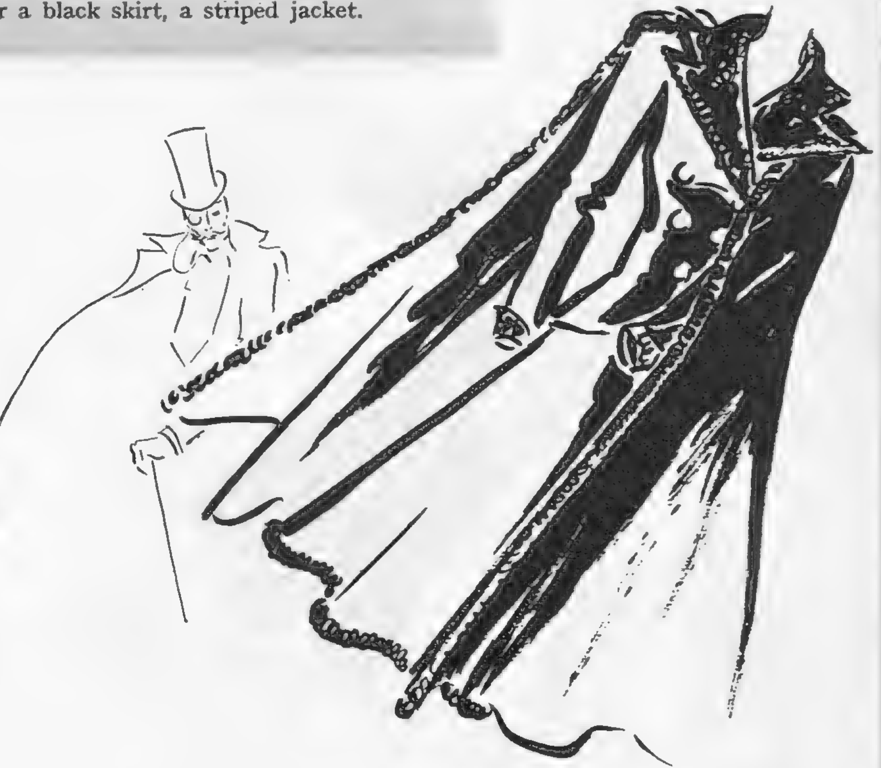
This season's country cape is the shooting type with arm-slots. It goes over a suit or wool dress, plain over plaid, or the other way round.

The town cape is cavalierish, swaggering. A beauty at Heim's with a squared shoulder line has long stole fronts and couldn't be more slimming. Rochas' black cape shows stripes inside at the hem and goes over a black skirt, a striped jacket.

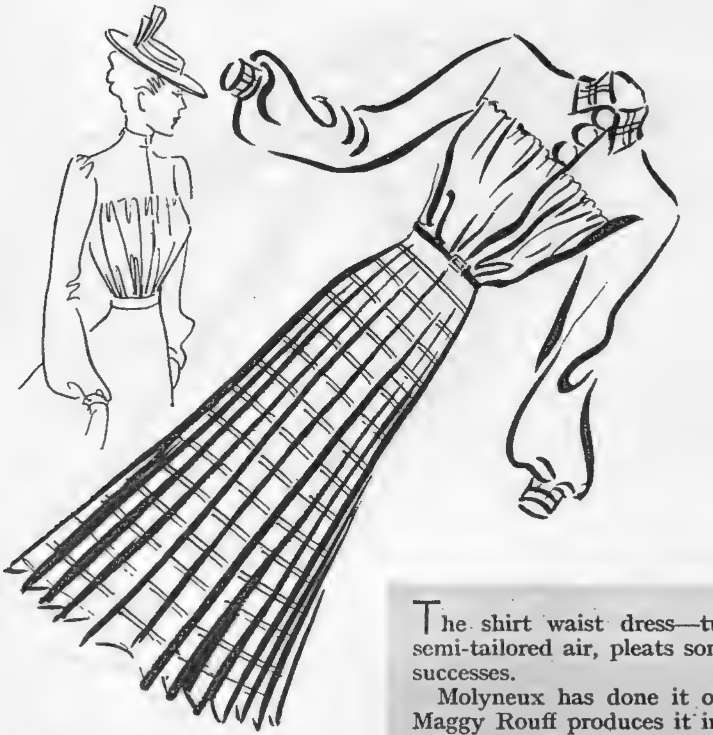
BRUYÈRE. Black woollen redingote in the new all-over quilting.



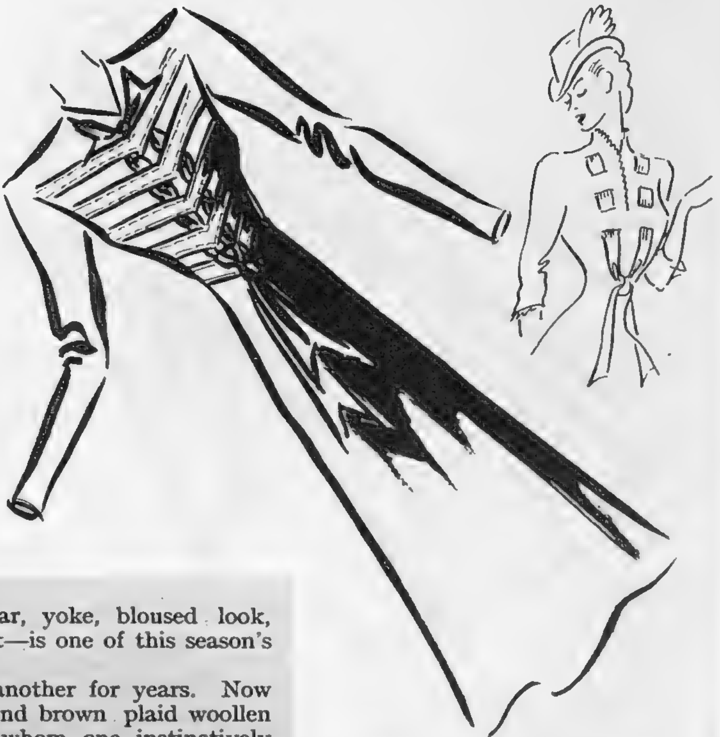
PATOU. Suit with full-shaped skirt and dashing cape of black cloth. Skirt and cape narrowly bordered with astrakhan to match the jacket collar and cuffs.



Paris Fashions — Day Dresses



ALIX. Shirt-blouse dress in green and red, with plain green jersey blouse. Narrow red belt.



ROCHAS. Black woollen dress with self strappings on the front through which narrow ends of the woollen are slotted and tied front of waist.

The shirt waist dress—turn-down collar, yoke, bloused look, semi-tailored air, pleats somewhere about—is one of this season's successes.

Molyneux has done it one way and another for years. Now Maggy Rouff produces it in beige, red, and brown plaid woollen with a big bow at the throat. Alix, whom one instinctively associates with the divine sculptural draping of jersey, did the green and red one shown on this page.

Skirts are cut with the slight fulness that characterises suit skirts. Pleats appear everywhere, rayed, knife, boxed. Bruyère does front skirt fulness, so does Alix. Practically everybody does the ugly V neck, the pretty bishop sleeves.

There are slotted, latticed, strapped effects which give interesting detail to a severe cut. Gathers and pleats are harnessed by bows, by strappings, in self or contrast colours.

Occasionally contrast sleeves match an accompanying jacket. Molyneux has plaid puff sleeves on a black dress which match a plaid fitted jacket.

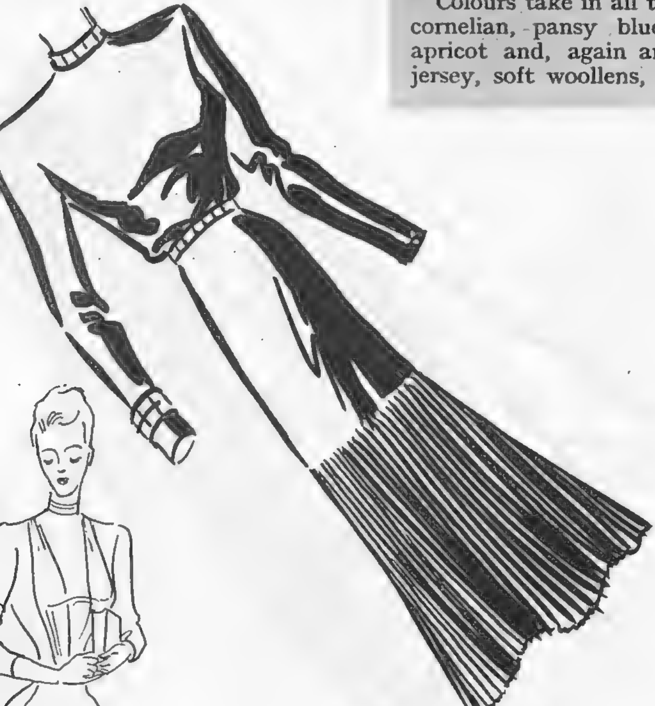
There are prim governess collars, choker collars with little tie ends. Belts, when they are there, are just narrow pipings.

On the other hand, you see belts so wide as to be a baby corset, usually in a contrast material.

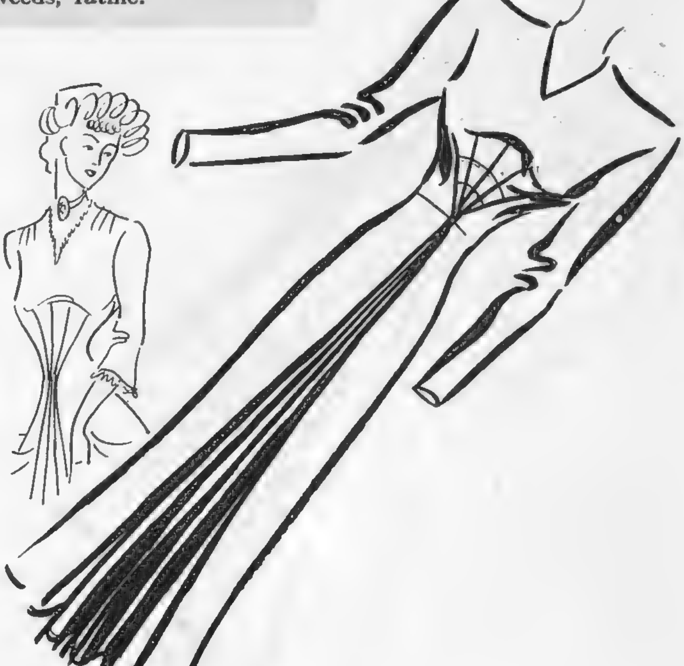
Quiet black morning dresses have high embroidered necklines taken from Javanese necklaces.

Colours take in all the autumn fruit and dahlia shades, petunia, cornelian, pansy blue and violet, toast, myrtle green, mole, apricot and, again and again, deepest fuchsia. Fabrics: wool jersey, soft woollens, duvetyns, fine tweeds, ratine.

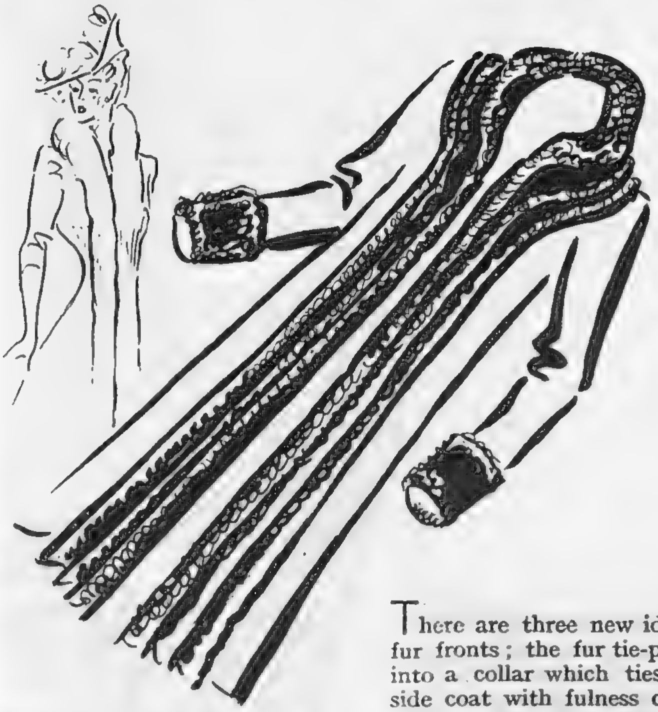
MOLYNEUX. Black dress showing the governess band neckline—in this case accented by a band of tiny square mirrors which are repeated at the waist and doubled at the wrist.



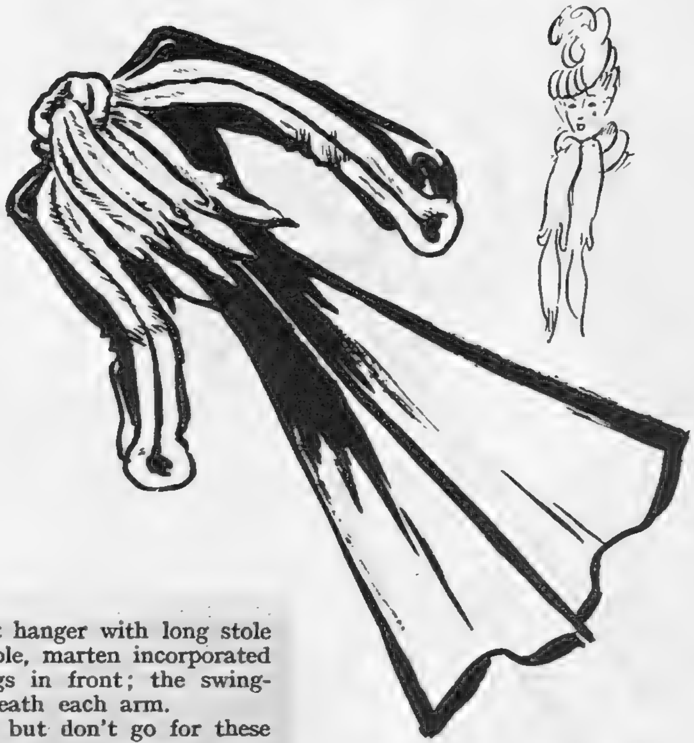
ALIX. Mole coloured duvetyn showing the V neckline. The bodice is shaped in under the bust. There is front skirt fulness.



Paris Fashions — Winter Coats



HEIM. Straight coat of yellow woollen with stole fronts of astrakhan, arranged in three folds.



MAINBOCHER. Shaped coat of soft black woollen with marten on sleeves and as furpiece for collar.

There are three new ideas—the straight hanger with long stole fur fronts; the fur tie-piece in fitch, sable, marten incorporated into a collar which ties over, and hangs in front; the swing-side coat with fulness coming from beneath each arm.

Collars often climb high at the back, but don't go for these unless you wear your hair on top of the head. Then you 'll need them to keep your neck and ears warm. Otherwise, they will be an untidy nuisance.

Shawl collars look cosy and luxurious in silver fox (which continues, undaunted), platinum fox, siberian lynx.

Skunk is very much back, stranded narrowly, often mounted on velvet, silk, chiffon.

Some belted coats have slight blousing at the back. Sleeves are straight, leg-of-mutton, with tight wrists, bishop. Maggy Rouff shows fitting, fairly slender coats with large shawl collars and deep hems of moufflon.

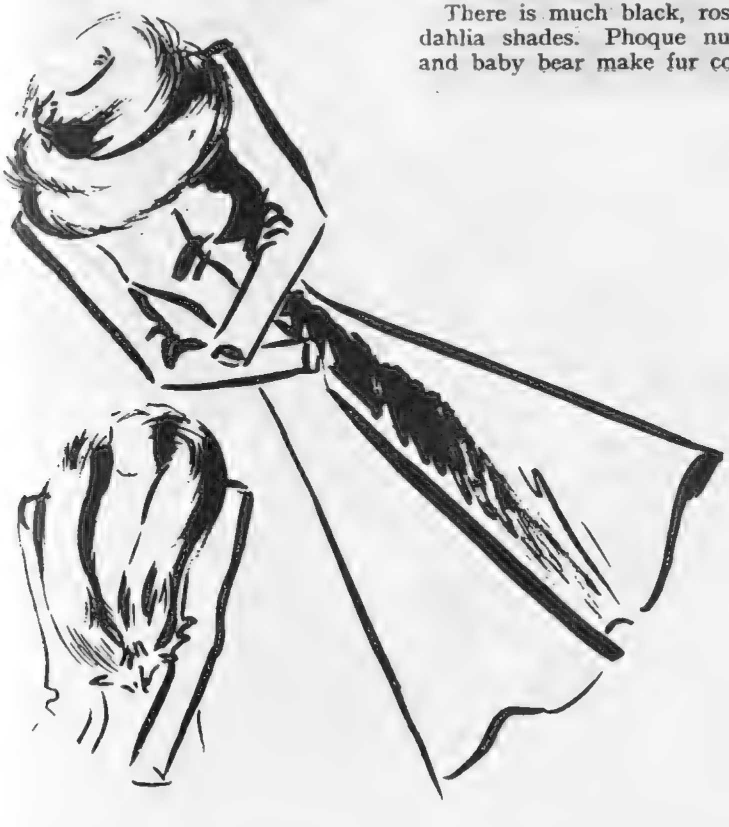
There are Peter Pan collars in flat fur like astrakhan or nutria. Fitted and straight black coats have strappings or tubes of astrakhan at the edges.

Mainbocher shows a loose black fur fabric coat, lined with a brilliant plaid, worn over a matching plaid frock. Alix does short, full, almost flouncing fur coats in bearskin.

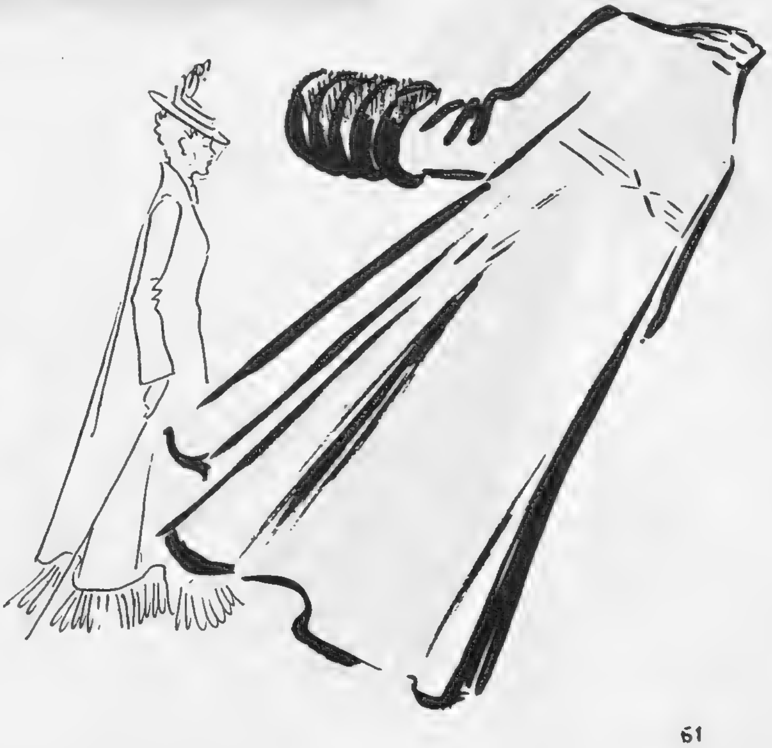
They are trying to make us wear fur hoods again. These hang prettily at the back when not in action, but destroy what they set out to do, which is keep your hair tidy.

There is much black, rosy rust, cornelian, wine, damson and dahlia shades. Phoque nutria, astrakhan, golden seal, skunk and baby bear make fur coats.

PATOU. Redingote of cornelian woollen with a new kind of platinum fox shawl collar.



BRUYÈRE. Swing coat of greyish beige with fulness behind each shoulder. Narrow stranded skunk cuffs.



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MATERIALS REQUIRED

For the Dress—14 ozs. Golden Eagle 3-ply Polynit Fingering de Luxe.
For the Flowers — Small quantity contrast shades.
1 Belt.
1 yd. Cord.
1 pr. No. 9 and 1 pr. No. 12 Pins.

MEASUREMENTS

Length from shoulder, 42 ins.
Across back underarm, 17 ins.
Across front underarm, 19 ins.
Sleeve length from shoulder, 15 ins.
Tension : Approx. 7 sts. to 1 inch.

ABBREVIATIONS

K. Knit ; P. Purl ; Sts. Stitches ; Inc. Increase ; Dec. Decrease ; Tog. Together ; Beg. Beginning ; Pat. Pattern.

BACK

* * With No. 9 pins cast on 200 sts. Rib in k. 5, p. 5 for 12 ins.

1st decreasing : * K. 5, p. 1, p. 2 tog., p. 2. Repeat from * to end. Work until 18 ins. from start.

2nd decreasing : * K. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 2, p. 4. Repeat from * to end. Work until 22 ins. from start.

3rd decreasing : * K. 4, p. 1, p. 2 tog., p. 1. Repeat from * to end. Work until 27 ins. from start.

4th decreasing : * K. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 1, p. 3. Repeat from * to end (120 sts.).

Continue until 28 ins. from start. Change to No. 12 pins. Work 2 ins.

* * Change to No. 9 pins and following pat. :

1st row : Knit.

2nd row : * P. 6, k. 2. Repeat from * to end.

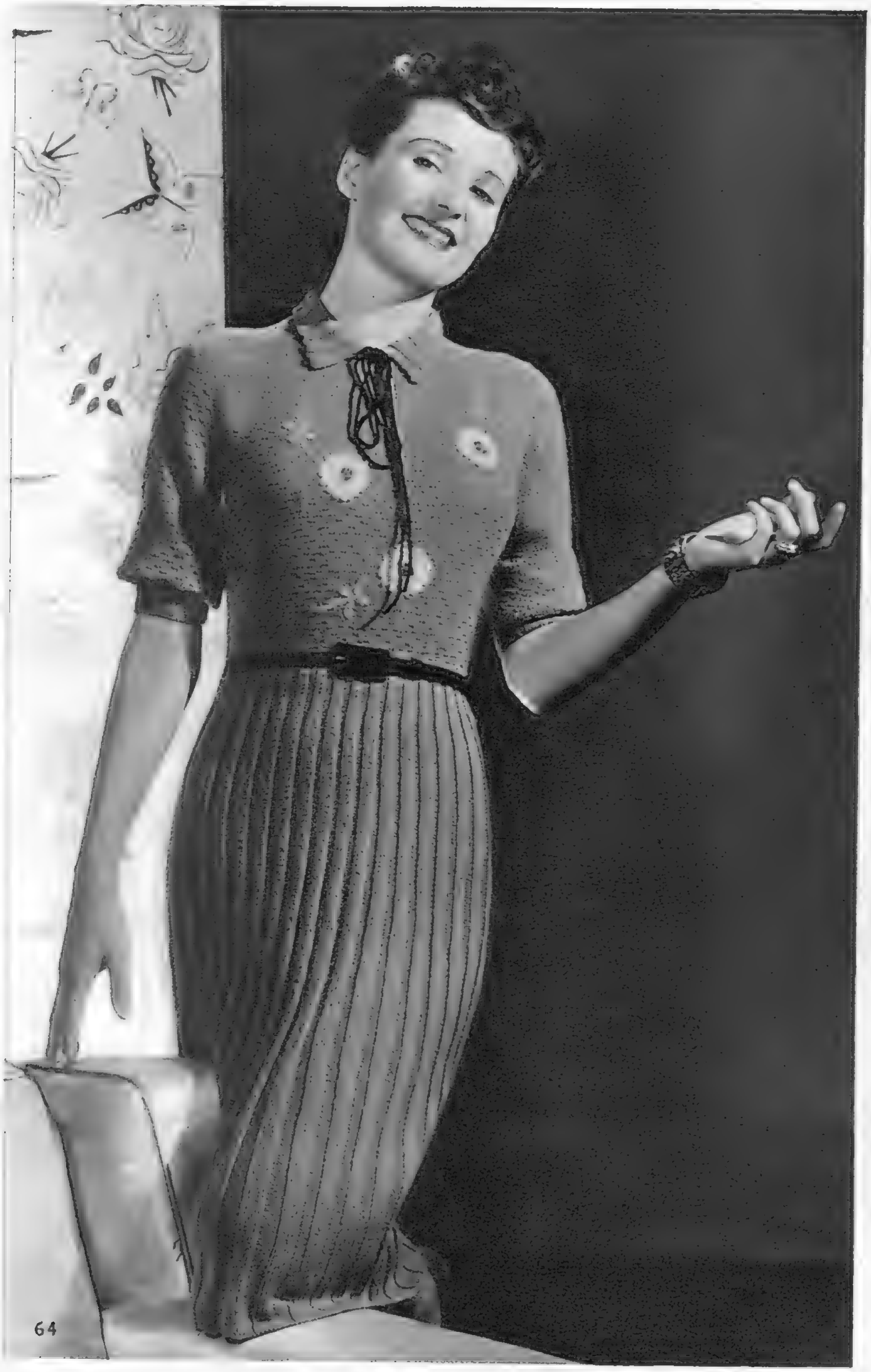
3rd row : Knit.

4th row : * K. 2, p. 2. Repeat from * to end.

5th row : Knit.

6th row : P. 2. * K. 2, p. 6. Repeat from * ending p. 4. These 6 rows form pat. Work 6½ ins.

EASILY KNITTED DRESS



SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows. Work 7 ins.

SHAPE SHOULDERS

Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 8 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

FRONT

Work as for Back from * * to * *, increasing in 1st and every 8th st. following, and in last st. of last row only (136 sts.). Change to No. 9 pins. Work 6½ ins. pat.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 8 rows (104 sts.). Work 2½ ins. Divide sts. for front opening. Work on first 52 sts. for 3 ins., keeping 4 sts. at front edge in plain knitting.

SHAPE NECK

Cast off 12 sts. at neck edge. Work 1½ ins., casting off 2 sts. every row at neck edge until 32 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 8 sts. every armhole end row 4 times. Return to 52 sts. of right front and work to correspond.

SLEEVES

With No. 12 pins cast on 60 sts. Rib 2 ins., k. 3, p. 3, increasing on 4th and every alternate st. following of last row only (88 sts.). Change to No. 9 pins. Work 10 ins. pat. Then cast off 2 sts. at beg. of every row until 12 sts. remain. Cast off.

COLLAR

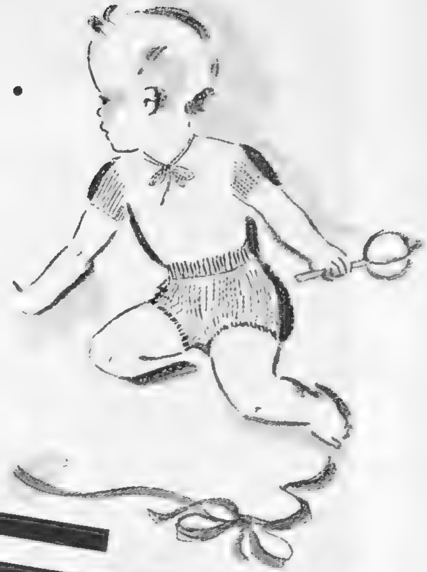
With No. 12 pins cast on 120 sts. Rib 1½ ins., k. 3, p. 3. Change to No. 9 pins. Rib 1½ ins. Cast off *very loosely* in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew on collar. Tack transfers to front and embroider. Pull away tackings and transfers. Sew cord to neck.

SUSCEPTIBLE...

By Louisa Kay



Some children are born delicate. There may be nothing more in it than a disposition to catch "everything that's going," but that they certainly do.

The reason for such susceptibility is sometimes hard to find. There are many possible reasons. Sometimes, no apparent reason at all.

It is puzzling at times to know how and why children pick up infection when to the best of one's knowledge, every reasonable precaution has been taken to prevent it. Yet even the most careful mothers are often, unwittingly, guilty of neglect.

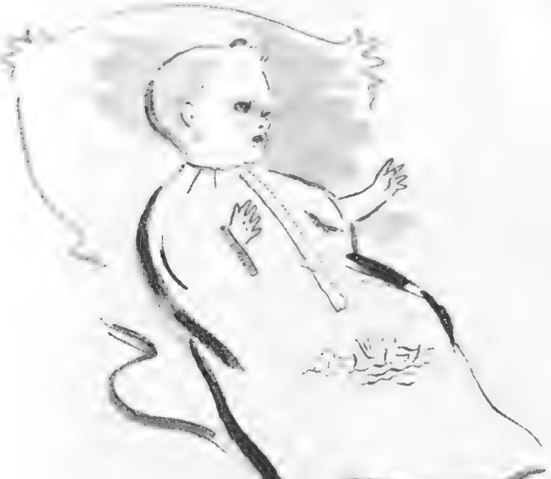
This, for one thing, may take the form of over-coddling. If a child is susceptible and apt to take cold easily it is a great temptation to deprive him of fresh air. Yet the temptation *must* be resisted if he is to be given a chance of health.

Vitality, resistance, come from a healthy blood condition. Since the blood depends entirely for its purification upon the oxygen taken into it from the lungs, it follows that an insufficiency of fresh air is tantamount to the encouragement of toxins—the source of lowered resistance and infection.

Fresh air cannot possibly harm the most sensitive child, but it can improve his chances of good health. Exercise in the open air may not appeal to him on a cold day, therefore the daily outing must be made appealing for him. Moreover, he must be kept warm.

Turning a child out to play in the garden on a cold day is not good enough. You may instruct him to keep moving, but there is no guarantee that he will. Loitering about in the cold is just asking for trouble.

No. If your child is a cold catcher, make a rite of the daily exercise in the open. Take him yourself. Keep him walking briskly or skipping in the garden. Pep up his circulation. Drive the cobwebs away. If you go along he'll enjoy himself and grow to love exercising. It's more trouble for you this way, but better than nursing him in bed.



A Chilprufe sleeping bag allows perfect freedom of movement to the young baby with absolute protection from the cold. At the top of the page is a Chilprufe vest and heavyweight ribbed trunk drawers for a toddler. Vests cost from 3s. 6d. each and the drawers from 4s. 3d.

Clothing is most important. Heavy, hampering clothing is worse than useless. Indeed, the psychological effect upon the child of swaddling scarves and layers of underclothing is bad.

Don't encourage him to think he's delicate. Dress him in underclothing of the best wool obtainable—Chilprufe for preference. This is light and infinitely protective. He will be as warmly clad in this soft, non-irritant underwear as in twenty layers of inferior quality wool.

Let outer clothing be of the same light, porous and protective quality. Cover legs and hands by all means, but don't choke him with clothes. Don't send him out looking like an over-stuffed bear. Remember that the purpose of clothing is to keep the natural body warmth in, not to *create* warmth. The more you assist nature in carrying out her own task of generating warmth the less inclined she feels to put forth her own efforts. You can't blame her.

Teach your little one to breathe well. It may sound a bit cranky but it pays. The habit of full deep breathing is one that can easily be acquired in childhood. Once you've mastered it you are partly insured against illness. Do some breathing exercises with him every day at an open window. Encourage him to breathe deeply when he is out of doors. Make a game of it. You don't want him to be too health-conscious.

Try to avoid obvious snags such as jumping out of a warm bed and padding about the bedroom in bare feet. Running in and out of chilly rooms after a hot bath. See that bedclothes are warm and light and the room well aired. He must be kept warm in bed but the air in the bedroom must be quite fresh and cold.

Let his nightclothing be of the best wool. Light, warm and enveloping so that if he tosses the bedclothes aside he is still protected. (*Continued on page* 135)

CHOCOLATE FOR FLAVOURING

Bourn-Vita Queen Cakes

Bourn-Vita Queen Cakes:

2 ozs. butter. 1 egg.
2 ozs. flour. 1½ ozs. crystallised ginger.
2 ozs. sugar. ¼ teaspoonful baking powder.
Pinch of salt.
1 oz. Bourn-Vita
Milk to mix.

Beat the butter to a cream in a basin, mix in the sugar and beat in the egg. Stir in the sieved flour, baking powder and salt; lastly, add the Bourn-Vita and the crystallised ginger cut into small pieces. If the egg is small, a little milk will be needed to complete the mixing. Put into well buttered small queen-cake tins. This quantity makes twelve cakes. Bake in a quick oven (Regulo Mark 5, 380° F.) for about fifteen minutes. When cooked, cool on a wire tray.

Chocolate Walnut Layer Cake

Chocolate Walnut Layer:

3 ozs. butter. Pinch of salt.
7 ozs. sugar. ¾ gill milk.
8 ozs. flour. 2 eggs.
2 ozs. walnuts. Vanilla essence.
1½ ozs. Bournville cocoa. 1½ teaspoonfuls baking powder.

Sieve the flour with the baking powder, salt and cocoa, add the chopped walnuts to the dry ingredients. Cream the butter, beat in the sugar and when well blended, beat in each egg separately. Stir in dry ingredients alternately with the milk and lastly, add the vanilla essence. Put it into a buttered and floured eight-inch sandwich tin. Hollow out the centre and bake for one hour in a moderate oven (Regulo Mark 4, 350° F.). Cool on a wire cake tray. When cold, spread with nut cream filling and ice with caramel icing, or, if preferred, chocolate icing. Weight of cake when cooked—1 lb. 8 ozs.

Nut Cream Filling:

8 ozs. castor sugar. ½ pt. (small tin) condensed milk.
4 ozs. butter. Vanilla essence.
1 oz. walnuts. 2 tablespoonfuls water.
1 oz. Cadbury's cup chocolate.

Put the sugar, water, milk, butter and chocolate into a saucepan and boil for five minutes, stirring from time to time. Cool slowly, adding the essence and nuts. This filling can be used for a sandwich cake or between biscuits.

Gâteau Isabelle:

Two eggs.
Four ounces of Cadbury's chocolate.
Four ounces of butter, a dessertspoon of flour.
Four ounces of vanilla-flavoured sugar.

Put the chocolate in a small thick saucepan with a little cold water, bring to the boil, beating well and adding water to make a thick cream. Add butter little by little, beating it in off the fire, then gradually the sugar. To have vanilla flavoured sugar keep a jar of soft sugar with a vanilla pod cut into two or three pieces. Replenish the jar with sugar as required.

Now add, separately, two whole eggs, beating well; add flour and beat.

Pour the mixture into a buttered mould and stand in a baking tin of boiling water. Stand the baking tin on the fire and boil up again. Now put it in a fairly slow oven for three-quarters of an hour. Cover with buttered paper.

Turn out and serve as a cake or sweet with coffee-flavoured custard. The cake is *not* meant to be dry but rather moist.

Galette de Chocolat:

Four ounces of Cadbury's chocolate.
Four ounces of soft sugar.
The yolks and whites of three eggs, two ounces of butter.
Two tablespoonfuls of sifted flour.

Put the chocolate in a saucepan with a dessertspoonful of cold water and work it over a slow fire to a smooth paste. Stir in the yolks of three eggs, separately, and the creamed butter. Add the sugar, slowly beating all the time and lastly the flour. When well mixed work in the whites of the eggs beaten stiffly.

Pour the mixture into a well buttered flat sandwich tin. Cook ten minutes in a quick oven. Now turn out the cake on to a buttered baking sheet and cook for another ten minutes. It does not matter if the galette runs a little and loses its shape during the second cooking; it is meant to be fairly flat.

Chocolate Soufflé:

Four ounces of Cadbury's Chocolate
Three egg yolks, four egg whites.
Two tablespoonfuls of castor sugar.
Cold water, icing sugar.

Melt the chocolate in a thick saucepan with cold water as previously described, beating it well. While it is still hot and very smooth add the three egg yolks, beating well, also the castor sugar. Let this cool while you beat the whites to a very stiff froth. Fold the whites in carefully and pour the mixture into a *soufflé* dish buttered and dusted with castor sugar. Bake in a moderate oven for from twelve to fifteen minutes and three minutes before serving sprinkle the top with icing sugar.

Better Cooking

By A·H·Adair

COLD WEATHER COOKERY

Colder weather demands rich soups and stews, substantial puddings to supplement the diet. Suet puddings are a favourite standby for cold day dinners and nothing is more delicious when the pudding is light and tastily flavoured with meat or fruit.

Here are some winter pudding recipes with suet as a basis.

Steamed Haddock Pudding :

One pound of freshly-cooked trimmed smoked haddock.
Four ounces of Atora shredded beef suet.
One onion, parsley, salt, pepper.
Milk, butter, two eggs, breadcrumbs.

Peel a large onion and boil it in a mixture of milk and water with a pat of butter, salt and pepper. Cook the haddock in milk, pepper and a small piece of butter, having first parboiled it in water. Remove all skin and bones and pass the flesh through a sieve. Put the onion through the sieve and mix with the fish, adding four ounces of Atora shredded suet, mixing thoroughly. Add chopped parsley and a binding of breadcrumbs. Moisten with the milk in which the fish was cooked and add two well-beaten eggs. Stir thoroughly, adding salt and a good deal of pepper and, if necessary, breadcrumbs to stiffen.

Steam in a buttered mould or pudding basin for about an hour and a half.

Veal Ragoût :

Two pounds of breast of veal.
Onion, thyme, parsley, bay leaf.
Three tomatoes, tomato purée, olives.
Meat stock, salt, pepper, butter, olive-oil.
Six ounces of flour, two ounces of Atora beef suet.
Baking powder.

Trim the meat and cut in small pieces. Melt a little butter in a thick saucepan, add a tablespoonful of olive-oil and put in the meat to brown on all sides. Sprinkle with two ounces of flour and cook for a few minutes so that the flour is also slightly browned. Add the tomatoes—peeled, cut up and pips removed—also two heaped tablespoonfuls of thick tomato purée, salt and pepper; add the stock hot, pouring it in gradually, stirring well.

Add enough stock to make gravy, keeping some back in case the gravy gets too thick. Put in a *bouquet* of thyme, parsley and bay leaf, also a dozen small stoned olives. Cover the pan and simmer for an hour and a half very gently.

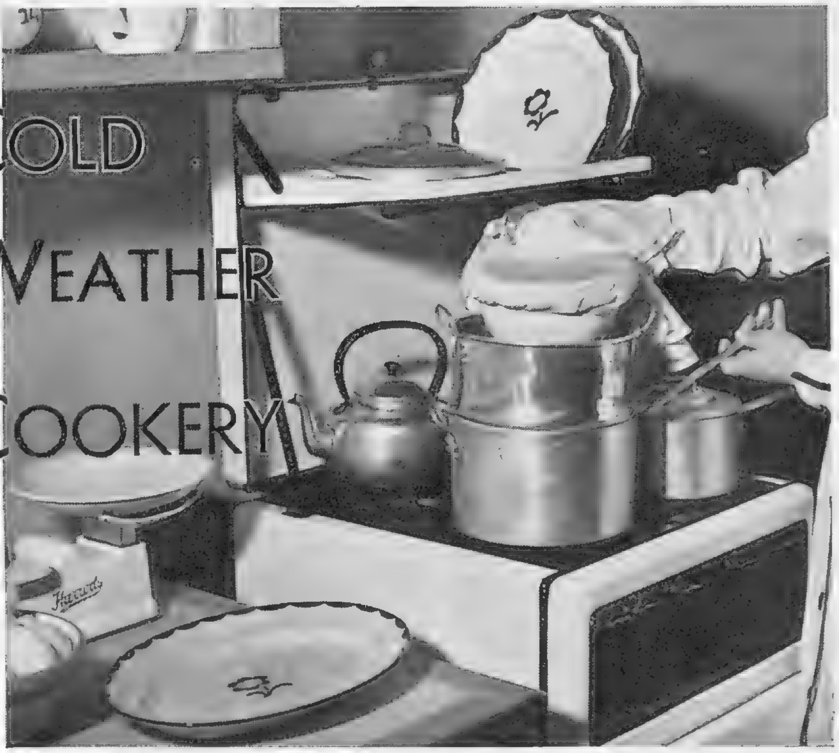
Make dumplings with four ounces of flour, two ounces of Atora shredded suet, half a teaspoonful of baking powder, a pinch of salt and water to make a dough. Divide into balls about the size of a large walnut. Roll in flour and put into the ragoût twelve minutes before serving. Remove the *bouquet* of herbs when the dumplings go in.

Hungarian Stew :

Two pounds of stewing beef.
Onions, thyme, parsley, bay leaf.
Salt, pepper, beef dripping, paprika.
Six ounces of flour, two ounces Atora beef suet.
Baking powder.

Trim the beef and cut it in small pieces, peel and chop half a pound of onions and put these to fry slowly, in a thick saucepan with a little beef dripping. When the onions are soft let them brown a little and add the pieces of beef. Cook together for a few minutes and sprinkle over two ounces of flour. Stir well in, cook for a minute or two and then add two dessertspoonfuls of paprika. Stir again and cook for two or three minutes more. Add a *bouquet* of thyme, parsley and a bay leaf. Now pour in boiling water, starting with just a little and adding the rest slowly, stirring well to avoid lumps. Cover the saucepan and simmer very gently for about an hour and three-quarters. Meanwhile, prepare some small dumplings as described in the preceding recipe. Put them in about twelve minutes before serving, having first removed the *bouquet* of herbs.

(*Continued on page* 112)



Steamed suet puddings are lighter than boiled ones but take longer to cook. Cover with two layers of greased paper and steam two and a half to three hours

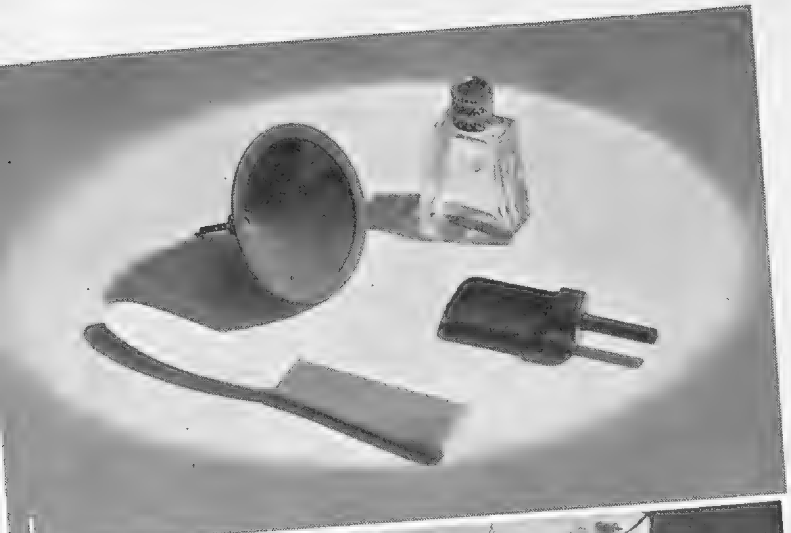
Make Suet Crust This Way—

For featherweight crust use 8 ozs. *plain* flour, 6 ozs. Atora suet, 3 ozs. breadcrumbs, 1 heaped teaspoonful baking powder, water

Mix dry ingredients with just enough water to make a dry paste. Use a fork, not fingers

Roll thin on lightly-floured board. Add an eggcupful of water only to prepared fruit. Line and cover the basin with crust only three parts full

Photographs by courtesy of Flavels Demonstration Kitchen



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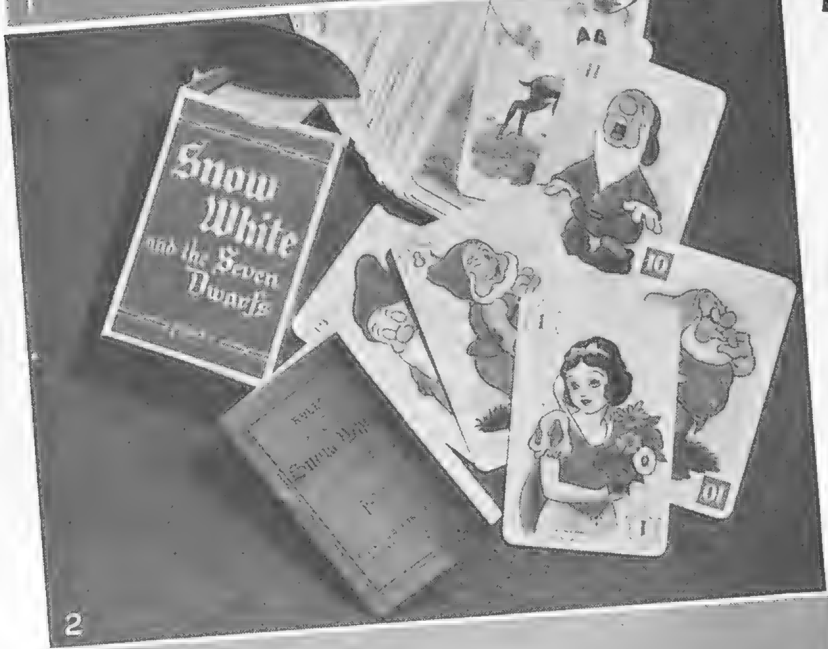
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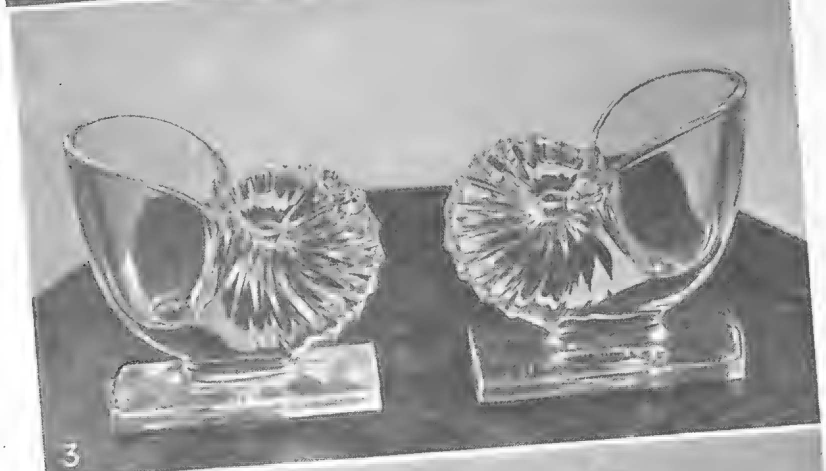

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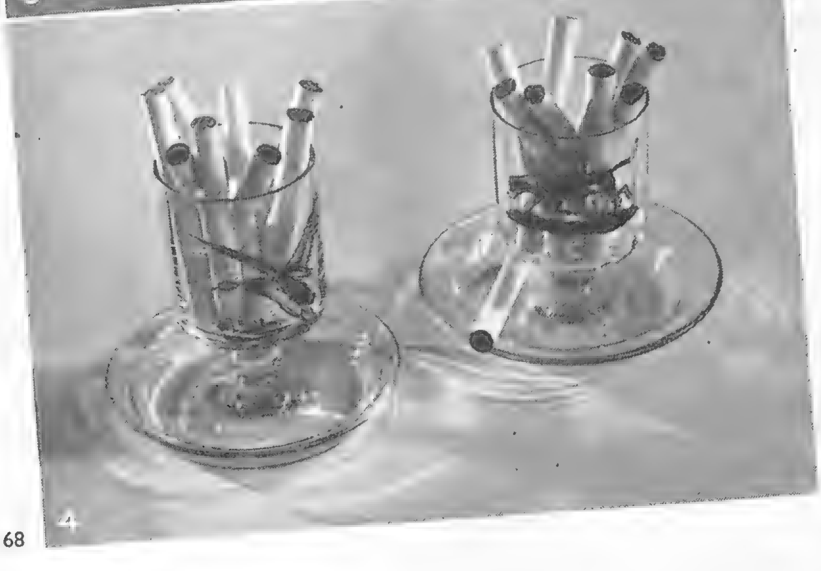

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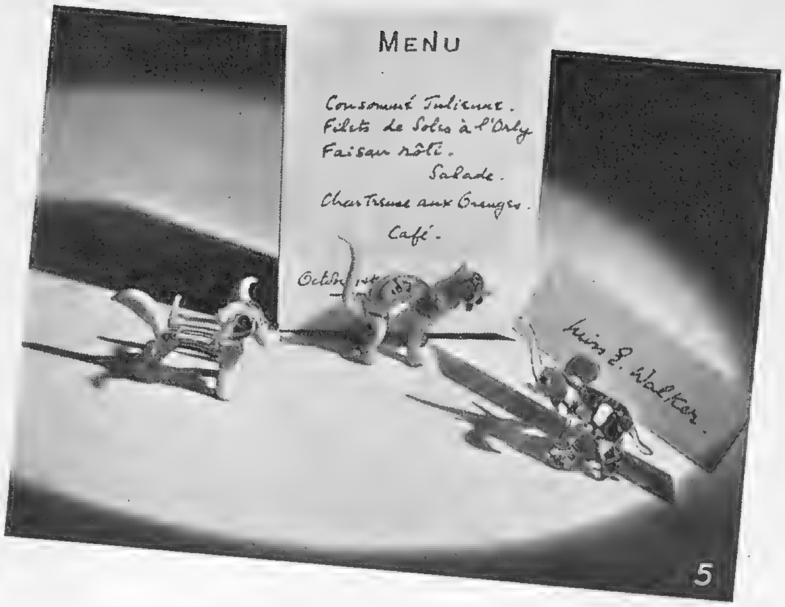

MENU
Consommé Julienne.
Filets de Soles à l'Orly
Faisan rôti.
Salade.
Chartreuse aux Oranges.
Café.
October 1st
Miss E. Walker.

5

GOOD BUYS *of the* MONTH

1 These useful toilet accessories comprise a charming handbag perfume bottle in blue or pink glass with dropper top (2s.), a perfume funnel (9d.), a scoop for transferring powder from large box to handbag container (6d.), and a spatula for transferring cream from jar to handbag container (1s.). (Postage 4d.)

2 Amuse the children on winter evenings with the new "Snow White" card game; they will love the gaily coloured Disney picture cards. Price 1s. 6d. (Postage 3d.)

3 Very heavy glass combined book ends and flower vases in attractive snail-shell design. Price £1 1s. per pair. (Post free.)

4 Combined cigarette holders and ashtrays of tinted glass in palest blue, green and pink, decorated with handpainted designs of any dog or game bird, cost 6s. 6d. each. (Postage 6d.)

5 Novel glass menu and place-card holders. The cat has a striped back, orange legs, tail and ears and black eyes; the elephant has orange ears, and the dog has a white tail, legs, nose and ears. Price 2s. 6d. each. (Postage 4d.)

Write to the Editor, Women's Department, "Britannia & Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4, for addresses from which these articles can be obtained. If you would like us to buy, send an open postal order (no cheques, please), and we will see that the goods are dispatched. Postal orders from abroad should include cost of foreign postage and insurance.

Comparable to the pleasure with which an artist completes his masterpiece is the satisfaction with which you apply Elizabeth Arden powders—completing and harmonizing the perfect ensemble . . . . . Miss Arden's powders are renowned for their superlative fineness, their exquisite delicacy, their absolute purity. Ardena Powder—lightly scented—makes a special appeal to women who wish their skins to look particularly fine and smooth. Japonica gives a somewhat heavier porcelain surface. Better still, use these two wonderful powders in combination and thus achieve Miss Arden's far-famed Glamour Complexion. ✳ Ardena Powder, 7/6, 12/6. Japonica Powder, 7/6, 12/6. ✳ Complexion Box, containing Ardena, Japonica Powder and Blending Brush, 21/-.

Elizabeth Arden

Elizabeth Arden Ltd

25 OLD BOND STREET LONDON W1

Confidently Recommended

A good bust line is one of the secrets of looking well in your clothes. A sagging bust can completely ruin the look of the most perfectly-cut gown.

A well-fitting brassière is, of course, to be highly recommended, but this alone is not enough to restore lost contours. Daily use of Formosa Lotion in conjunction with a well-designed support is the ideal combination.

Years of careful thought and experience have been given to the production of this harmless and beneficial lotion, whose stimulating qualities gradually tone up the muscles and brace the skin.

The manufacturers of Formosa Lotion have also studied the problems both of the woman who is undeveloped, and she whose youthful charm is marred by a heavy and overdeveloped bust.

For the former there is Formosa Cream, a carefully compounded preparation which stimulates and feeds the starved mammary glands, and by this action sets up growth and reproduction of new cells.

For reduction, daily application of Formosa "Foam" Cream is equivalent to a highly concentrated foam bath, a method which has proved highly successful for slimming purposes.

Formosa Cream is 6s.; Formosa "Foam" Cream and Formosa Lotion are 10s. each, and all are obtainable from Formosa Preparations, Kingston, Surrey, who offer a guarantee of satisfaction.

Sufferers from a dry skin often think that soap is harmful to the complexion. But if instead of robbing the skin of natural oils the soap actually reinforces these, no harm is done, in fact a double benefit is derived, for the skin is cleansed and nourished at the same time.

Palmolive soap is rich in vegetable oils and its colour is the result of blending natural olive-oil and palm-oil. It yields a rich, creamy lather which, if well massaged into the skin, really gives the most gratifying results.

If you suffer from relaxed pores round the nose try this simple remedy: Soap the hands well with Palmolive, and then, with the fingers of both hands, gently but firmly massage the sides of the nose. This really cleanses the pores and restores their elasticity so that in a very few days a real improvement is noticeable.

Palmolive, once a very costly soap, is now one of the least expensive, the reason being that popular demand has made it possible to reduce the cost. At threepence a tablet you can afford to be lavish in your use of it, and need not restrict its use to face and hands. Try a daily Palmolive massage of neck, shoulders, arms and legs in your bath, and notice the improvement in the texture of your skin.

The importance of sound teeth in relation to good health cannot be too greatly stressed, and regular visits to the dentist should be part of everybody's health routine.

In between visits much can be done to preserve the health of teeth and gums by regular cleaning with a good dental cream.

Kolynos contains all the essential qualities of a really efficient cleanser. This cream is antiseptic and germicidal, and restores the natural whiteness of the teeth without any harmful bleaching action or abrasion. It is free from pumice and any other harsh substance which may harm the teeth and gums, and contains important ingredients which guard the teeth against harmful acids, check the formation of tartar and keep the gums in a healthy condition obviating any likelihood of pyorrhœa.

Being highly concentrated it is economical in use, and is sold in tubes at 6d. by all leading chemists.

A free sample may be obtained on application to Kolynos Inc., 12 Chenies Street, London, W.C.1.

Every woman likes exclusiveness in her dress materials, a fact which has been proved by the enormous progress of Cresta Silks Ltd.

This firm was founded originally some nine years ago for the purpose of weaving specially dyed and hand block printed silks with exclusive designs, for sale either by the yard or as made-up dresses and blouses. In this comparatively brief time, they have proved so successful that there are now no fewer than four Cresta shops in the West End of London, one in Brighton, one in Bournemouth, and one in Welwyn Garden City, where the workshops of the firm are located.

Cresta silks are inexpensive though their exclusive designs and colourings are the work of well-known artists including Paul Nash, Cedric Morris, Elspeth Little and Bruce Turner. Prices range from 4s. 11d. a yard up to 12s. 6d though there are a few specially luxurious ones which exceed this figure.

The pattern range may be seen in any of the Cresta shops, and material can be bought either by the yard for home dressmaking, or garments can be made to measure as well as chosen from stock.

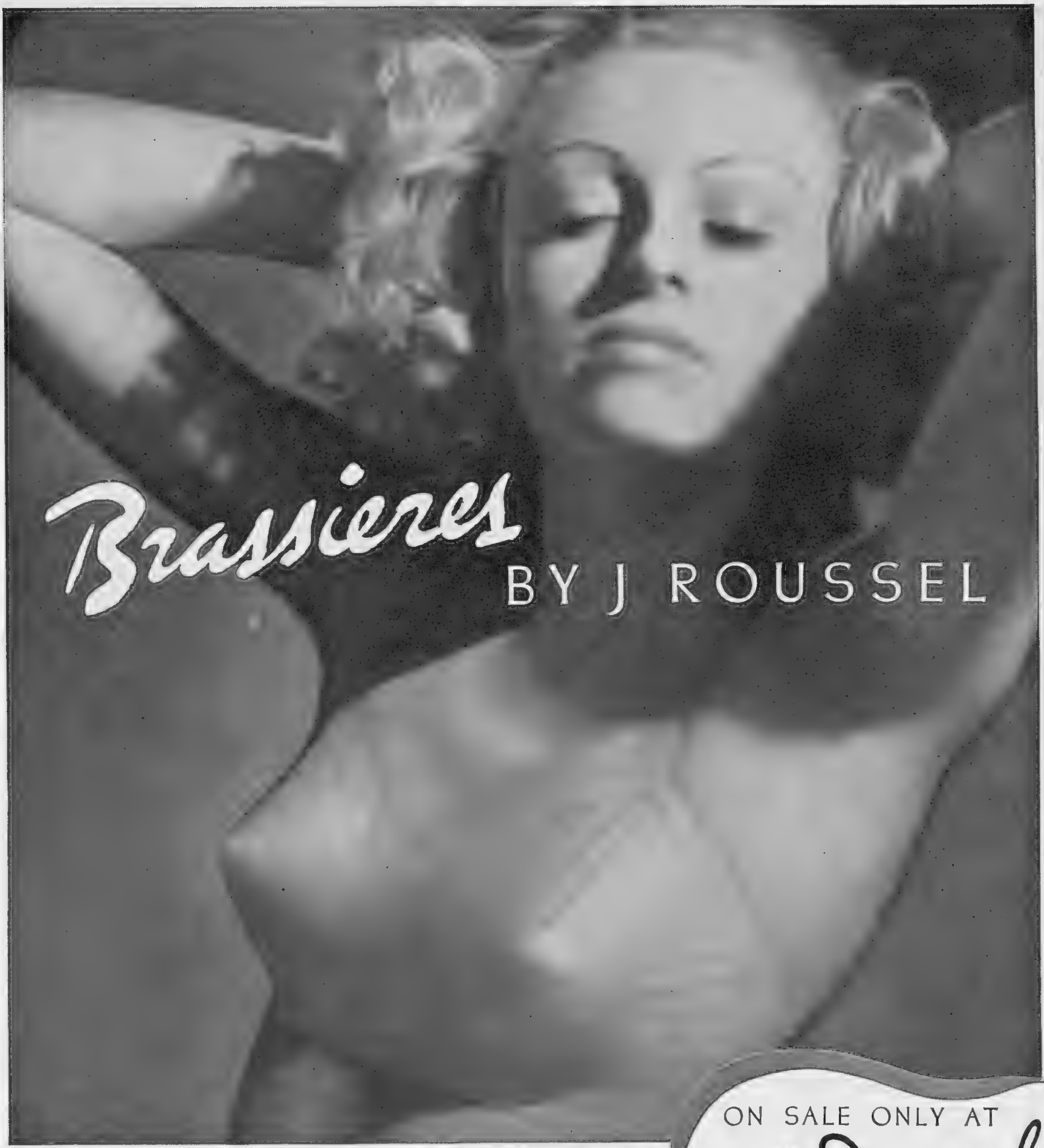
> We are happy to give endorsement to these reputable advertised goods

Effective home beauty treatment is essential for those who have neither the time nor the facilities for regular visits to a beauty parlour, and in a most comprehensive beauty booklet, which they have titled "Let's Be Practical," Yardley's give the clearest instructions on skin care.

The book contains many illustrations in colour of the Yardley toilet preparations, perfumes and cosmetics, and in a pocket at the back are cards of instruction on home massage with easy-to-follow diagrams showing exactly how each movement should be performed.

The edition is limited, but a certain number of copies may be obtained free of charge on application to Yardley and Co. Ltd., 33 Old Bond Street, London, W.1.

Yardley's have also drawn up a most helpful colour chart giving make-up suggestions for the new season's colours. In addition to the colour of the dress being worn, the individual's own colouring has been taken into consideration when preparing this chart, and there are make-up suggestions for blondes, brunettes, redheads, those with white hair and the very young.



ON SALE ONLY AT
J. Roussel
LTD.

To achieve the utmost in style, the form of the bust must be faultless—natural—youthful. It must be perfected in its natural sweep, gently but firmly retained without crushing or pressure. Your Brassiere by J. Roussel will help you attain the ideal—the perfectly proportioned bust lines which nature tries to achieve and Dame Fashion demands.

A copy of 'Harmony' describing the Roussel art of figure moulding will be sent on request. Please ask for Booklet 'B.'

179/181 REGENT STREET, W.1 AND 74 NEW BOND STREET, W.1

Branches: BELFAST: *18, Arthur St.* BIRMINGHAM: *6, Midland Arcade.* BOURNEMOUTH: *Hampshire House.* BRISTOL: *53, Park St.* EDINBURGH: *1, Frederick St.* GLASGOW: *400, Sauchiehall St.* HOVE: *66, Western Rd.* LEEDS: *4, Bond St.* LEICESTER: *Granby Buildings, 1, Bishop Street.* LIVERPOOL: *8, South John St.* MANCHESTER: *6, King St.* NOTTINGHAM: *25a, Milton St.* SOUTHPORT: *114, Lord St. (Monument Gdns.)*

*Supplying direct to the public, J. Roussel is able to offer his Roussel Belts at prices lower than those obtaining for good class corsets of the usual type. * Lace Brassieres from £1/10/0. Elastic Lace Brassieres from £2/2/0. Deep Hip-Belts from £2/2/0. Long-Belts (with hand-made Lace Brassiere combined), from £4/14/0. Panties from £2/2/0. * Perfect fitting is guaranteed, and a six months' guarantee is given with each belt.*

new low prices !

You can now afford to burn these lovely Venetian candles for every little celebration —two eight inch candles cost only 6d. a box.

PRICE'S VENETIAN CANDLES

TWO 8" CANDLES **6D** PER BOX

OTHER SIZES: 12"-9d. : 10"-7½d. : 5"-4½d. PER PR.

Obtainable everywhere. Send for a free copy of "Charm in Your Home" telling you all about Venetian candles to — Department IA. Price's Patent Candle Co. Ltd. London, S.W.11

The C.I.D. of the G.P.O.

(*Continued from page* 29)

himself rather than waste time by lying in wait for him." That thoroughly sound and economic maxim assuredly typifies G.P.O. administration as a whole.

Next, in misguided resourcefulness if not superior in audacity, are mail-bag thieves. Some little time back two ex-criminals, notorious for their "theatrical" proclivities, planned to steal the mail-bags which a northern night mail express would, normally, pick up at full speed from a gantry beyond Chester. Two postmen, having adjusted the gantry's slots, always stood by until the automatic transference took place.

This night, a cold, foggy one in mid-November, the thieves drew up in their car some eight minutes before the express was due and, representing themselves as police officers—they wore the appropriate uniform—detained the two postmen on a charge of "conspiring to steal mails in the course of transit!"

Without special authority, mail deliveries may not be interrupted by the police, so with unashamed felicity, these two plausible scoundrels presented an authorisation form bearing the P.M.G.'s signature, cleverly counterfeited. Their plan, under pretext of taking the night mails back to headquarters for examination, was to dump their captives at a convenient spot, and so round off their melodramatic coup.

But, after shepherding the two hotly indignant postmen into their car, they had hardly travelled a hundred yards down the road before a hideously unexpected obstruction jumped into view; in a word, two unmistakably genuine mobile police cars stood barring their roadway. Then, after a very one-sided scuffle, the rôle of "bobbies" and prisoners underwent a drastic reverse.

So dramatic a denouement took place because one postman, engaged on this night mail delivery service, had been approached by a sweetly insouciant young woman, who believing herself mistress of his confidence, had shyly attempted to suborn him. Immediately, he informed I.B. Thereafter, obedient to official instructions, he acted as pawn in a twofold game of make-believe.

Notwithstanding the Post Office's highly efficient vigilance, in one case a particularly wily mail-bag robber did get away with the spoils. The crime, as I.B. reconstructed it, was as follows: Disdainful of excruciating cramp, the thief one night shut himself inside a commodious basket skep and owing to an accomplice's aid, contrived to be deposited, alongside the mails, in an eastbound train's luggage van.

Through convenient slits, he eyed the guard warily, and when that rather somnolent individual absented himself for a moment, the crook slipped nimbly out of hiding, stuffed two mail-bags into the basket, clamped down the lid, and strolled nonchalantly along the corridor to stretch out his aching legs in an empty compartment.

NEEDLESS to say, when these mails were reported missing, that seemingly guileless wicker basket, addressed to the crook's temporary lodgings, had been safely delivered. But that, so I can well believe, is definitely a case in a million. Indeed, during 1936 only four "strangers to the Post Office" as I.B.'s charge sheet quaintly puts it, were prosecuted for mail-bag thefts. This alone indicates a big slump in this class of crime, especially if you remember that 40,000,000 mail-bags travel on the rail alone each year.

Much more incommoding, both to I.B. and various other departments, are the persistent efforts of "petty swindlers" to defraud the Post Office Savings Bank, in whose guarded security £430,000,000 worth of our money lies at ease. Here, the criminal mind operates in a well-worn rut. The general dodge consists of opening a new account with a low deposit, in most instances ten shillings, then by skill at forgery to counterfeit fresh entries, the receiving clerk's initials and by means also of a forged date stamp, inflate the credit to a total of about £5.

Then, profiting by the regulation that allows £3 to be withdrawn on demand, the low-minded forger stalks sheepishly into a post office, outside his home vicinity, and requisitions this sum. So merely for the asking, he clears £2 10s. 0d. profit.

Whilst searching recently the rooms of one incorrigible offender, an I.B. officer picked up no fewer than fifty-two account books, all carefully doctored in this way; already, within the past six months, the man had cheated the Savings Bank of £114. In another instance, a determined shadower, perched on a ladder outside a post office window, watched two young men poring over a map of Oxford and pinpricking, virtually at random, various post offices where they proposed to plant their faked Savings Bank books during the afternoon's motor tour!

I should be guilty of a gross breach of confidence by explaining exactly how I.B. foils these racketeers. But, I may say, that Mr. Wavish's men have special machinery for discovering whenever one person is opening, under various aliases, several small accounts—always suspicious behaviour. Then, too, I.B.'s discreet laboratory staff, numbering infra-red photographers, handwriting experts and analytical chemists, likewise renders invaluable assistance in identifying potential or actual defrauders. For comparison purposes, an enormous black-list of past offenders, together with their signatures, true and false, is preserved. This type of crime is unhappily cursed by strong recidivist tendencies.

The same tiny group of scientists ranges its skill against that most distasteful of criminals, blackmailers alone exempted—the poison pen writer. However wary, it is impossible for these scandalmongers to disguise their handwriting completely; pen point pressure cannot be altered at will and subject to microscopic scrutiny some irregularity, maybe the formation of certain whorls in downward strokes, will always betray the forger.

One useful discovery about poison pen writers is that they nearly always post their nauseating, evil-minded missives from the same pillar-box.

Where, in one especially virulent case, I.B. detectives established the innocence of a Littlehampton woman, wrongly convicted of this crime, the real culprit was revealed partly by a special trap device, fitted inside the pillar-box to catch her letter, and partly by an "assistant" who kept check on her movements.

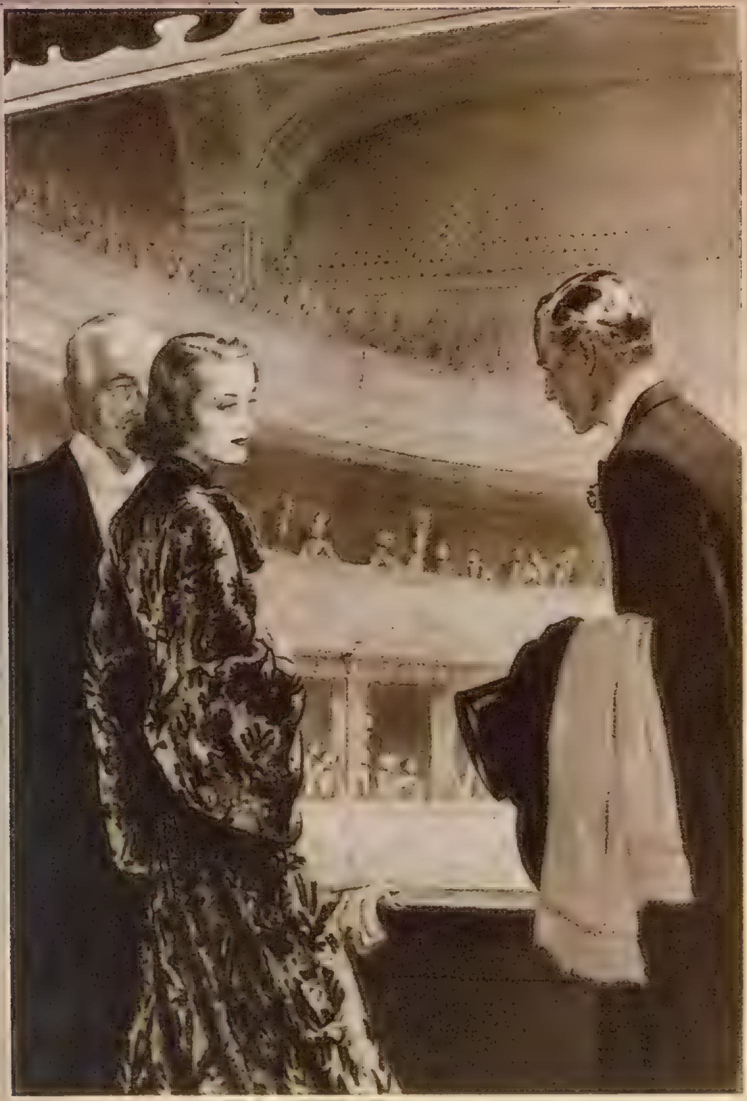
There is a wide notion, supported even by distinguished psychologists, that most poison pen fiends are soured spinsters, suffering from a sex complex. But experience refutes this. Pious and contentedly married people often figure among the miscreants. The mischief-making disease, if it can be analysed, falls mid-way between a kleptomania, like unpremeditated shoplifting, and an inferiority phobia expressed by the desire to exert power over another's life through hidden channels.

Then, of course, in an organisation so tremendous as the G.P.O.'s it would be astonishing if internal thefts and misdoings did not arise occasionally. But, as the Assistant P.M.G. reaffirmed recently in the House of Commons, dishonesty amongst Post Office employees is and always has been relatively infinitesimal—a proud tribute to a great service. However I.B. guards, too, against "blemishes" within as well as criminals without!

One peculiarity of most main sorting offices, especially those of pre-war construction, is a hidden observation post through which an I.B. investigator can fix his relentless eye on any sorter suspected of delinquency. At Mount Pleasant, this unconventional spy-hole was, at one

(*Continued on page* 75)

The Perfumes of Yardley



BOND STREET

"Bond Street." The most fashionable perfume of the day. The essential beauty of the loveliest odours gathered into one supremely beautiful perfume, rich, luxurious and lasting. 7/6, 12/6, 21/-, etc.

ORCHIS
YARDLEY
LONDON

"Orchis." The most beautiful of perfumes, accentuates your loveliness and invests it with a new charm, a new beauty, a new call to romance and joyous adventures. 5/-, 10/6, 21/-, etc.

April Violets

"April Violets." An enchanting perfume, true to the delicate, fresh fragrance of the springtime flower. One of the most delightful of individual flower perfumes. 5/-, 10/6, 21/-, etc.

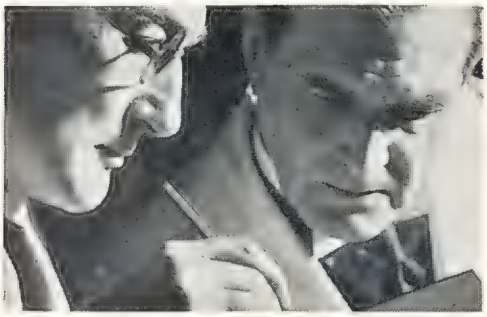
SOME of the most beautiful perfume creations in the world are found in the collection of the superb and luxurious perfumes presented by Yardley. Whether the choice is for rich, opulent and luxurious odours for state occasions, or the more simple individual flower fragrances, examples will be found of lovely and alluring quality which would add distinction to the most soignée toilette.

YARDLEY 33 OLD BOND STREET LONDON

NEW!—these Creams containing the "SKIN-VITAMIN"

—actually replace worn-out skin with flawless new skin

FIRST—Medical science reported the magic effect of one certain vitamin. It healed burns and wounds *when applied directly to the skin!*



THEN—AMAZING RESULTS! Pond's had this "skin-vitamin" put into Pond's Cream and tested for over 3 years. It was found that when the skin lacked this vitamin completely, it became rough, dull, old-looking. But when Pond's Cream containing the "skin-vitamin" was applied to the skin daily, the glands began to function again, the flattened cells and under-tissues rounded out—the skin became smooth and healthy!

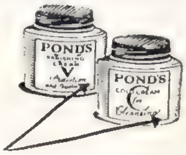
LADY ANNE HILL was among the first to try the new cream containing the "skin-vitamin." "I'm really amazed!" she said. "In the few weeks since I started using Pond's Creams with the 'skin-vitamin,' my skin has become smoother, fresher and finer."

H.H. PRINCESS PRISCILLA BIBESCO—"I noticed a wonderful improvement in my complexion after only 3 weeks' use of Pond's Creams with the 'skin-vitamin' in them. My skin has become much smoother, finer in texture and clearer in colour. These creams are really miraculous."

A GREAT NEW ADVANCE IN BEAUTY CARE! You can now use face cream that puts into your skin *the "skin-vitamin"—the substance that creates new skin to replace worn-out tissue, within a few weeks.* Both Pond's Vanishing Cream and Pond's Cold Cream now contain this "skin-vitamin.

Though some of this vitamin is in your food, exposure to the air is constantly drying out what gets to your skin. When your skin does not have enough, it is likely to become under-nourished, rough, subject to infections causing skin blemishes. But now every time you use Pond's Cream you nourish your skin with this beauty-making "skin-vitamin."

Try Pond's Vanishing Cream or Pond's Cold Cream today. See your complexion *transformed* in just a few weeks! You use these famous creams as before. They are unchanged except for the "skin-vitamin." Jars and tubes are the same as before. There is no change in prices . . . The "skin-vitamin" is also in Pond's Liquefying Cream, a new kind of cleansing cream that melts as it touches the skin.



Look for a small "SV" on the corner of the label. This means the cream contains the "skin-vitamin."

NOW IN POND'S CREAMS—

The Active "Skin-Vitamin"

time, situated behind the large figured clock. Hence, on his first morning's work in this department, a timid junior sorter was greatly agitated when told "Beware of that clock: it has eyes as well as hands!"

NEVER, when a postman is suspected of misappropriating letters or parcels, is he "tested"—to use the official term—unless the divisional I.B. superintendent first procures a signed order from the Director. Meanwhile, whenever an office experiences losses, a most elaborate process of elimination is initiated to track down the guilty one.

Baffled by repeated disappearances of letters, containing money and postal orders, the postmaster of a London surburban office called in I.B. and with characteristic thoroughness, its investigator picked on a hundred specific cases of loss, plotted each one on his graph at right angles to the names of all employees at this particular office, and then awarded a point to each postman who happened to be on duty whilst that particular letter remained in the office.

Ten names scored a high percentage of the total points. The investigator then discovered which men were absent when no thefts occurred, and so narrowed down his field to one suspect.

Then, one sultry July afternoon, this man went off innocently with an artfully concocted "trap" letter in his mail sack. In it were two postal orders, a touching message from a young factory worker to her grandmother and a stamped, addressed envelope for the old lady's reply, and it was made out to a fictitious address. Two "assistants" shadowed him.

Obviously finding it impossible to deliver the letter, he ought to have returned it to the office's "dead letter department." He failed to do so. Yet when the I.B. sergeant arrested him and ran through his clothes, no trace of the letter appeared. Ingeniously, it seemed, he must have fooled his shadowers and palmed it off, whilst making his round, to an accomplice. But, looking over again the articles removed from the man's pockets, the I.B. officer picked on an Ingersoll watch and quite casually snapped it open. Lo, inside, appeared an unused 1½d. stamp.

Heavens, he thought, can this possibly be the stamp belonging to the reply envelope inserted in my "trap" package? Hastily, he uncorked a "No. 2" bottle, daubed a few smears of chemical on the stamp's face, and plain as daylight his initials, marked in green ink, materialised. Thus, thanks to a 1½d. stamp, one thief received his dues. I.B. establishes safeguards, too, against the back-coding of telegrams, a one time popular ruse for defrauding bookmakers, and the still popular swindle, though extremely foolish one, of pre-dating envelopes containing football pool coupons filled in after the match results are known.

But, beyond question, its most exclusive line of investigation—and one we may only briefly touch upon—is summed up by that starkly dynamic word—murder! Before ever the Press prints the hot news of a murder hue and cry, together with detailed descriptions of the wanted man, Scotland Yard acting in concert with the Home Secretary and G.P.O., orders a "stop" on all correspondence, passing to and from the fugitive's friends and relations. I.B. sees that no letter escapes its net.

Then, under strict police supervision, these letters are scientifically opened. They are, as a rule, slit down

(*Continued on page* 76)

Fresh, But Exciting

It is a rarity to find any bathroom or toilet table without a bottle of eau-de-Cologne prominently displayed. Men, as well as women, appreciate the many uses of this refreshing perfume, and it is as much a part of their toilet equipment as a cake of soap or a tube of toothpaste.

"Tosca" eau-de-Cologne, sister to the famous "4711" genuine eau-de-Cologne, which is still made to-day, as in 1792, from the original secret recipe, has, in addition to all the refreshing qualities of eau-de-Cologne, the glamorous fragrance of a modern perfume.

Its freshening and reviving properties make it invaluable for use before and after any game or exercise, while for travelling it is the ideal companion. It can be used lavishly without fear of the perfume being sickly or overpowering.

A complete range of beauty aids perfumed with "Tosca" includes powder, face creams, talcum powder, soap and bath crystals, and their attractive packing and presentation makes them the perfect gift for those friends of whose choice of perfume you are in doubt. Some people like flower perfumes, others prefer heavier Eastern fragrances, but everybody likes eau-de-Cologne, and "Tosca" is eau-de-Cologne *par excellence*.

For
PURE
Enjoyment
smoke
ARDATH
CORK TIPPED
CIGARETTES
10 for 6d.

ARDATH
CORK TIPPED VIRGINIA
ARDATH CORK
ARDATH
PUSH
CORK

Wins by its
SHORT
HEAD

You're on a sure winner when you buy a Tek toothbrush

Its famous shorthead goes straight to the danger point, the tartar zone *behind* the teeth. A Tek fits the arch of your teeth, so that its firm, vigorous bristles penetrate the minutest recesses and keep your teeth bright and healthy. Leading British dentists have given Tek their signed approval.

IT FITS THE ARCH

It's the shorthead with the long life.

Buy a Tek to-day and you'll never buy any other kind of brush.

★ *Sold surgically clean in a sealed carton. Hard and medium—6 colours and crystal. Extra hard—white and crystal only. Tek is a guaranteed product of Johnson & Johnson (Gt. Britain) Ltd., Slough and Gargrave.* ★ *Prices do not apply in the Irish Free State.*

Tek 2/-

and worth it!

FOR THE CHILDREN—**TEK JUNIOR 1/3**

one edge by a superfine steel knife, then, when their contents have been extracted, photographed if necessary and restored; that opening is invisibly gummed down with paper pulp. Only an expert could detect any incision.

Whilst, so swiftly is this detective surgery conducted that no letter, thus detained, need ever miss more than one delivery.

Incidentally, by this very precaution, the whereabouts of Samuel Furnace, Camden Town's "Blazing Shed Murderer" were traced. For, when hiding, with all Britain searching for him, in a Southend lodging house, Furnace wrote very cautiously to his brother-in-law, using the assumed name of "H. Farmer," and requested him to bring along a clean shirt, size 15½, dark socks and two collars; he was then to stroll carelessly along Whitegate road, Southend, where he, "Farmer," would signal to him. By this safeguard, Furnace thought he could readily foil a possible shadower.

Promptly, his brother-in-law handed this vital information to the police. They thanked him courteously. But, after all, he acted only as a dutiful citizen. That Scotland Yard already knew the letter's contents, and were acting on them, was no business of his!

Similarly I.B. is responsible to our master espionage and counter espionage department, M.I.5. for intercepting correspondence, couched in all varieties of codes, weird hieroglyphics and invisible inks, that is transmitted by known foreign agents and dangerous political agitators in this country. Through these "check" methods, the unfortunate letters written by Baillie-Stewart, the ex-officer spy, enabled our secret service to watch his movements very closely, until it was felt expedient to arrest him.

Undoubtedly, to I.B.'s unremitting vigilance, we owe the prompt, unpublicised expulsion of many insidious alien plotters from these shores. Others are permitted to stay, only because M.I.5., assured of knowing accurately their every move in advance, may at any moment, when it suits Britain's interests, tamper with their messages and so confuse a hostile-minded nation.

END

The Wind is their Servant

(Continued from page 15)

from a fire or a cigarette rises. But in such cases the ascending air is made apparent by the smoke. Only on rare occasions is a sailplane pilot assisted in his search of ascending air by seeing a column of smoke from a heath fire or the like. Almost always the rising supports that he seeks are invisible. How, then, can he find them except by chance?

WHENEVER the sun is shining, certain features on the earth's surface absorb more heat than do others. A yellow cornfield, for instance, radiates much more heat than a cool lake. The air above the cornfield is therefore heated and rises, whereas in all probability the reverse will happen over the lake and a down-current of air will be formed. To the meteorologist and the sailplane pilot (the two have much in common) these rising currents of air are called "thermals." Other features that tend to warm the air above them are woods, white roads and railway lines. Those who happened to be at the Royal Aeronautical Society's Garden Party at the Fairey Aerodrome early this summer were given an outstanding demonstration of the resource of sailplane pilots. Two sailplanes were towed into the air by aeroplanes and released a few hundred feet above the aerodrome. The aerodrome presented to them a perfectly flat grass surface of very large area and under normal circumstances no "lift" could be expected from it. But there were hundreds of cars in the car park and the two machines made straight for these. The sun beating down on these metal vehicles heated them and they in turn heated the air in contact with them which consequently ascended in the form of thermals. To the astonishment of the crowd, these two motorless sailplanes circled above the car park and visibly climbed higher and higher until they were two tiny specks away up in the sky thousands of feet above them.

A curious thing about these thermals is that they do not apparently form a continuous column of rising air. They grow into great invisible bubbles which every so often become dislodged and climb swiftly up. Following each bubble release there is a period when the air in contact with the heating agent is not yet warm and therefore no lift is to be gained from it. But so long as a sailplane pilot finds one of these bubbles *and stays in it* he can gain a lot of height. It has been found that just in the same way as a shock will dislodge a soap bubble from a clay pipe, so a shock will dislodge one of these gigantic air bubbles and pilots have been able to do this by diving at high speed over the heating agent whatever it may be. The difficulty is, of course, to keep in one of these bubbles when you have found it. An experienced pilot is able to tell when he is on the fringe of a thermal by the tip of one wing lifting more than the other. As soon as he feels this he turns in the direction of the wing which showed the lift. Almost immediately his instruments will show him to be rising and he will continue circling inside the thermal until it loses its lift or gets too small for him to remain inside it.

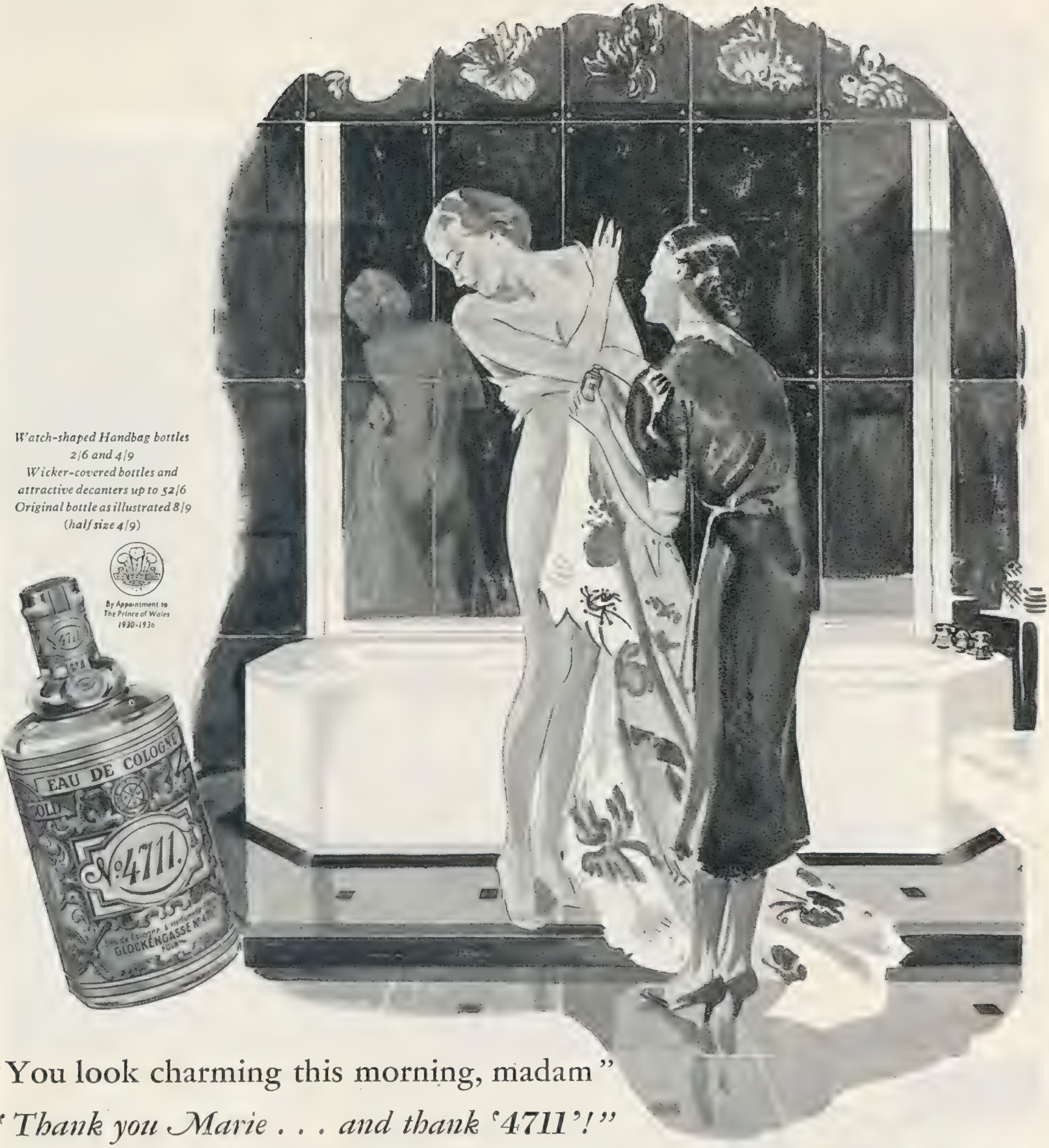
He will then set out to find another, but before he is successful he is almost certain to encounter down-currents which are just as numerous as up-currents. He minimises the effect of these by flying through them as fast as possible so that the down-current affects the sailplane for the minimum time. In this connection it is interesting to note the modern trend of sailplane design. They are being designed to have a rate of sink as constant as possible over the widest possible speed range. In other words, a good sailplane will only alter its rate of sink between three and three and a half feet per second over a speed range of from 35 to 80 miles an hour. With this performance it is able to fly slowly in thermals and fast through down-currents without losing an undue amount of height in doing so. I hope that is not too technical a diversion, but it is an interesting sidelight on what is demanded of a sailplane.

This type of flying by planes borne aloft on invisible winds is called soaring, as opposed to gliding which is just flying in a glider from the top of a hill to the bottom. But the simplest type of soaring is done with the aid of a hill. A wind striking the slopes of a hill is diverted upward so that along the top of the hill on the windward side is a rising wall of wind reaching two or three hundred feet up if the hill is a good one. Who has not watched sea-gulls soaring to and fro along the lip of a cliff, their wings motionless, resting on air in effortless flight? They make use of this deflected wind just in the same way as the sailplanes do which soar to and fro, for instance, along the lip of the Dunstable hills when a west wind blows. It was on such a wind that Sproule and Murray soared for over twenty-two hours.

SOARING on thermals is, of course, the most interesting form of sailplane flying and many are the adventures that pilots have come by during such flights. Phillip Wills, who is the leading British sailplane pilot with feats to his credit which include a 10,000 feet altitude flight and a 209 mile flight to St. Austell, Cornwall, tells of a flight he made in South Africa with vultures as his companions. These birds actually watched his progress with such interest that they gained height themselves by following him when he had found a thermal! Surely mere Man has reason to congratulate himself when he finds birds following him for guidance in their own element.

Wills, incidentally, last year had one of the narrowest escapes of any airman. He was testing a new type

(Continued on page 78)



Watch-shaped Handbag bottles
2/6 and 4/9
Wicker-covered bottles and
attractive decanters up to 52/6
Original bottle as illustrated 8/9
(half size 4/9)

By Appointment to
The Prince of Wales
1930-1936

"You look charming this morning, madam"

"Thank you Marie . . . and thank '4711'!"

Face the day with *"4711"* . . . make it the most precious offering in your oblation to beauty . . . and so emerge from your morning rites of renewal both radiant and ready. Fresh as the proverbial daisy, bright as the morning sun . . . and confident in *"4711"* to guide you to fuller enjoyment of its pleasures, to guard you, too, from its penalties of fuss and fret.

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Streets

of sailplane which had been built specially for the International Soaring Meeting at Wasserkuppe in Germany. When about 3,000 feet up he deliberately put it into a spin, which is the normal procedure for most new sailplanes and small aeroplanes. When he had spun down 1,000 feet he operated the controls to come out of the spin and resume normal flight. But nothing happened. The machine went on spinning, losing height rapidly. Another 500 feet and Wills realised the machine was completely out of control and so he decided to jump from it by parachute. But he could not get out of the cockpit. The centrifugal force of the spin kept him firmly in his tiny cockpit and try as he would he could not get clear.

His wife was watching the test from below. Powerless to do anything, she realised that something was very wrong. To her horror the machine continued to fall in its mad unchecked spin. When it was only 500 feet up she knew that it was too late even for her husband to escape by parachute. She buried her face in her hands and waited for the crackling scrunch which she knew must reach her ears. It did not come. She looked up to the skies again and saw the sailplane once more gliding gently down in perfect control only 100 feet up. Wills does not know to this day exactly what happened, but apparently his efforts to get out of the cockpit, though not successful, were just sufficient to alter the balance of the machine in such a way as to check its spin automatically—for he had long since ceased to try and use the controls.

Such an experience is fortunately rare. Indeed, sailplaning is one of the safest forms of sport there is. It is only in its very advanced forms that an element of danger exists; such occasions, for instance, as when a pilot deliberately enters a storm cloud to take advantage of the turbulence which is responsible for its very construction. To a correspondent of the *Times*, Wills gave a vivid description of such cloud-flying. The occasion was after he had achieved the British height record by soaring up to 10,000 feet:

"Entering a big cloud in a sailplane is a very different experience from doing the same thing in an aeroplane, for in the powered craft the general noise and vibration overshadow the subtler flavours of flight. I had the feeling that we had been silently absorbed by a large and immensely powerful octopus. The rush of air over the wings and body of the machine took on a different key and became smoother and quieter. One felt as though entrapped in an envelope of sticky power. The hue of the surrounding vapour, a bluish black, was octopus-like too. This, of course, was due to the great thickness of the cloud at this point, for I subsequently discovered it was more than a mile high. It is only the shallow clouds on the fringes of the big ones which assume the friendly hues of white or light grey."

Only a few of the most expert soaring pilots deliberately fly into such clouds, but a large number do take advantage of the ascending currents of air that are always to be found just below and in front of cumulus cloud (cumulus cloud is the big billowy type). They use ordinary thermals to get them up into the cloud area and then fly in the currents which are part and parcel of the clouds. In this way they treat them in the same way as a motorist treats a petrol station. They keep near one cloud long enough to gain sufficient height and then sail off to the next where the procedure is repeated. This cloud-hopping is one of the most fascinating forms of soaring, as can well be imagined.

Pilots who indulge in this type of soaring have to keep a good look-out for other sailplanes, as almost invariably the same cloud attracts pilots as being the most suitable. Moreover, flying near the base of a cloud involves a slight danger that an aeroplane might be encountered as it comes out of the cloud. Very little warning can be had because the sailplane pilot is so near to the cloud. Last year, two pilots who were taking part in the National Contests at Hucklow, in Derbyshire, were soaring round the base of a large cumulus cloud when suddenly a whole squadron of "Gauntlet" fighters emerged from the cloud base just above their heads and flashed past with inches to spare.

A writer in the *National Geographic Magazine* repeats a description of a cloud flight that was written by Heinrich Dittmar, holder of the world's altitude record of over 14,000 feet. This is how he described his experience:—

"As I knew, from many previous flights, of the turbulence inside clouds, I drew my safety-straps somewhat tighter, so as not to be lifted out of the seat by powerful gusts. One quick look at the snap-hooks of my parachute, and then into the cloud.

"Hardly was I inside the cloud when I was greeted by the first violent gusts, and the further I flew into it the more the machine became the play-thing of the up-and-downward-moving air currents.

"The variometer, which shows the rising or falling speed, hit the end of the scale; the speed indicator went up to 150 kilometres (93 miles) an hour, only to return to zero at the next moment; a frightful jolt, and I am hanging on the safety-straps, but I cannot make out what position the machine has got into. To avoid its breaking up, I try to keep the speed as low as possible, but I succeed only with great difficulty. The compass is continually turning around, the turn-indicator sticks to the right, and the inclinometer also does what it likes. In addition, dirt from the skid flies up into my eyes. But the altimeter goes up and up; that is the chief thing."

From that description, coupled with that of Wills, it is apparent that cloud-flying in a sailplane is no joke. But a pilot will put up with anything in order to get "lift." "Up and up; that is the chief thing."

There is another type of atmospheric condition which is shunned by all types of pilots but the insatiable, courageous sailplane pilot. This is what is known as a "cold front." Sometimes it stretches for more than a hundred miles, a long unbroken mass of angry-looking cloud travelling at anything up to 50 or 60 miles an hour. In front of the cloud is swiftly rising air and it is in this region that perfect soaring conditions prevail —at least, conditions that are perfect from the enthusiast's point of view but most unattractive to anyone else.

Already mention has been made of the three German pilots who flew together for 313 miles. They achieved this feat by utilising a cold front. Indeed, it was the first occasion that the atmospheric construction of a "front" was determined. All three had taken off for ordinary soaring flights with no intention of travelling far, when they found themselves being borne upwards by an invisible force of great power towards a forbidding stretch of cloud. They remained circling around in front of it and soon realised that it was travelling at great speed. After 300 miles they began to lose the "lift" and it was in this way that they came to land in the same field within a few minutes of one another. All three had smashed the world's record in no uncertain manner. But tragedy coloured their performance when they were being towed back by aeroplane. One of the pilots, Rudolph Oeltzschner, was killed, and his two colleagues paid tribute to his memory by applying for recognition of the record in his name alone.

There is no doubt that gliding and soaring is beginning to attract the public's fancy. This has long been the case in Germany where there are some 80,000 qualified pilots, but it was not until the recent National Contests at Dunstable that the sport attracted real public attention in this country.

Mr. J. R. Ashwell Cooke, one of the pioneers of the gliding movement in this country, broadcast a talk on soaring and gliding a short time ago. The letters he received as a result of this talk showed that there were two main misconceptions with regard to the sport. The first was that it was dangerous and the second that it was expensive.

Considering the number of hours put in by the different clubs all over the country during the year, the almost (*Continued on page* 80

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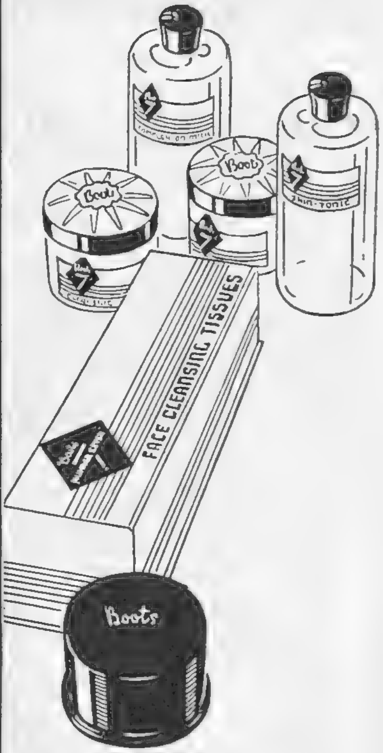

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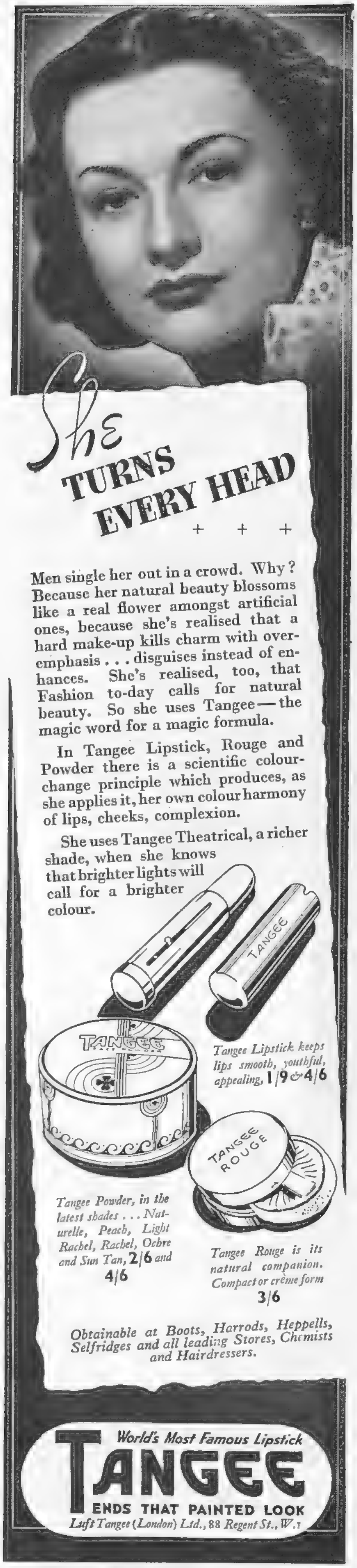
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total lack of serious accidents that occur is a good enough answer to those who feel that gliding is dangerous. As regards expense, perhaps it is best to quote the rates of one of the clubs. The London Gliding Club, which has its headquarters at Dunstable, has an annual subscription of £3 3s. 0d. For a further £5 0s. 0d. any of its members can have as much flying as they can possibly do during the year. The club has some twenty machines ranging from primary trainers to high performance sailplanes and three different systems of launching them into the air.

If you feel at all bitten with the idea of soaring, go one week-end to your nearest club and have a look at the sailplanes sailing silently to and fro in the sky. Even if you decide not to learn to soar you may be sure that you will not regret having seen these exquisite man-made gulls in the air.

End

Mr. Kerrigan and the Tinkers

(*Continued from page 27*)

their protesting owner. Then, with a brief calculation as to the present cash value of gold, he wrote O'Leary a formal I.O.U. for sixty-three pounds, payable on demand in his own pub in town.

Until this transaction was completed, his manner was severe and authoritative. The moment it was done, and the I.O.U. safe in the bag with the remainder of the money and restored to its nest in O'Leary's person, all care fell from him. He ordered several more brandies for himself and O'Leary, and bought drinks all round. He delivered himself of a long speech in praise of O'Leary, comparing him with the publican to the latter's grave disadvantage. He volunteered to sing *The West's Awake*, and carried it through, barring a difficulty with the words, to tempestuous applause.

He purchased a dozen tins of bully beef, fourteen of salmon, three stones of sugar, a gross of loaves, several pounds of tobacco, a score of clay pipes, and a tub of salt butter, all of which he presented to the tinkers. He lavished drink on them, he demanded the attendance of all the women and children, and distributed to them sweets and cloth and snuff and baubles more than their most delirious visions could conceive. He snapped his fingers, cleared the floor, and executed an intricate dance, ended by a devastating crash among some barrels. Set on his feet again by loving hands, he called for music. Accordion and fiddle appeared as if by magic, the little smoky pub resounded to *The Hare was in the Corn*, everyone danced, beer and whisky puddled the floor, the women quarrelled, the children screamed, and the noise was heard a mile away. It was a marvellous evening. The tinkers never forgot it: they have a ballad about it to this day.

When daylight came up the mountain side, the pub was still, except for the sound of snoring. The landlord, in terror lest report should bring the police, left the sleepers as long as he dared, then woke them.

O'Leary was up at once, alert as the day. With a single shove, he sent the landlord sprawling among the wreckage of his own bar. Uttering a roar that shook the few remaining glasses, he roused his followers: and, a few minutes later, Mr. Kerrigan, still partly on Olympus, left arm in arm with O'Leary for the tents of that potentate.

Reaching their base, the tinkers protested that they needed yet more sleep, which their leader graciously granted. Noon next day saw the tribe in their carts and caravans on the way to Kattygollagher, Mr. Kerrigan mounted on a scraggy donkey beside his host, looking for all the world like Sancho Panza beside a robust Quixote. And, for the next week and more, what time his friends and the police searched for him in likely and unlikely places, watching the ports and even enlisting the aid of Scotland Yard and of the Continental police, Mr. Kerrigan, free from care, very happy, and, in spite of himself, well on the way to recovery, dwelt among the tinkers not ten miles from his own door.

Inured to a humdrum life, he found great delight in these days. Tutored by O'Leary, he acquired eleven ways of snaring rabbits, learned to raise a hare, and make a variety of savoury stews in a tin can. After a fortnight, he was in glowing health, and highly popular with the tinkers, not only because of his open-handedness, but because of his innate decency. He had enjoyed himself on many a jag before, but these were the first sober pleasures he had known.

Then, one evening, he knew in his bones that the holiday was over. He was sitting with Hugh by the fire, saying little, as his custom was, till at last he fell silent.

The tinker, a man of subtle feeling, fell silent too.

"Hugh," said Kerrigan at last.

"Toby."

Kerrigan tried to go on, but the words stuck. He heaved a sigh, looked at his friend, and they smiled at one another.

"I must go, Hugh."

The tinker was too good a man to vex his guest.

"If ye must, ye must. But are ye sure?"

"I'm after taking stock of my money, Hugh, and it's down low. To seven pounds or so."

"But—" the tinker's hand went instantly towards his hidden bag.

"No. Sure I know what you're going to say, and I appreciate it. There's nothing I'd like better nor to stay with you." He looked around on the sweep of the land, with the words sounding in the distance, and the dim shapes of the mountains. "It's a grand life you have. But I've my work, and my responsibilities. The decent man that works for me and keeps the place going: sure I can't leave him any longer. Ye see the way it is," he went on, after a short silence "I've had the best time with you ever a man had. Leave me go back now, and come to you again."

"Well—on them conditions, I'll leave ye go."

They shook hands on that, very soberly.

"Ye see, I'm bred to the other life. This is a grand holiday, and I'd liever keep it so."

"Aye."

"There's another thing, too." Mr. Kerrigan's face took on a deeper shade. "The judy above——"

"Molly?"

"Aye. If I don't go soon, faith, I'll be getting . . . I mean . . . I'd best go while I can."

Hugh tried to keep his face. Then he suddenly threw back his head and gave a roar of laughter.

Mr. Kerrigan regarded him with a shy, sad smile.

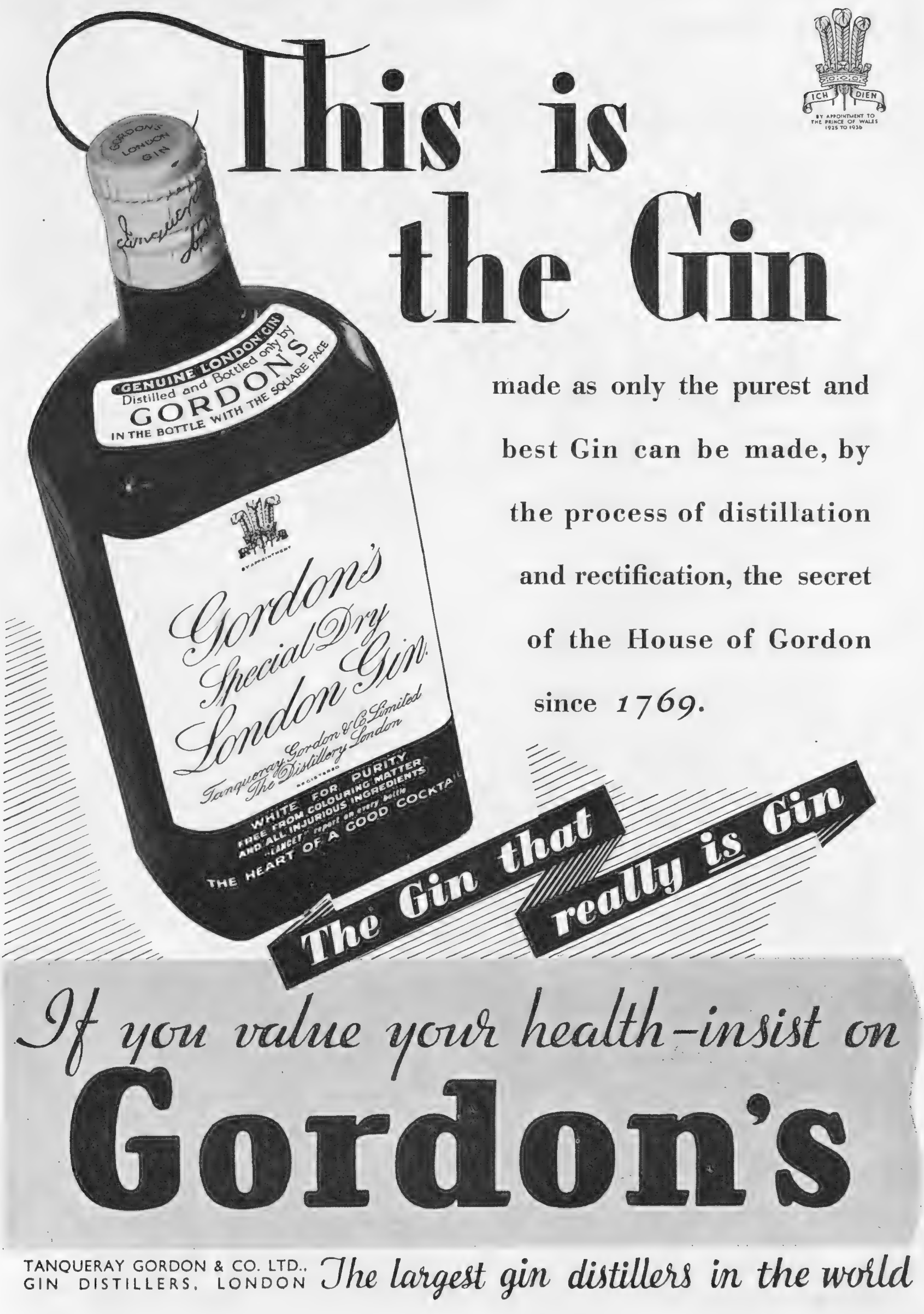
"It sounds queer to you, I daresay. But——"

"Say no more." Hugh sprang up, and clapped him on the shoulder. "We're a pack of wanderin' divils, and you are a man of substance and respectability. You'll do well not to be tangled up with our like. Off with ye now, and open your door to us when we pass near you in a month or three. And come to us again when ye need a holiday."

Mr. Kerrigan rose, shook hands with Hugh again, went off to his tent, summoned Molly, kissed her, dried her tears with his sleeve, and handed her three of his remaining sovereigns. Her sorrow forgotten, she grabbed them like a monkey. Then, his last doubt set at rest, he took his leave of O'Leary, and, accompanied by a cheering escort, went down by Ballycorus to the road and civilisation.

Arrived back in the inn, he presented the aggrieved Ted Keogh with a handsome tip, and took his place behind the bar. His friends and customers, who had learned to keep silent on such occasions, congratulated him sincerely on his sun-tanned face and general look of robust health, and all was well.

End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Boom in Treasure Trove

(*Continued from page 17*)

Peter the Great's war treasure, which is said to be worth £10,000,000. It was lost in the wreck of a Russian man-of-war in the Gulf of Finland in 1721. The position of the wreck was discovered in 1933 by Count Alaric Wartmeister, a Swedish naval officer, in a Russian book on navigation dated 1725. A Swedish salvage company is going after it.

In Table Bay—on whose floor lie over 300 recorded wrecks—are fifteen "treasure ships" which a Capetown salvage syndicate has a Government concession to work on. The sunken treasure is in the form of gold, silver, copper and other valuable and recoverable metals.

The prize is the old East Indiaman *Haarlem II*, which went ashore in 1648 at the mouth of the Salt River, and sank with a strong-room full of bullion. After working for three years on the spot where the wreck had been located, the dredger *Sir Gordon* got caught by a storm and nearly itself joined the treasure ship. An Italian salvage company, which has been operating on a British steamer lying 2,400 feet down in the Mediterranean (the deepest salvage work so far attempted) is going round to carry on the hunt.

Nearer home, in Tobermory Bay, off the Island of Mull, is the fabulous "Armada treasure ship," supposed to have carried 30,000,000 ducats. Year after year, since 1683, salvage expeditions have worked hopefully in the bay. In 1730 a bronze gun bearing the date 1584 and the *fleur-de-lis* of Francis I of France was fished out: it is now in Inverary Castle. This century the bay has yielded provoking relics—cannon balls and skulls (a Glasgow syndicate dredged those up), a silver candlestick, rusty arms, another gun, a piece of gold plate, several pieces of eight worth about £20 a piece. . . . But if a ton or two of gold did go down with that galleon 251 years ago, it looks as if it had now sunk beyond the reach even of modern diving gear and dredger buckets.

In most cases these old wrecks could have been reached and worked on successfully at the time they went down, if the treasure hunters of the day had possessed the modern diving apparatus, and dredging and salvage equipment, which enabled the Italian salvage ship *Artiglio* to recover £1,000,000 in ingots from the *Egypt*—armour-plated diving suits with mechanical "hands," oxy-torches burning under water, ripping through hard steel as though through wood, steel grabs to pull away timbers, and plates blown apart by diver-placed dynamite.

Silt in the sea, like sand over the tombs of the old Asiatic and African conquerors and priest-kings, and vegetation over the cached hoards of the Incas, baffles the treasure hunter. Nature, and the cunning of the original owners, combine to discomfort him. A tropical forest creeps over what was once a clearing, the sea encroaches on what was once a beach. The tree which provided a clue blows down and rots away, and a fall of rock disguises the landmark which once pointed the way.

All these obstacles combine so admirably in the case of the world's most obstinately sought treasure—the legendary gold of the Cocos—that a new expedition to that romantic island, 300 miles south-west of Costa Rica and just off the equator, has become one of the uproarious jokes of the ports in those seas.

That famous treasure has everything. Lawlessness and sudden death. A sun-drenched island in a sapphire sea. Palm trees, lagoons, combers and reefs, crosses marked on coconut trees, a block of coral engraved with mystic characters.

One can see again Benito Bonito, the buccaneer, cursing his men as they staggered up the precipitous hillside under a load of 300,000 pounds weight of silver, 733 gold bricks each three inches by four inches, and 273 gold-hilted swords inlaid with precious stones; and hear the roar of exploding powder kegs bringing the cliff down to cover the hoard. . . .

But Benito's is only the biggest of the five separate pirates' treasures supposed to be hidden on the island. One of the organisers of the MacFarlane Arthur expedition told a *Times* reporter: "The records at the Foreign Office estimate their value at £12,000,000, but they may be worth anything up to £25,000,000."

The Arthur expedition is only the latest and biggest of more than thirty which have sought treasure on the Cocos Islands during the present century. August Gesslier conducted the most persistent—a one-man hunt lasting half a lifetime. A sailor adventurer, he got himself appointed governor by the Costa Rica authorities, and proceeded to make a hermit home on the island. One morning in 1896 he awoke to find a warship anchored off the island. It was H.M.S. *Haughty*, commanded by Captain Shrapnel. Shrapnel sent 300 bluejackets ashore to excavate. A shocked Admiralty reprimanded him.

But what the British Admiralty said then was mild compared to what Gesslier said seven years later when Shrapnel came back to the Cocos in the *Lytton*, at the head of a party of gentlemen adventurers from England. The Shrapnel party searched for a while, but at last decided that landslides and tropical rains had obliterated all traces of the treasure.

Gesslier had scarcely waved them a derisive farewell before the Guinness expedition turned up, with permission from Costa Rica to explore for two years. The outraged hermit governor, sailing to the 300-miles-distant mainland to protest, ran across Lord Fitzwilliam and Admiral Palliser in the former's steam yacht and invited them to intervene, on sharing terms. Hermit, admiral and peer all returned together, and started to work with zest. But, lo, a third expedition arrived from England, and insisted on blasting just where the Fitzwilliam party were dynamiting. The rival explosions blew the clues all over the landscape. This so annoyed both parties that the hunt ended in battle and bloodshed.

THE next twelve years saw as many new expeditions. In 1925, Sir Malcolm Campbell took a party out. Before the weather broke and drove them away—they were not adequately equipped in any case—they found a spade; which might once have belonged to a pirate. The result fell short of Gessler's triumph: he, in half a lifetime, did find one gold doubloon, dated 1788, which might have dropped out of a drunken pirate's pocket.

The Arthur expedition at least went equipped for the job. They sailed in the 600-ton *Queen of Scots*, with a crew of twenty—a party of eight, including a geologist, a mining engineer, an airman, and Commanders F. A. Worsley and J. Stenhouse, who both sailed with Shackleton. They proposed to use a plane for surveys, and to use a core drill to test likely sites for buried gold. Eighteen months had been spent in preparations, the expedition leader had spent ten months on the island, and there was said to be enough money in the coffers of Treasury Recovery, Ltd. to finance work for 2½ years.

But Treasury Recovery, Ltd. has not found the pirate hoard. Nor has the Stanton Expedition—thirteen Englishmen under the leadership of Captain Max Stanton, formerly chief officer of the Mawson Antarctic Expedition. Originally there were fourteen in the Stanton party, but one, George Cooknell, broke away and got to the island three weeks ahead of the party, travelling by liner to Panama, and thence by sailing-ship to Cocos.

An American millionaire's yacht, the *Stranger*, found the lone treasure hunter as a starving castaway, and returned him to civilisation.

There the Cocos Island treasure fades out. It seems rather a

(*Continued on page 84*)

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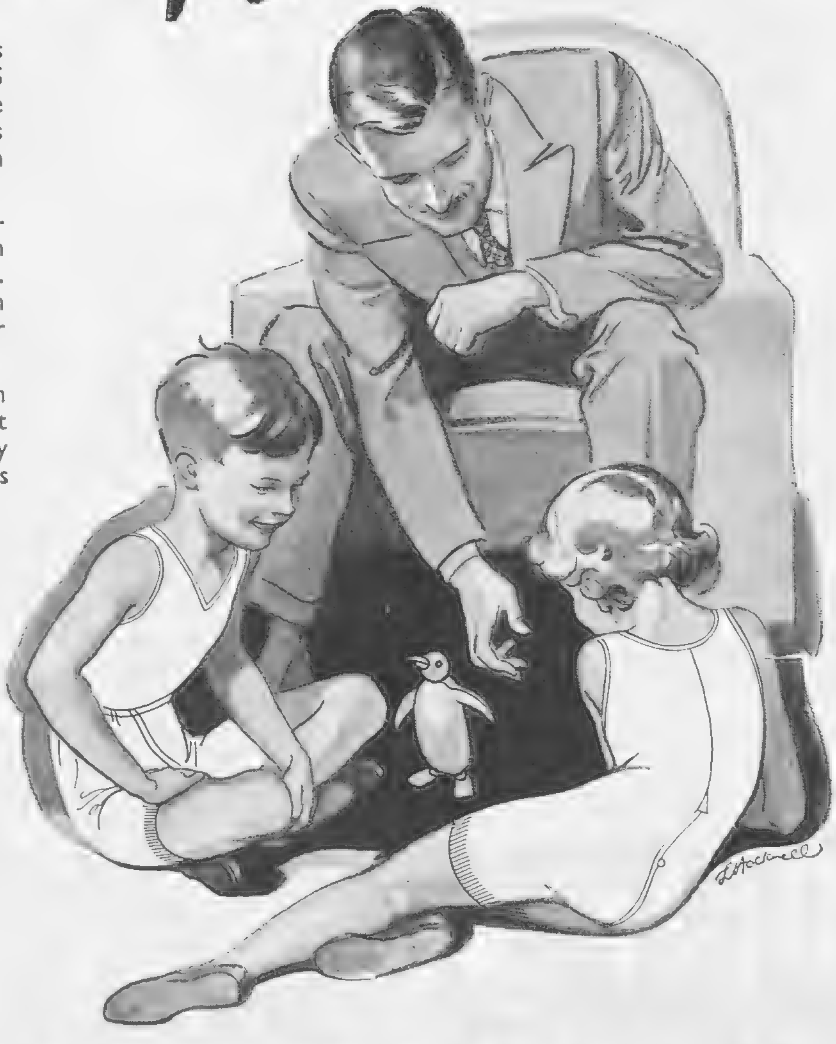

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pathetic adventure. Total cost of Cocos quests to date: probably half-a-million. Total recoveries: the spade and doubloon aforesaid.

On my desk (it reached many other desks!) lies an invitation to risk money in a search for the treasure of the Incas. "Millions of pounds' worth of gold lie buried in that part of South America which was once the Empire of the Incas," says the prospectus. Yes—and there is also coal under the polar ice, and a needle in a haystack somewhere in England. . . .

Search for the gold of the Inca princes and priests who used the yellow metal as we use copper, and from whose gem mines came the greatest and finest emeralds ever known, has practically never ceased during 400 years. History appears to testify to the existence of five at least of these fabulous hoards—the treasure of Montezuma, of Atahualpa, and of Pachakamak, the Valverde treasure, and the treasure of the lake of Tenochtitla.

Montezuma's treasure consists of millions of pounds' worth of gold and jewels sent into hiding when the Inca chief found that Cortez and his friends had come to Mexico City (the Aztec Tenochtitla) as plunderers.

The Tenochtitla treasure is the loot in gold and jewels lost when Cortez and his men retreated from Mexico City. The city was built in the middle of a huge shallow lake, a long causeway leading from the city to the mainland. The Aztecs lined up along the causeway in canoes and bombarded the fleeing Spaniards and their allies with arrows and stones, with the result that half the Spaniards and nine-tenths of their Indian allies were destroyed, and the pack-horses and porters bearing the treasure were thrown into the lake, and drowned.

When the Spaniards returned some weeks later, spies told them that the Aztec princes had salvaged most of the lost loot, and sent it into hiding. Cortez tortured and killed, burned Guatamoc, Montezuma's nephew and successor. But the Spaniards never recovered the treasure.

THE estimated value of the treasure of Atahualpa is based on the Spanish record that Atahualpa, to buy his freedom, agreed to fill a room sixteen feet wide and twenty feet long to a height of seven feet with gold. That would make 2,240 cubic feet, 250 tons, worth nearly £50,000,000. One-tenth was delivered when Atahualpa was killed. The balance, on the way from Cuzco and other parts of the Inca Empire, never arrived. The Spaniards always believed that the bearers concealed it on news of Atahualpa's death.

It was the treasure of the temples of Pachakamak that first lured Pizarro to Peru (the conquistador did not know of the treasure city of Cuzco until long after he reached Peru). But the temples were empty when Pizarro arrived. The priests had hidden their treasures.

The Valverde treasure is another temple collection of gold statues and idols, gem-encrusted ceremonial emblems and ornaments, hidden in the mountains of Ecuador by the rulers and priests when the Peruvian Incas led their armies into Ecuador.

So many natives of Papeete were persuaded to invest their all in so many expeditions led by white treasure hunters that lately the administration of the French-owned Marquesas intervened and banned any further questing for the treasure of Pinaki.

The treasure is supposed to be £3,000,000, in gold bars—loot grabbed by a band of foreign mercenaries in the Peruvian army during the war with Chile in 1859, who then seized a sailing vessel at Panama, murdering the captain and crew of two, sailed around to Pisco, loaded the chests, sailed for the South Seas, and cached the bulk of the treasure on the uninhabited atoll of Pinaki.

In Sydney, they squandered the gold they had taken with them on wine, women and song. Two of them got killed in a fight, and the other two were jailed for twenty-one years for manslaughter. One died in prison, the other emerged broken and died soon after—but not before he had passed on the treasure chart to a beachcomber who befriended him, and who thereafter devoted himself to raising money to recover the treasure.

The last expedition to cross the 650 miles from Papeete to the treasure island of Pinaki found three gendarmes awaiting it under a coconut palm. The adventurers were ordered to *retournez, toute de suite.* Two gendarmes escorted the adventurers back in their schooner. The third for some reason stayed behind, and the schooner had to return for him. "Ah!" said Papeete, "the two gendarmes left their comrade there to find the treasure for themselves!" The taxpayers subsequently were vociferously interested in the fact that the police expedition to head off the treasure hunters had cost the administration 50,000 francs.

Hunting treasure in U.S.S.R. territory is a regular and orthodox state of activity. Some success has attended it. The first large find was the crown jewels of the tsars. In the excitement and confusion of the bolshevik revolution all trace of these jewels, kept normally in St. Petersburg, was lost. It was generally believed that Kerensky had sent them secretly out of the country, and that the emissaries had absconded with them after Kerensky's downfall and the obliteration of the Romanoffs.

An Ogpu squad, however, was ordered to maintain ceaseless search. At last the treasure was found. It had been in the Kremlin all the time, stored in ammunition boxes in a corner of the subterranean armoury. Evidently the jewels had been hastily packed and sent to Moscow when the German army took Riga and threatened the city now called Leningrad. Most of the gems were sold to foreign dealers by the government, and 11,000,000 roubles' worth were used to pay off part of the Soviet debt to Poland.

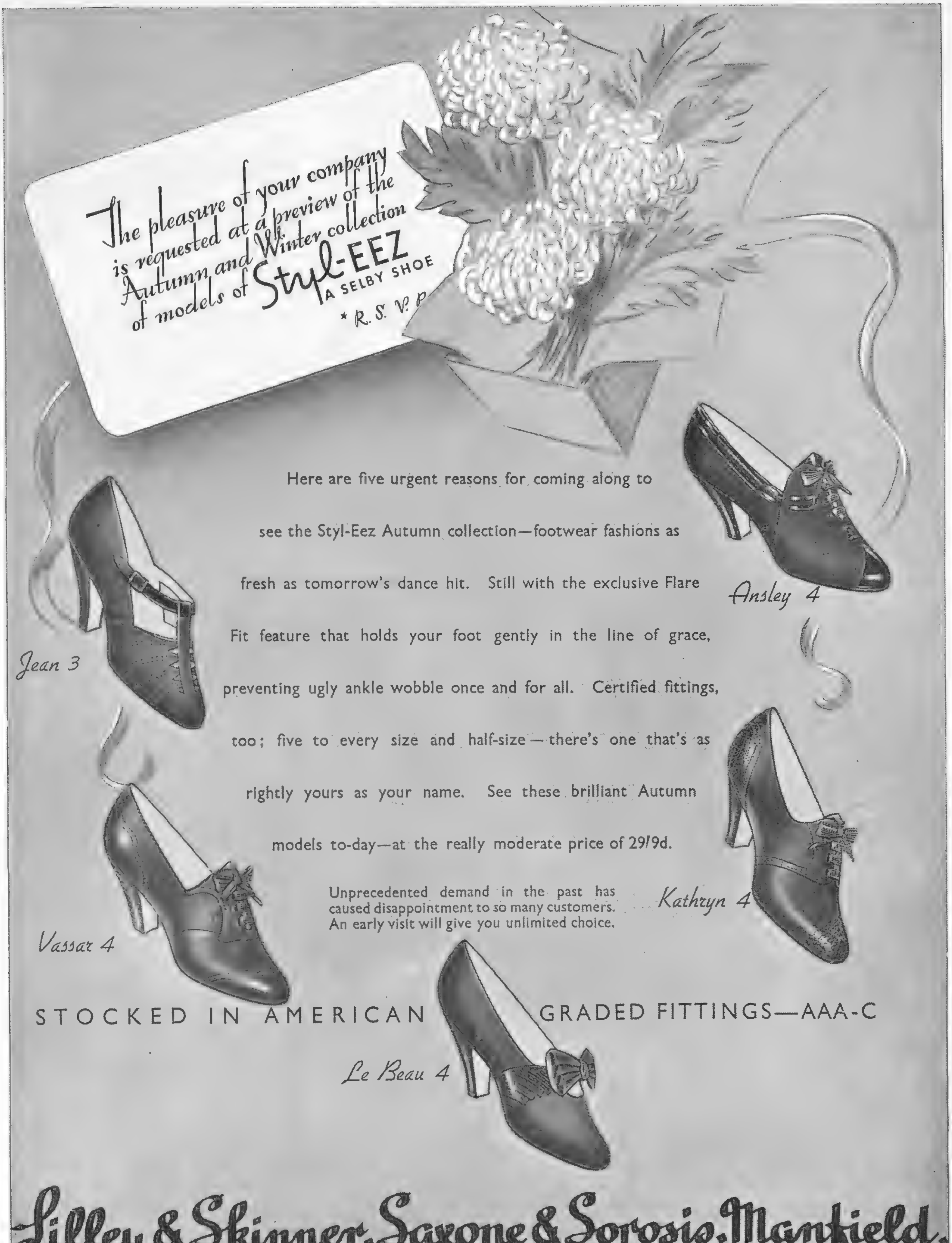
Stalin has now an expedition out on a more romantic quest among the tumuli of Turkestan. Over those sands passed the chariot wheels of Alexander the Great, and Tamerlane. Historians dispute as to whether the old conquerors who made great marches across thousands of miles of territory buried booty *en route*, or dispatched it under guard to their capitals. In the latter event Asia must be littered with hoards drifted over by the sands of centuries.

It is recorded that Tamerlane feasted off gold tables, sustaining gem-studded gold vials and ruby-encrusted gold cups set inside with large pearls. He poured into Samarkand the treasures gathered in wanderings which took him through India at the head of an army of 92,000 and which did not end until, almost seventy, he met the Osmali host at Angora and shattered it, and went on with 200,000 men to conquer China, and fell ill and died on the march "somewhere in Turkestan." In his conquering career he led his Tartan and Mongol forces from Poland to the Persian Gulf and from Constantinople to the China Sea, stripping of every article of value Ispahan, Baghdad, Smyrna, Aleppo, Damascus, Moscow, and the rich cities of India.

Alexander the Great collected treasure all the way from his native Macedon to the plains of India, and back. The riches of Susa, Persepolis and Ecbatana, the fabulous wealth of the Persian kings, fell into his hands. Some authorities assert that he regularly sent back to Macedonia the loot which he accumulated on the march, but others say this would be impossible and he must have cached some on or near the line covering thousands of miles.

While the Soviet archæologists and engineers search among the tumuli of Turkestan, the Brecchias-Carter expedition is hunting for the tomb of Alexander in the vicinity of Alexandria, the city which he founded. According to legend—we have no authoritative data—Alexander, having, at the age of thirty-two, conquered Egypt, Persia, and North India, died after a drinking bout in the palace of Nebuchadnezzar.

The site of that palace has never been exactly located, but excavations made on the supposed site have (*Continued on page* 86)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yielded nothing. Several Roman historians say that the conqueror's corpse was brought back to Alexandria and there buried; and there is a link between this theory—the Romans themselves had no more to go on than "old wives' tales"—and the legend, which much intrigued those old historians, of a great cedarwood and sandalwood gem-encrusted burial chariot, eighteen feet long and twelve wide, which entered Alexandria, drawn by sixty-four white mules, two years after Alexander died.

Professor Brecchias, who is curator of the Greco-Roman antiques at Cairo, and Mr. Howard Carter, known to fame as the discoverer of Tutankhamen's tomb, may find Alexander's tomb—if indeed any attempt was made to preserve the mortal remains of the first of the conquerors of Asia. They may find there more than a mummy in a gold case. There are legendary tales of treasures in gold and jewels buried with the conqueror, and manuscripts from the Persian royal libraries enclosed in his coffin.

A statistical examination of cost and yield gives me a somewhat ironical view of this whole treasure hunting business. But while I would not risk money on the chance of there being gold, jewels and priceless MSS. in Alexander's tomb, I recognise that the uncovering of that long-lost tomb, and the discovering therein of one poor crumbling bone with some identifiable relic of non-precious material, would still constitute one of the greatest and most romantic finds in the history of treasure quests to date.

In the most vulgar terms of money (which incidentally was the driving force behind the Alexander marches), the sale of the exclusive news stories, which would make world headlines for many a day, and of the film rights (appealing to the same vast public which is making the Disney *Snow White* film the most lucrative product ever manufactured and canned in the Hollywood dream factories) would probably accord top place to the hunt, and its discovery.

IT is a matter of record that treasure sought is seldom found, but not a year passes without hidden treasure being turned up by sheer accident.

As I write, news comes that over four hundred silver coins of Henry III's reign, and earlier, have been unearthed at Hornchurch, Essex, by workmen excavating in Hornchurch Road opposite the parish church. The spot where the discovery was made is on the site of an old monastery, from which Hornchurch takes its name. This is only the latest—and one of the smallest—of the many treasures which have been dug up in the streets of this thousand-years-old city.

Earlier this year a hunter in Durango State in Mexico found in a cave a cache of four thousand silver ingots, weighing 100 lb. each, and sixty-four bars of gold, weighing 30 lb. each, the whole being officially reported by the authorities in Mexico City as worth approximately £900,000. Then, U.S. Army sappers making excavations on Margarita Island, in the Gulf of California—which is being fortified—unearthed one thousand ingots of silver and six hundred bars of gold, the Government claiming half of these treasures, in accordance with the law.

While elaborate expeditions vainly hunt treasure, treasure keeps on popping up in the most unexpected places. Small fortunes in hidden gold and gems have been found by men ploughing a field, digging a post hole, ripping up an old floor or tearing down an old building. Treasure has been found in cows' horns, hollow timbers, and old boots.

Workmen repairing a cellar floor at Cysoens, on the Franco-Belgian border, unearthed two years ago a large treasure dating from the tenth century and once belonging to a former abbey. In Ecuador a year ago a Cholo labourer digging an irrigation ditch on a *hacienda* uncovered in the gravelly soil a mummy scattered about with disks and plates and vessels of gold—the tomb treasures of some long dead Inca chieftain. Dredging in the sacred pool at Chichenitza, Yucatan, in search of Mayan relics, a surprised archæological party scooped up gold objects valued at nearly £1,000,000. You can see most of this treasure to-day in the Peabody Museum in America.

It would take columns merely to list the treasure trove yielded by long narrow spades cutting into the peat bogs of Ireland. There was once gold in Wicklow. The museums have a number of examples of gold ornaments made from Wicklow gold. One of the best specimens was found by an Irish peasant boy out to trap the family dinner. It gleamed at him, an ancient gold collar, in the rabbit hole as he knelt to set his wire and stakes.

A boy walking on Salisbury Plain picked up a flint. Out of a hole in it poured a stream of gold coins. There were sixty-five of them—British coins of the second century B.C. A fisherman dragged his boat up the narrow beach of Selsey, and started home. He saw a yellow metal object sticking out of the pebbly sand, and picked up a gold brooch—worn once by an ancient British princess or rich merchant's wife. Lord Weymouth went wandering in Cheddar Gorge—and stumbled on a cache of gold and silver Roman coins, hidden perhaps by some frightened plutocrat when the last legion marched out of Britain to fight in the last of the wars amidst which the world-empire of the Romans collapsed.

John Bull's island—so prosaic to the unimaginative citizen—has even its long-lost fabulous treasure, comparable to the lost treasure of Montezuma. Probably not a hundred people were aware even of the legend, until an action in the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice drew national attention to a lost treasure supposed to be worth—well, whatever twelve wagon loads of gold and jewels, not to mention ancient arms and armour, may be worth at to-day's money values.

The case of Mr. E. G. Ponsonby was that Mr. J. R. H. Boone, an American domiciled in the U.S., engaged him as his agent at a salary of £2,000 a year for a term of three years from October 6, 1932, to carry out a scheme for the discovery and recovery of King John's treasure contained in the king's baggage train, said by historians to have been overwhelmed by the tide and lost in the Wash in the year 1216, and now believed on good authority to be buried under land which since then has been reclaimed from the sea. Mr. Ponsonby claimed £3,875 as damages for salary for the unexpired portion of the three years' agreement.

The case ended in the plaintiff withdrawing his action, as the law was against him; and on this Mr. Boone did not ask for his costs. A satisfactory compromise: but a sad ending to the greatest treasure hunt yet organised—and financed—on British soil!

If King John's treasure had been found, it would have come under the law of treasure trove, which defines treasure as "objects of gold and silver hidden in the soil or in buildings without clue to the owner." The coroner has to be informed promptly. He then holds an inquest on the treasure, and judges whether it is or is not treasure trove. If it is, it belongs to the Crown.

But the Crown is generous. It has never yet grabbed a treasure for the national treasury. If the treasure trove has an antiquarian value, a museum will take the find, and pay full value to the finder. If the find consists of coins or ornaments which already have ample representation in museums, the finder is granted permission to keep them, and he will even get sympathetic aid from the museum authorities if he wants to find a buyer in the antiquarian market.

There are only two exceptions to the rule that treasure found on or in British soil belongs to the nation. The Duchy of Cornwall has a franchise of treasure trove on its Cornish estates; and when some gold ornaments were unearthed recently at Towednack the British Museum, coveting them, had to pay full market price to the Duchy. Outside Cornwall, the rights of the Duchy are in doubt. It seems that the law of treasure trove would over-ride any Duchy claim to full ownership of gold ornaments or coins dug out of the

(*Continued on page* 88)

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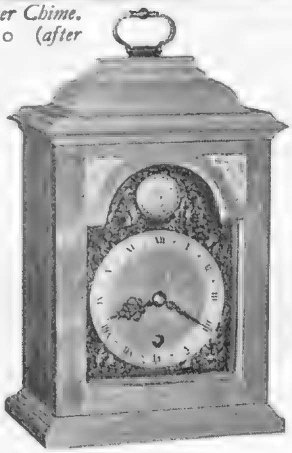

Walnut, height 10 ins. £9 . 9 . 0 (after Ellicott —1720)

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excavations on the site of the great prehistoric earthwork of Maiden Castle, in Dorset.

The other exception to the treasure trove rule is the City of London, by virtue of its very ancient rights and customs going back over a thousand years. The City authorities have the right to any treasure turned up within the City's "square mile."

It requires little examination of facts and figures to show that speculations in such industrial raw materials as copper, vanadium, pitchblende, rubber, tin, lead, jute, sisal, oil, or even gold mines (although the latter list as much lost money as any search for pirates' gold) offer an infinitely better run for one's money, than cash invested in some expedition to hunt for buried treasure.

Extend the definition of the word "treasure," and one finds that not a week, perhaps not a day, passes without a treasure being unearthed somewhere—a new gold-field or base-metal deposit located, a subterranean oil reservoir tapped (every year on the American continent alone between 200,000 and 300,000 new bore holes are drilled in the ceaseless search for "black gold"), a long-lost art treasure found.

The greatest treasure on record was discovered on the South African veldt, almost by accident. It is the great Witwatersrand gold reef. A thousand million pounds' worth of yellow metal has been taken out of that "cache," and it is estimated there is another three thousand million pounds' worth still to come. A farmer seventy years ago stood atop that treasure, and looked it over. But all he saw was brown "hungry" earth, inadequately watered. He thought the land not worth the £500 asked.

The great diamond-pipes in South Africa were betrayed by a native child who found a rough diamond and used it as a plaything. A Boer farmer saw it gleam dully, and took it on the chance that it might be worth something. It was—£12,000. They are still digging diamonds out of the De Beer's group of mines on that spot, although tens of millions of pounds' worth have already been taken out.

In Jugoslavia, British-American capital works the great Trepca silver-lead mines.

Boom in Treasure Trove

The Romans found that treasure of metal buried in the earth. An old historical document led to its re-discovery.

When copper soared to £200 a ton in 1929, men went out in aeroplanes looking for new Golcondas—of copper. The biggest treasure of the red metal was found in Rhodesia—an enormous deposit extractable at the low cost of around £22-£24 a ton (copper is now £40 a ton). The last year's profits from the field aggregated £5,000,000.

Of all the old Greek manuscripts, only one has been discovered—a play by an obscure dramatist of the fourteenth century. Of the Latin writing, we have found nothing earlier than a fragment date A.D. 53. Have all of them perished?

Some writings of Columbus and Shakespeare should have endured. But nobody has ever found a Shakespeare letter, let alone the MS. of one of his plays. Nobody has a Columbus relic: only one private collector has a Cervantes letter.

Quests for such treasures are unending. But chance, not calculation, is still responsible for ninety per cent of discoveries. The finding of the most valuable copy of Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis* high-lights that phenomenon.

A London bookseller was on a visit to Lamport Hall, the ancestral home of the Ishams. He went poking about in an old lumber room. Over stacks of wood and discarded furniture dust had settled thickly. Cobwebs dimmed the pale light coming through one small, grimy window. Mice ran boldly over the floor.

For a long time the bookseller turned over the dusty piles without finding anything of particular importance. But suddenly his eye was arrested by a volume of peculiar size and shape. He seized it. A *Venus and Adonis* of Shakespeare! It was an unknown fourth edition of 1599, printed for "William Lake dwelling in Paule's Churchyard at the signe of the Greyhound." It is now in the Huntington library. The millionaire paid a record price for it.

END

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Books

(Continued from page 28)

out modern man's indebtedness to the blessings of chemical science.

So long as this science remains applied to peace-time industry I, for one, am fully prepared to acknowledge this indebtedness.

Man in a Chemical World is preoccupied with American industrial progress—that rather hectic pursuit ennobled and enriched by the selfless and unobtrusive work of an army of brilliant scientists. By way of a restful contrast, I would commend to your special notice a volume about the quiet countryside of rural Britain.

Introducing Britain (George Allen and Unwin, 7s. 6d.) is a delightful ramble through typical British life and landscape, rendered all the more delectable because it is in the form of a tour personally conducted by Kenneth Johnstone, Thomas Burke, H. B. Brenan, Clair Price, Margaret Brabington, Kenneth Matthews, Humphrey Pakington, Betty Arne, A. K. Hamilton Jenkin, S. P. B. Mais, Edmund Vale, Régine Hausman, Janet Adam Smith, Maray McLaren, Alexander Wanless, Charles Duff, D. L. Kelleher and Harry Roberts.

The book contains a number of delightful photographic illustrations and is prefaced by a foreword from the Earl of Derby who, as President of the Travel and Industrial Development Association of Great Britain and Ireland, points out that it presents some of the "Talks" which have been supplied to the broadcasting stations in the United States and Canada by that Association as part of its work in "projecting" Britain overseas.

Of a more exhaustive nature is *This England*, by W. S. Shears, of which The Right Book Club now gives us a new edition at the extraordinarily low price of 2s. 6d.

In its original and more expensive form *This England* was deservedly well received and in my opinion the publishers have performed a national service in now bringing it within the reach of all, for it is indeed a mine of information presented in a most interesting manner.

In all, this work runs to 703 pages, including many fine maps and drawings and an index of undoubted value.

I sincerely recommend *This England* to all who possess any pride or interest in its subject.

And now for fiction. . . .

Robert Hichens gives us *The Journey Up* (Cassell and Co., 8s. 6d.).

Mr. Hichens was a popular novelist when I was a boy, but Mr. Hichens moves with the times and that is why he is still a popular novelist to-day.

Thus Ida, the heroine of his latest book, is a mannequin—one of those elegant young women of whom a post-War world has become consciously aware as a feature of coming generations of county society, almost to the exclusion of those pre-War monopolists of the scions of nobility, the ladies of the chorus!

But Ida (naturally!) was different.

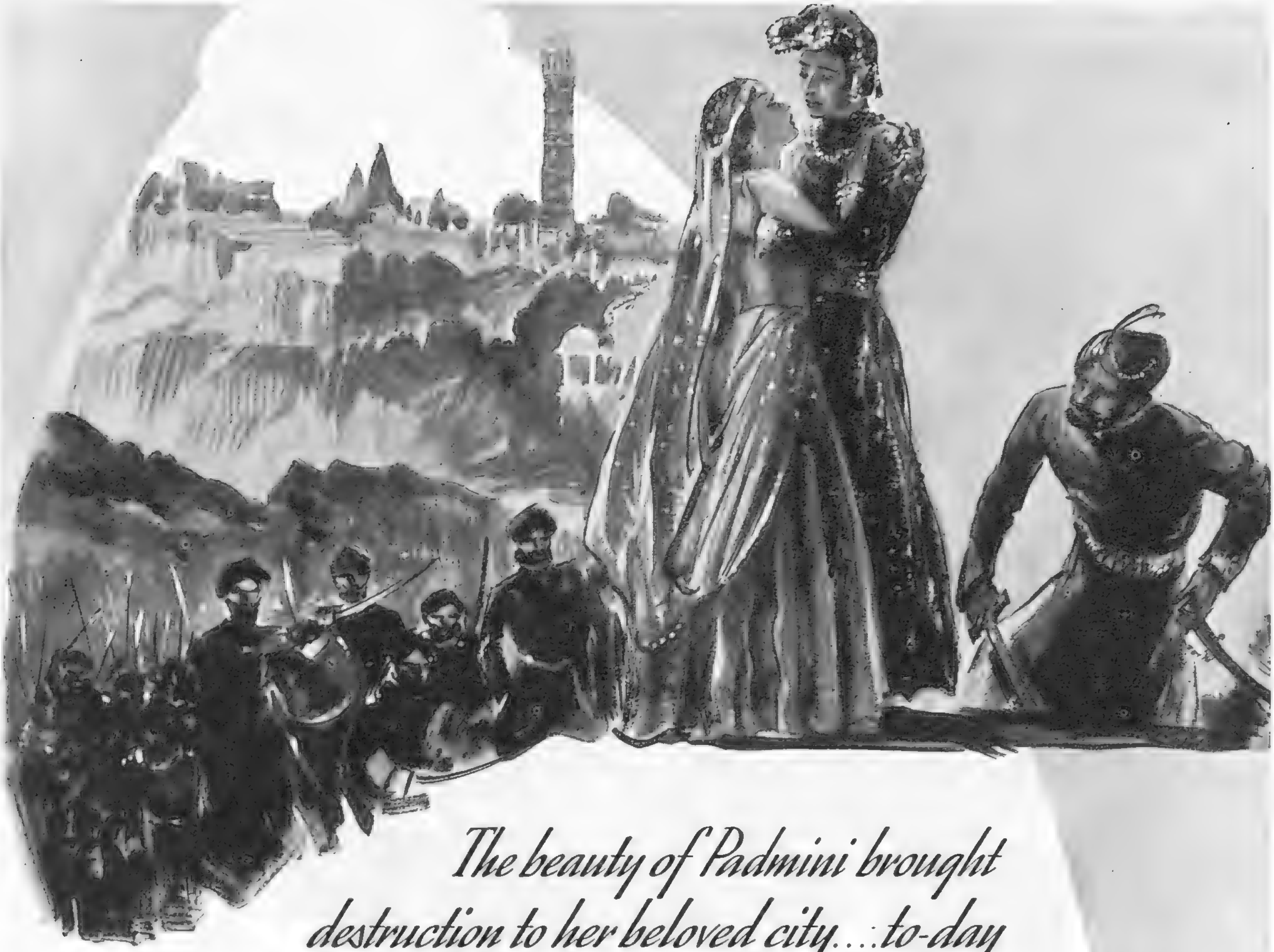
That is why her striking beauty and almost incredible ingenuousness so completely captivated Eustace Brayburn, the surgeon—hero of this romance.

They married and were ecstatically happy.

No—that is not by any means the ending of this novel, however traditional an ending it might appear, for Lady Hartfield suddenly developed an urge to launch Ida into society.

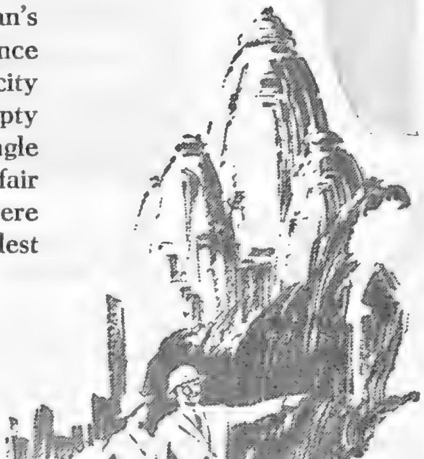
The story of the ex-mannequin's dazzling success, her ambitious schemes for herself and for her husband, the rash act that led to the moving and

(*Continued on page* 90)



The beauty of Padmini brought destruction to her beloved city . . . to-day Chitor lies silent and deserted, the jungle has conquered all.

Ala-ud-din, the Afghan conqueror, desired the beautiful Padmini, a queen of Chitor with skin so delicate that it was said food could be seen as it slipped down her throat. He laid siege to the great Rajput city, proud and secure on its hilltop, and by treachery captured Padmini's husband so that he might demand her in return. She arrived with pomp, seven hundred hooded palanquins bearing the ladies of her retinue; but when Ala-ud-din came gleefully to interrupt husband and wife's parting embrace, out of the palanquins sprang seven hundred Rajput swordsmen who cut a way for Padmini through the Afghan's camp. Ala-ud-din took his vengeance upon Chitor; he found it a noble city and left it a hilltop tomb . . . . empty as you will find it to-day, with the jungle creeping up the steep slopes into fair palaces and pleasant gardens where once lived the great Rajputs, proudest of India's proud races.



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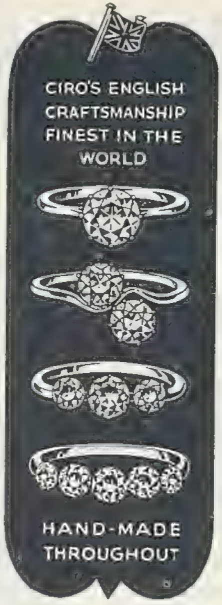
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highly dramatic climax of this gripping story, all these make excellent reading and lead the reader to echo Arthur Halliwell's words to Brayburn when he exclaims: "There are moments when I think the nature of your love for Ida has been the curse of your life. And not only a curse to you but a curse to her, too."

The Book Society did well in selecting Daphne du Maurier's new novel *Rebecca* (Gollancz, 8s. 6d.) as its choice for August, for this is indeed a most distinguished piece of writing.

It is a very long while indeed since I encountered a book in which the author has displayed such a complete mastery over the characters and atmosphere which comprise its ingredients.

Rebecca herself, who dominates the book from start to finish, is dead when the story opens, but unusual as this situation may be, it is only one of the minor unusualnesses of this very unusual book.

I have yet to make up my mind whether extraordinary ideas expressed in ordinary language or ordinary ideas expressed in extraordinary language make the better book.

Rebecca comes uncompromisingly into the former category, but so original are the many twists which distinguish this little masterpiece—particularly in the second half of the book—that one does not realise how much of her effect Miss du Maurier creates by the use of deliberately undistinguished phraseology.

Rebecca is a strong story ideally told. It has wit, pathos, insight and compassion on every page and through it all one feels the quickened pulse of a dramatic crescendo.

Please read *Rebecca* and if you do not enjoy it, write to my editor and tell him I recommend the wrong books!

One of the most prolific authors of detective novels to-day is Cecil Freeman Gregg, the creator of the famous Inspector Higgins.

Mr. Gregg's latest book, *Expert Evidence* (Methuen, 7s. 6d.), experiments with a new idea.

The idea is to put the reader into the jury-box at a murder trial and to let him form his own judgment on the innocence or guilt of the accused from the demeanour and evidence of the various witnesses, the final address of counsel and the summing-up of the judge.

This notion may be an experiment as a book, but it has its roots, I fancy, in a similarly successful theatrical experiment, a year or so back, in which a jury was empanelled at each performance from members of the audience.

However that may be, the present experiment undoubtedly comes off.

The trial is that of James Marfelt and as the evidence unfolds, the reader finds his sympathy vacillating in the most disturbing manner.

In the end, however, a decision must be made and having made it the reader may then proceed to discover precisely how right—or how wrong—that decision was.

A mystery story in which the mystery and the story continually vie with each other for mastery is *A Rope for the Hanging*, by Nigel Morland (Cassell & Co., 7s. 6d.).

This is a Mrs. Pym story and it contains, in addition, all the well-known characters associated with previous Mrs. Pym mystery stories.

A dead drunk in an East End gutter is a far cry from the splendid, mighty figure of Abe Mencken, but Mrs. Pym finds the connecting link, employing her whole physical and mental energy to combat the mysteries of the strangest case she has yet solved.

To complicate matters there are Dingdong Bell, that odd little cockney and the elusive Donald Sinnit; there is lovely Sarah Puttick, the enigma of the whole story; and Mencken's Works, near the Tidal Basin, maintain throughout a background and a secret which is almost incredible.

Nigel Morland has an ingratiating way of lifting one veil to let us glimpse another. Only Mrs. Pym's profound knowledge of criminology enables her to penetrate the lot a bit ahead of the reader.

But perhaps, after all, this is what the author intended!

END

Put Off Your Winter Cold

(*Continued from page* 56)

menthol. To do this effectively, use an old stone jam-pot, grate or sprinkle in a pinch of menthol powder and barely cover the bottom with the balsam. Now fill jar to the top with boiling water and hold your head over it with a towel forming a tent about you which shuts out the air, as it is only the first uprush of vapour on fusion, that cuts the phlegm and cures.

Also gargle with glycerine and tannin, enough to cover the bottom of the tumbler, then fill a third way up with warm water.

Should your cold be the result of over-tiredness: this is a sign that your body is probably impregnated with poison, and the best cure is a sweat, a light diet, and bed.

Some people can perspire by drinking four quarts of tepid water in the day, a pint every hour. Others require a Turkish bath. Some women swear by a wax-bath. A mustard bath can be taken at home, and after it, camphorated oil should be rubbed on the chest as well as on the foot soles. Get to bed in a warm well-aired room, with two hot-water bottles and Vapex sprinkled on the sheet.

Cut out smoking. The more long hot drinks you can sink the better. Hot squeezed orange, hot strained black currant, made by pouring boiling water on to black currant jam and stirring and straining. No alcohol. Keep changing into fresh bed-wear if you perspire. And if some kind person will rub you down with toilet eau de Cologne as well, you will soon be fit.

If your cold is the result of a chill, it means that the organs of your body have become numbed and clogged.

Bed is definitely the safest place: a castor-oil aperient would be wise, so would a day's complete fast. Even if you have to be up and about, a fast is best. During this, drink as much plain hot water as you can stand.

On the second day, small drinks of strained tomato juice will stimulate the liver back to action. Asparagus, even the tinned variety, acts beneficially on the kidneys; corn-on-the-cob on the pancreas. Prunes, soaked in water overnight and then simmered in the water they have soaked in with sticks of cinnamon, would clear mucus from the stomach.

On the third day, as the feeling of congestion vanishes, graduate to custards and meat broths. But, if complications are to be avoided, try to have three whole days in bed.

END

Autumn Programme

(*Continued from page* 41)

but it is expensive to buy the plants in quantities. Prepare the beds before planting by digging and enriching with well decayed or hop manure which can be bought very cheaply in sacks and is clean to handle.

In tidying up in the autumn *don't cut down too drastically.* Many stems such as delphiniums are hollow and, if cut too low, damp collects near the roots. In any case stems protect plants through the winter and thus ensure early vigorous flowering next year.

END

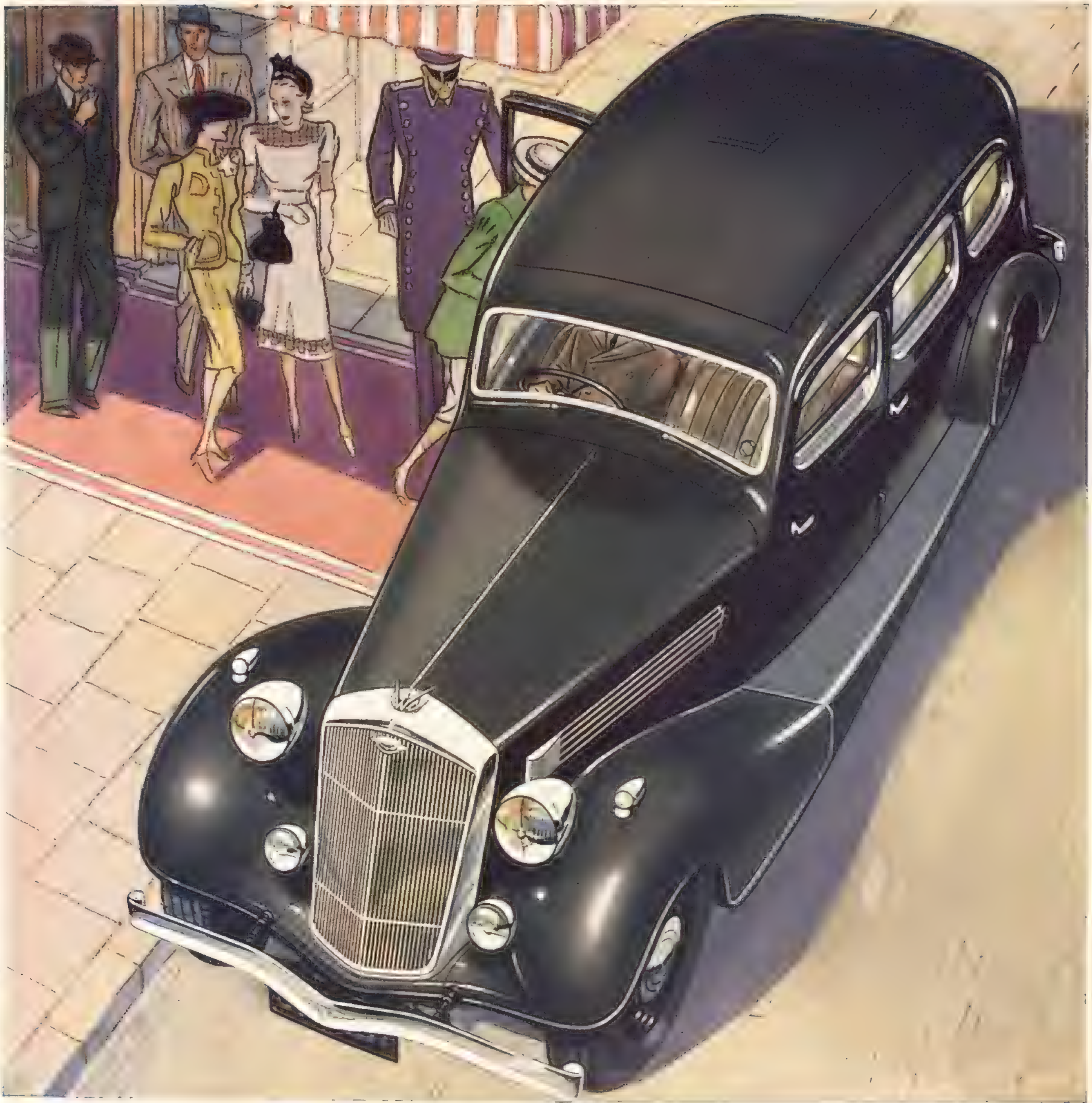
IN PERU ONE DRINKS CHICA . . . ★

. . . WHEN ONE CAN'T GET

Schweppes

★ The chief constituent of Chica seems to be delightfully elastic. Generally it is maize, but you can also use barley, rice, peas, grapes, pineapples, or manioc—in fact, we suggest, pretty well anything in the back garden. Schweppes Sparkling Lime, on the other hand, can be made only from limes; Schweppes Sparkling Grape Fruit only from grapefruit . . . and Schweppes only by Schweppes.

WHEREVER YOU ARE . . . THE BEST CLASS BAR SERVES Schweppes



The Wolseley 25-h.p. Limousine, £775. *Dunlops, Triplex and Jackalls of course. . . . Other models from £245*

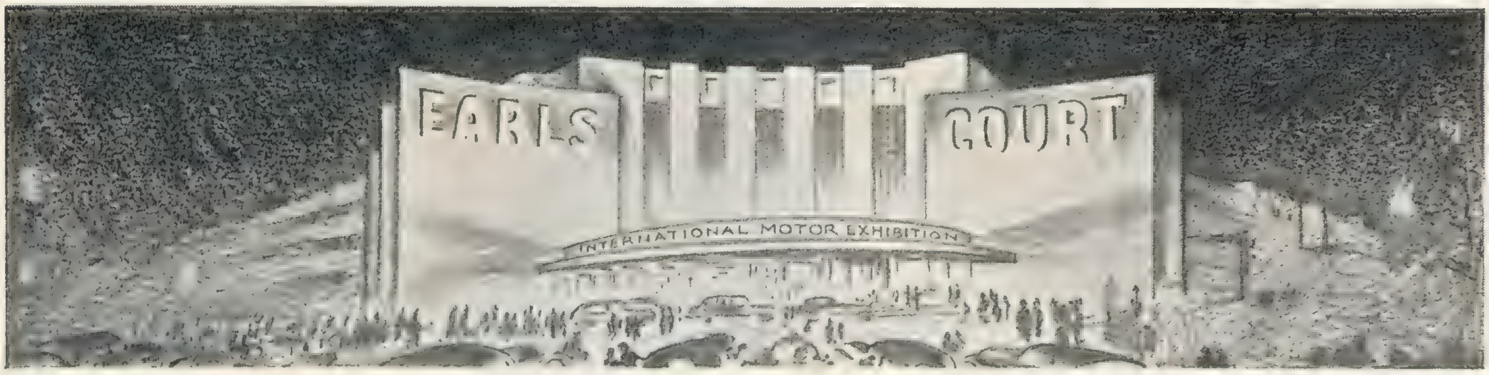
Entourage

TO A WOMAN with social activities a car represents something far more than a means of transportation. She may be attracted by the luxurious comfort and spaciousness of a Wolseley Limousine—the soothing quietness of its well-lighted, unobtrusively ventilated interior—its strong silent power. But subconsciously it will mean a great deal more to her. Its long, graceful and distinguished appearance must seem a natural setting for her position in life—a lengthened reflection of the taste and beauty of her home. When you consider a Wolseley Limousine in that light, you realise that its ownership would be most apt in your own case. . . .

Buy Wisely – Buy WOLSELEY

Wolseley Motors Ltd., Ward End, Birmingham 8. London Distributors Eustace Watkins Ltd., Berkeley Street, W.1. Sole Exporters: M.I.E. Ltd., Cowley, Oxford, England.

Special Motor Show Section: Compiled by The Earl of Cardigan



THE 1938 MOTOR SHOW

Why it Deserves a Visit

By The Earl of Cardigan

WHEN the ordinary motorist pays a visit to the palatial showrooms of one of the big firms of motor car retailers, he must be struck by the variety of cars on view, and also by the ease with which he can stroll around and examine them. He must be inclined to say to himself, "This is like a miniature Motor Show—and it is a good deal more convenient and comfortable than the real thing!"

It is quite a fair comment. For the individual purchaser who wishes to examine a certain number of individual cars, there is no doubt that a good showroom display has much to recommend it. It is limited in scope—but that is a matter that can be largely remedied by looking in at a number of rival establishments before coming to a decision.

At the same time, if one takes a keen interest in motor cars in general, and especially if one wishes to bring one's knowledge up to date before committing oneself to buying anything at all, it is still well worth while to make an expedition to the Motor Show itself. There are several reasons for this.

First of all, the scope of the Motor Show is enormous, even if one studies only the section devoted to cars. Every English make is represented, and every model of every English make. There are also cars from a number of foreign countries, and these have a special interest. They are naturally the best representative specimens of their countries' manufacturing skill, sent here because their special virtues enable them to sell, even in competition with our protected home products.

Anyone, therefore, who has examined all the cars exhibited at Earls Court may fairly claim to have seen examples of whatever is best in the world's output of cars. This is more than can possibly be said after any but the most exhaustive tour of show rooms.

Also, having seen all these cars under one roof, he will have been able to draw accurate comparisons between them, to an extent which would otherwise have been impossible without much flitting to and fro between one show room and another. He will have been able to pick out, from perhaps two dozen cars of the type in which he is specially interested, three or four outstanding examples from among which he can subsequently make a final choice.

MOREOVER, he will to a large extent have protected himself against buying a car of obsolescent type. There is always a risk, when one makes a haphazard choice on the spur of the moment, that the model selected may be one which the manufacturers are just about to supersede. It may be a perfectly sound choice in itself—but its second-hand market value will, in these circumstances, suffer an abnormally rapid decline.

A model exhibited at Earls Court, on the other hand, may safely be regarded as one which the manufacturers intend to continue, at least for some considerable time to come. Obviously, if a change in design were contemplated, the opportunity would have been taken of making the change immediately prior to the Show, and of exhibiting the new design.

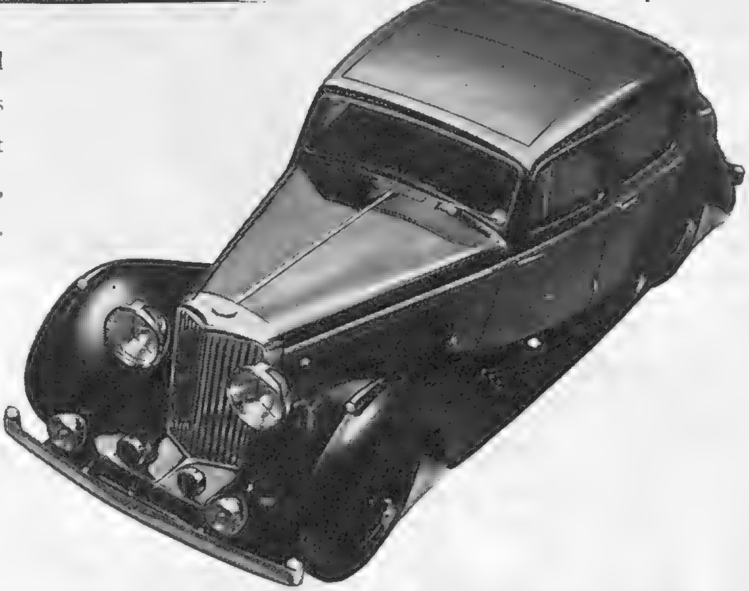
ANOTHER good reason for going to the Motor Show is that, although one may not be a buyer of anything costing more than £200–£300, it is possible at Earls Court to examine cars costing £1,000 or more. They are there to be looked at—so that one need feel no qualms about it.

I am not suggesting that one should give way to aimless curiosity; but there is definite interest in seeing what the special features are which distinguish the more expensive cars. One can put this knowledge to a practical use by noticing which of these features, if any, are being adopted by small cars of the better type.

Quite apart from these practical considerations, however, the Motor Show always has plenty of attraction for those who are interested in motor cars as such. One sees all the latest ideas of the designers taking concrete shape—many destined to be abandoned as soon as there is a change of fashion, but some no doubt fated to have a permanent influence on the cars of future years. The enthusiast will devote much of his visit in trying to distinguish the gold from the dross, as he turns from one novel feature to another.

FINALLY, let us not forget that, since the Motor Show has changed its venue from Olympia to Earls Court, it is possible to go round the stands in much greater comfort than before. A "tube" station actually opens into the Exhibition building, which is so large as to be almost immune from the unpleasantness of overcrowding.

Take all the eagerness and spirit of unbridled power: harness it and temper it so that it answers to a touch: add the ready response and perfect manners of a thoroughbred, and there's your Jaguar, a car to master the miles, to grace the highway.



THE 1939

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1½-Litre Saloon £298 (*Drophead Coupe* £318)
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STAND 126 · EARLS COURT *S.S. Cars Ltd., Coventry. London Showrooms: Henlys, Devonshire House, Piccadilly, W.1*

WHAT the SHOW will REVEAL

How Car Design Alters and Develops

By

The Earl of Cardigan

NOW that the motor industry in this country is something over forty years of age, one can hardly expect to find very startling annual changes taking place in the general design of cars. Some degree of change, none the less, takes place continuously. It is rather like the process of Evolution—a series of inconspicuous gradations from which eventually some radical alteration is seen to have emerged.

Thus, to the casual Motor Show visitor, it may seem that the 1939 models are largely similar to their predecessors of 1938 or even of the year before. The changes are there however—and they are not merely matters of unimportant detail. The basic design of the cars is developing, however slowly, along certain perceptible lines.

Let us see how this development is manifested at Earls Court this year. Engines do not seem to have altered much, being still almost universally placed at the front end of the chassis and fuelled with petrol. On the face of it, we can only observe that there is a renewed movement in favour of overhead valves, which are gaining in popularity at the expense of side-valves.

All the 1939 engines are, of course, designed to run at very high "revs"—a fact which may cause some apprehension to the cautious purchaser. Can these many thousands of revolutions per minute be maintained indefinitely on the new by-pass roads without prejudice to an engine's reliability? It is a serious question, and—as a "straw to show which way the wind blows"—it is worth noting that one important manufacturer has already answered it by turning out a short-stroke engine, designed to keep at least its piston-speed within reasonable limits.

Other "straws in the wind" are provided by the rear-engined cars, of which we shall see one or two at Earls Court. There is no doubt, I think, that the location of the engine at the rear end of the chassis provides the only thorough-going solution to a number of problems which have cropped up within recent years.

For example, we hear much talk about "inter-axle seating," i.e., the placing of passengers somewhere near the centre of the wheelbase. Most manufacturers are attempting to achieve this by pushing forward their engines, with the result that most of the new cars have a considerable over-hang in front. More passenger space is certainly created by this means—but the effect is not very pleasing to the eye, nor is the distribution of weight conducive to good road-holding.

With a rear-engined car, inter-axle seating is achieved as a matter of course. It ceases to present the slightest difficulty.

Again, many designers have a hankering after streamlining. We have seen attempts to put streamlined coachwork on to the conventional chassis—and it will be admitted that, in most cases, the result has not been good. Comfort has been lost, and extra efficiency has not been gained.

With the engine at the rear, it at once becomes a simple matter to obtain a reasonably good streamline shape. One could multiply such arguments; but my point is simply this—that the rear engined cars at Earls Court are deserving of special attention.

The same, I think, applies to any car which is exhibited with a Diesel engine. Such an engine is extremely economical, and is already capable of running, if not quite as sweetly as a petrol engine, at any rate more smoothly than the ordinary person would suppose. We shall hear more of this type in the future.

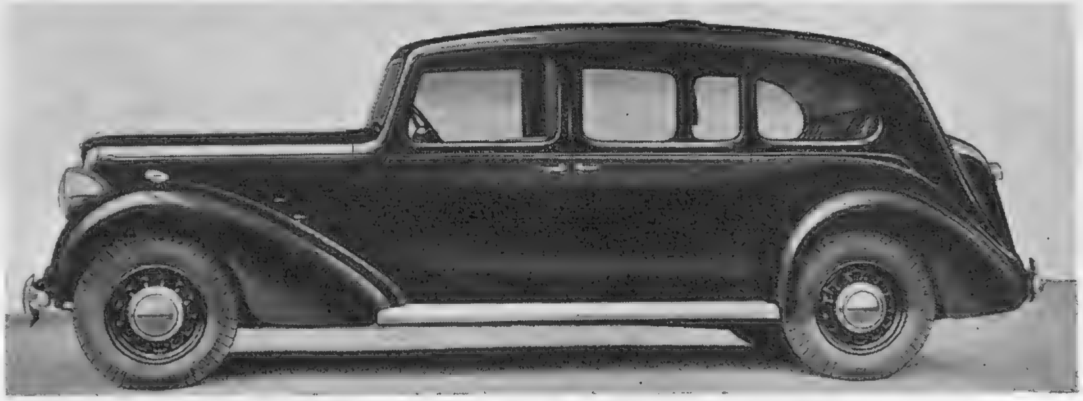
TURNING now to transmission systems, a tour of the Motor Show will certainly demonstrate that synchromesh gearing is more popular than ever. An increasing number of cars have gearboxes in which two, three or even four synchromesh ratios are used. The tendency is for all ratios to be so equipped, with the exception perhaps of the lowest.

This does not mean that other forms of gearing are being abandoned. A number of firms remain very faithful to the pre-selective gearbox, controlled by a small lever on the steering column. This type is ultra-simple in use, with or without the aid either of a fluid flywheel or of an automatic friction clutch. Where such an aid is employed, there is no doubt that almost fool-proof transmission is achieved.

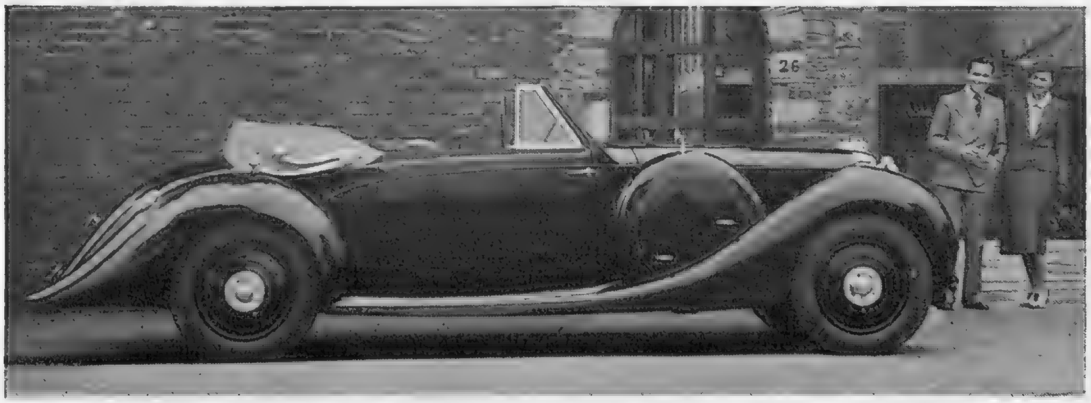
The free-wheel likewise still has its adherents—and there are other systems also, all designed to eliminate the need for manual skill in transmitting power from a car's engine to its driving wheels. We may very well conclude that, before long, we shall see transmission systems which are 100 per cent automatic, i.e., in which the driver does not even have to initiate the changing of gear ratios.

This is of course already quite practicable. I have myself driven a car which "made its own gear changes." We only await something of this sort which is both cheap to manufacture and also such as to catch the public fancy.

(Continued on page 97)



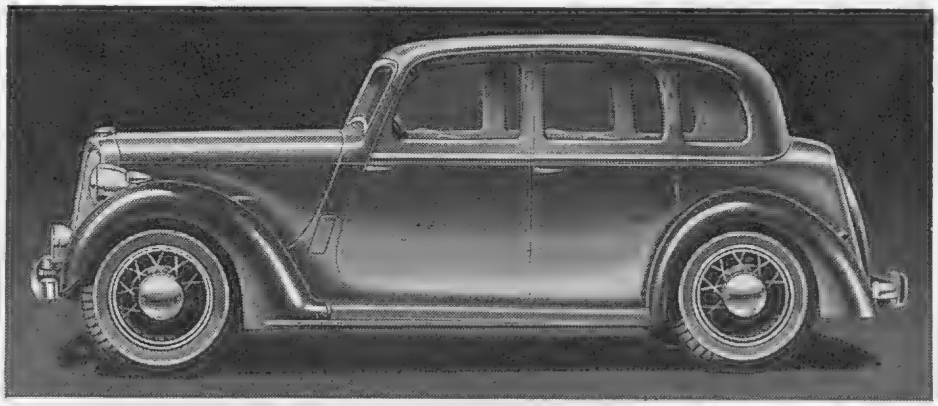
The Austin "Twenty-Eight" Ranelagh limousine. This luxurious car is the largest of the 1939 Austins, and the most lavishly equipped



A car of distinction is this Lagonda drophead coupé by W. O. Bentley. The twelve-cylinder model on 10 ft. 4 in. wheelbase is £1,575, and the six-cylinder model on 10 ft. 7½ in. wheelbase £1,220

1939 ROVER

The Rover 1939 Programme embodies a host of interesting new refinements and improvements. Its most important feature is the introduction of a new Fourteen, which sums up the experience gained in building high quality six cylinder cars. The Ten Saloon design is now in line with the larger models, and incorporates the familiar built-in luggage compartment. Synchro-mesh gears are now combined with the successful Rover Free Wheel on all models and the six cylinder models have Anti-Roll Stabilisers fitted to both front and rear axles for increased stability at high speeds. May we send you a copy of the new Rover catalogue?



THE NEW TEN SALOON

10 H.P. Saloon	£275	14 H.P. Drop Head Coupé	£398
10 H.P. Coupé	£285	16 H.P. Saloon	£360
12 H.P. Saloon	£300	16 H.P. Sports Saloon	£370
12 H.P. Sports Saloon	£310	16 H.P. Drop Head Coupé	£428
14 H.P. Saloon	£330	20 H.P. Sports Saloon	£425
14 H.P. Sports Saloon	£340	20 H.P. Drop Head Coupé	£478

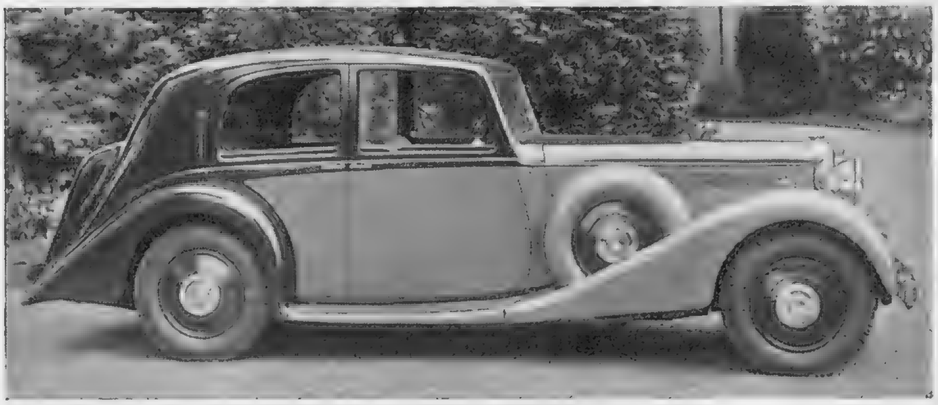
A REPRESENTATIVE RANGE WILL BE EXHIBITED AT
EARLS COURT, STAND 137 OCT. 13-22

THE ROVER CO. LTD. COVENTRY. London Showrooms: Henlys Ltd., Devonshire House, Piccadilly, W.1.

CVS—279

What the Show will Reveal

(continued)



The 4-litre Daimler is a new model, having a 30 h.p. straight-eight engine, fluid flywheel and pre-selective gearbox. This is one of eleven coachwork styles priced from £1,070 upwards

Meanwhile, there will be quite a few cars at Earls Court fitted with that very useful device, the over-drive. It will be interesting to see which kind of over-drive has the greater following—that in which a higher set of ratios "cuts in" at a given road speed, or that in which the driver can engage the higher or lower ratios at his own discretion. At this year's Show, the former is likely to be more common; but I shall expect the latter to gain ground, at any rate where it is applied to sports cars.

We are certain to see a number of new developments in regard to springing. The principle of independent suspension for the front wheels is by no means new; but it is only recently that the big manufacturers have adopted it for their ordinary touring models. There are various means by which the front wheels can be sprung independently of each other—but in every case it will be seen that the front axle has either been abolished altogether, or else is divided and hinged in the centre.

It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that ordinary semi-elliptic springing is already a thing of the past. Where sports cars at any rate are concerned, many people still prefer the relatively "stiff" suspension which semi-elliptic leaf springs give.

There is never any startling change in steering gears; but this year's Show may give evidence of some further reaction away from the very low-geared steering which some manufacturers were favouring previously. I do not believe that this ultra-low gearing—although it admittedly makes for extreme lightness of control—is popular with motorists in general.

Where braking systems are concerned, we shall see a sharp division of opinion among the leading firms, some using hydraulic brakes and others preferring mechanical, Servo-assisted types. In the past year, hydraulic brakes have certainly gained in popularity.

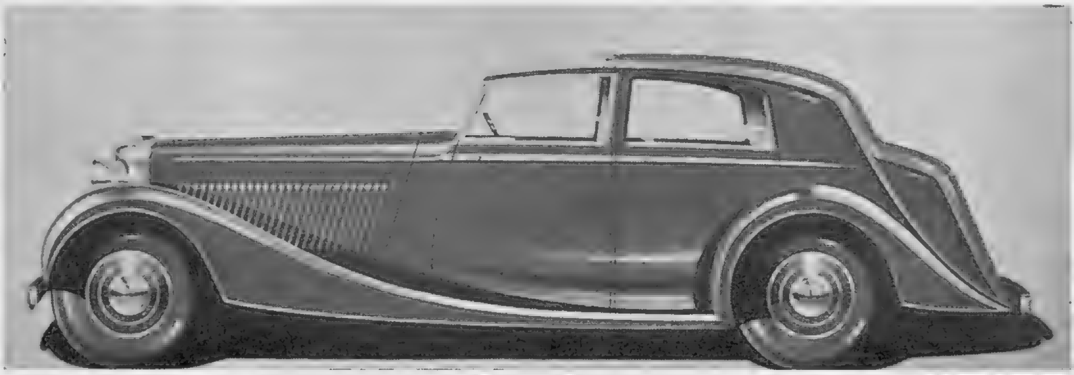
On a majority of cars however, brake rods or cables are still employed to transmit the driver's pedal pressure into stopping power. In particular, the Girling mechanical braking system has become a prime favourite.

In the matter of coachwork, I noted last year a tendency to revert to "orthodox" lines in preference to pursuing the dubious attractions of streamlining. It is perhaps recognised now that a front-engined car can never be satisfactorily streamlined. This orthodox tendency, at any rate, continues.

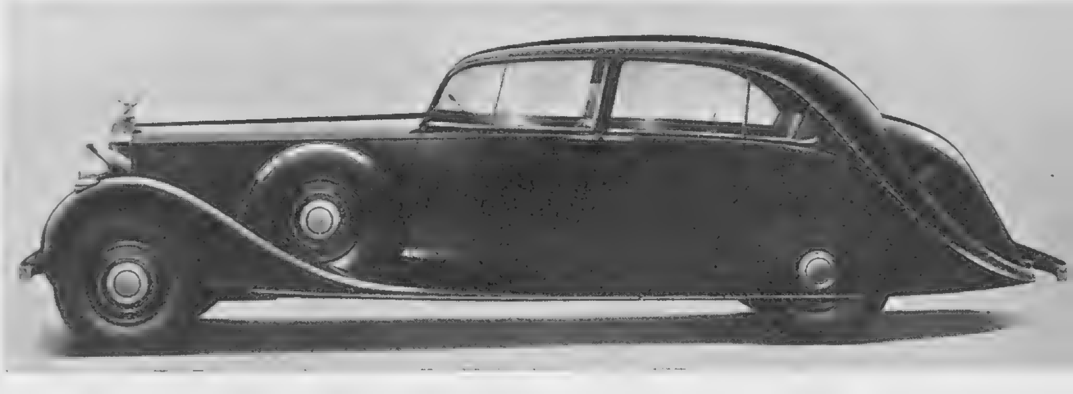
On the 1939 chassis, saloon bodies will be most commonly fitted, seating five people in the majority of cases. Six-seater bodies will be offered by some firms; but it remains unusual for an English coachbuilder to supply a bench-type front seat, even where plenty of space is available for two passengers alongside the driver. It is felt—whether rightly or wrongly I do not know—that two "bucket" seats are preferred.

Convertible four-seater coupés are certain to enjoy a great increase in popularity, although costing considerably more to manufacture. On almost every stand at Earls Court, we shall see a coupé model among the exhibits.

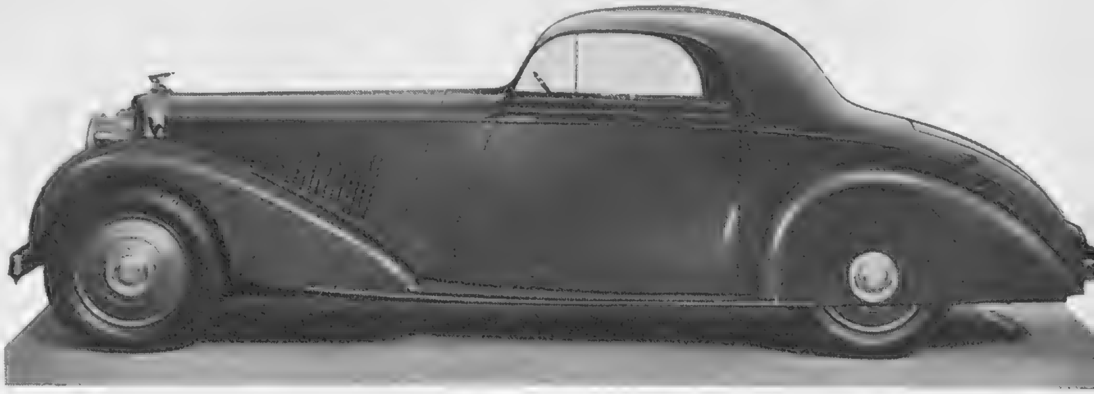
There are no doubt many other directions in which cars are changing and developing—and it may interest Motor Show visitors to "spot" some instances, other than those which I have mentioned. Even the minor modifications may be found to have their own significance.



The Car Mart Ltd. will exhibit this 4¼-litre Bentley, which will be seen on Messrs. H. J. Mulliner & Co.'s stand at Earls Court

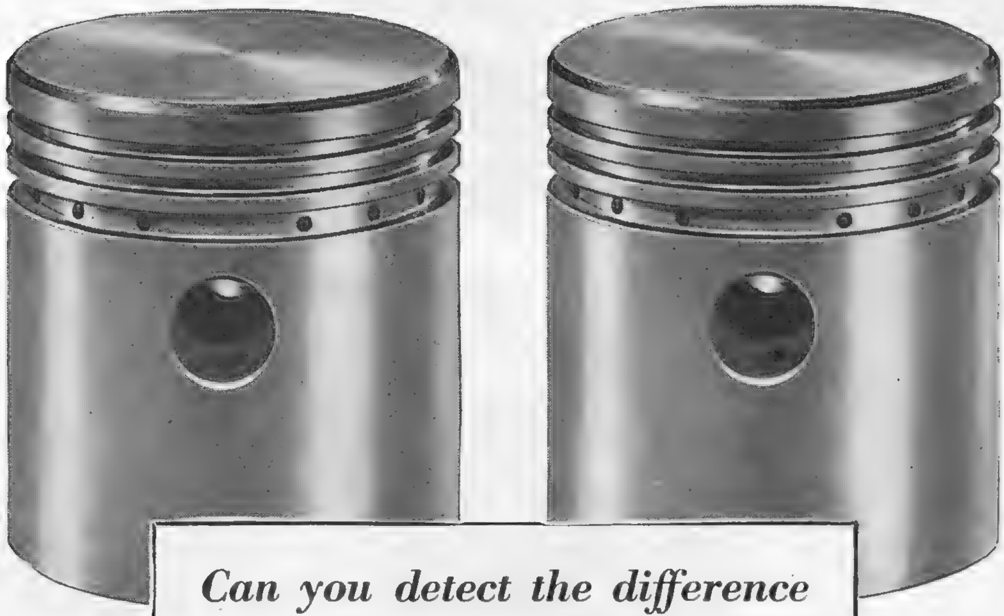


This Rolls-Royce "Phantom III" touring limousine is a magnificent example of craftsmanship. The chassis has independent front springing and a twelve-cylinder engine. The coachwork is by Park Ward



A fast and luxurious car is this 4¼-litre Bentley, with two-seater coupé coachwork by Park Ward

PROBLEM for VISITORS to the MOTOR SHOW



Can you detect the difference between these two pistons?

To *see* the difference between these two pistons you would have to have eyes like microscopes that magnified hundreds of times. For a piston has to be accurately machined to within 1/10,000th of an inch before it is passed for use in an Austin engine. Pneumatic micrometers and many other intricate machines do the "seeing" for Austin test engineers.

Every Austin car is built and tested by precision methods. When you visit the Motor Show remember this accuracy.

It is something you cannot see on the Stand but it soon shows up on the road. To its unfailing observance in manufacture you owe the unfailing safety, performance and economy of your Austin car.

AUSTIN PISTONS are machined oval for positive lubrication. In addition to the diameters being checked to 1/10,000th of an inch they are also carefully balanced by pairs for correct weight: on this careful process of selection the smoothness of Austins largely depends.

AUSTIN STAND Nº 150

If you cannot visit us at the Motor Show be sure to see the new range of cars at your local dealer, who will also be happy to give you a fascinating little book called "Making Cars and Making Certain."

BRITISH CARS—BEST IN THE LONG RUN

AMONG the NEW CARS

Models Which Will Claim Attention at Earls Court

By

The Earl of Cardigan

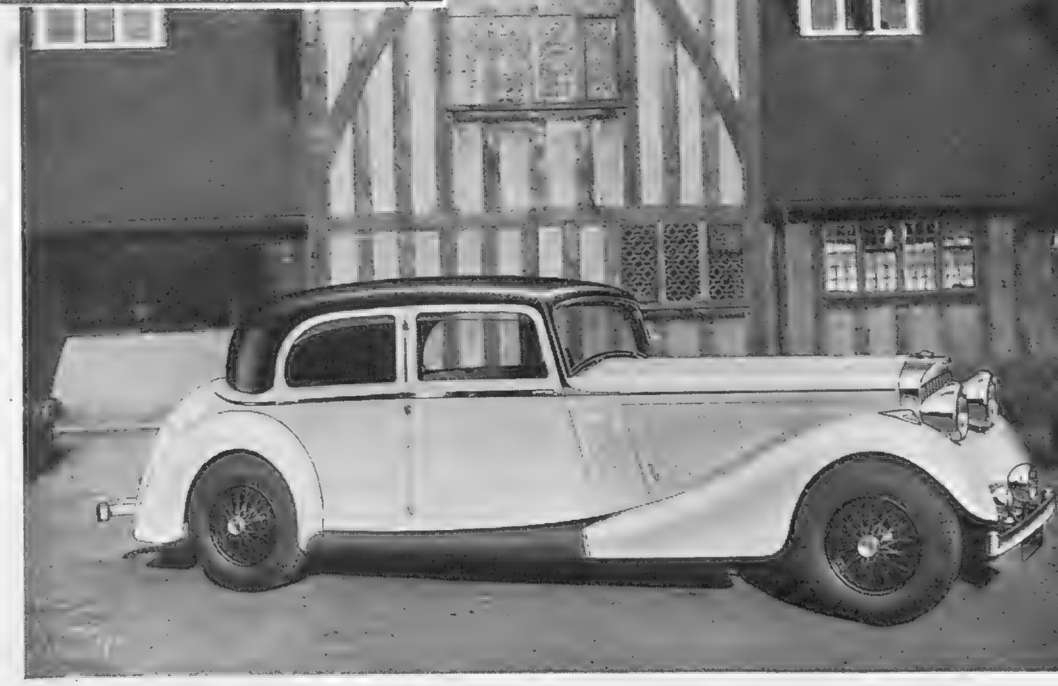
If anyone were to attempt to give a full account of all the cars which will be on view at the Motor Show, he would find himself writing not an article but a book! Every important *marque* will be exhibited with the sole exception of the Ford (who this year are having a special exhibition of their various models, by their agents and dealers throughout the country). There will be an average of at least three different models on every stand, among which there will be a fair sprinkling of entirely new designs.

An attractive small sports car is the Sunbeam-Talbot "Ten." With four-door sports saloon coachwork, it is listed at £265

Consequently, my policy must be akin to that of the social gossip writer who goes to a big reception. I must use the formula, "among those present . . ." in order to pick out a few cars which are of more than ordinary interest. Even so, I can hardly hope to do more than point out a few salient features of each.

Whichever others are omitted, the leading cars of the popular type must of course be included—for these are the ones which make a direct and practical appeal to the average person. Nearly every visitor to the show will, for example, pause at the Austin stand, if only to bring up to date his standard of what "good value" means.

As always, the Austin company is offering a large number of different models, ranging from the perennially popular "Seven" (of 7.8 h.p.) to the large and luxurious "Twenty-eight." All these cars have certain features in common, such as silent-running side-valve engines, four-speed gearboxes with three of the ratios synchromesh, and very well-planned, roomy coachwork. Not least important—all are most attractively priced at figures varying between £108 and £700.



A car of unusual interest is the 4½-litre Jensen. It has a straight-eight overhead-valve engine and the gearbox is augmented by an over-drive

The £108 model is a two-seater; but at least equal value is provided by the "Ruby" saloon which costs only £122. Then there is the "Big Seven" (7.99 h.p.) a recently introduced model which sells in saloon form at £137. There are two other four-cylinder Austins, the "Ten" and the "Twelve," listed respectively at prices from £175 and £215 upwards.

Three six-cylinder cars complete the 1939 range. We have the "Fourteen" (15.96 h.p.) from £235 and the "Eighteen," which is a really big car, from £350. Finally, we take what seems like a big jump in price to the £700 Austin "Twenty-eight"—but this last is a limousine model which when one comes to look at it, is really just as excellent in value as the rest.

Another stand on which a very wide selection of cars is being shown is that of the Standard company. Here, again, prices are extremely moderate, and in some cases have even been reduced below last year's levels. At a time when one hears a good deal of talk as to the scarcity and cost of raw materials, it is surely remarkable—and very creditable—that this firm has been able to make "cuts" of something like £5 in the cost of several models.

We shall see a new Standard "Eight" at Earls Court, but at the moment of writing I am not able to quote the price of it. The "Nine," however, is being continued at the reduced figure of £149, and the "Ten" at £169. In each case there is a "de luxe" model costing £10 more.

There is a 12 h.p. Standard which sells at prices from £205, and a "Fourteen" from £249. The biggest model listed is the "Twenty," which is sold with attractive coachwork of the touring saloon type at £325.

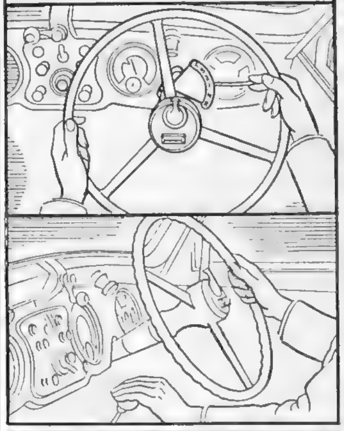
(*Continued on page* 101)

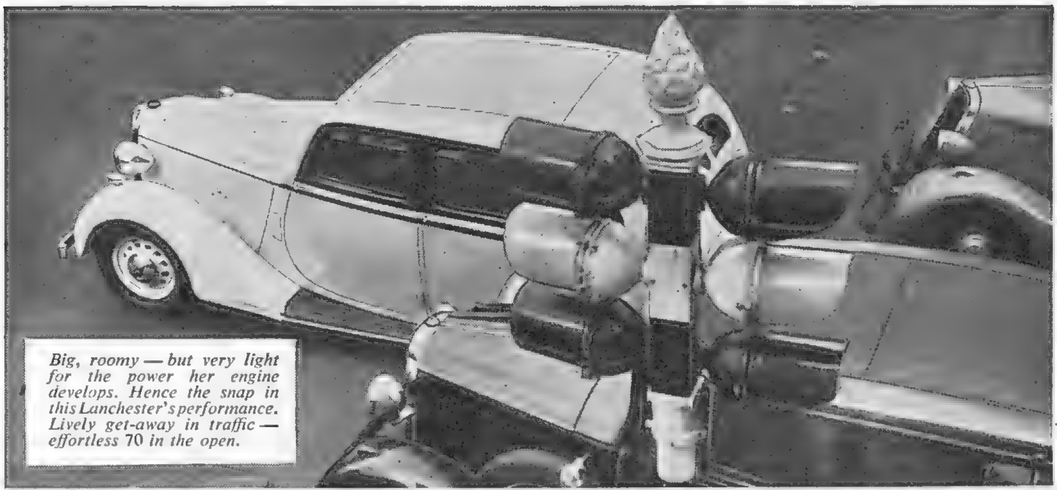
NO OTHER CAR IN THE WORLD

offers you this choice of gears

. . . . AND THAT'S NOT ALL

Daimler Fluid Flywheel pre-selective transmission – or synchro-mesh gearbox and ordinary type of clutch. You can have which system you like in this new Lanchester. The best of the self-changing transmissions—or the best of the hand-changed!





Big, roomy — but very light for the power her engine develops. Hence the snap in this Lanchester's performance. Lively get-away in traffic — effortless 70 in the open.

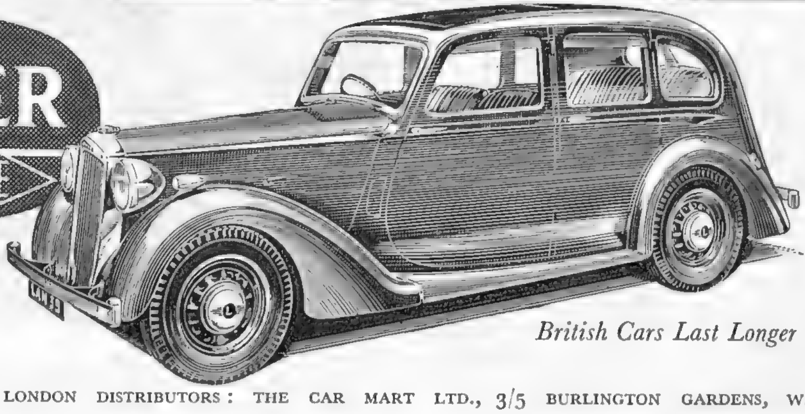
*Roomy is more than a sales-phrase here—it's a **fact**. There's head-room, elbow-room **and** leg-room in the back. In the medium h.p. class, it's a **big car**.*

Stop in gear — keep the engine running fast enough to hold her — run it a little faster and she moves away. No need for skill when you restart this car on a hill. No need even to use the hand-brake!

Daimler Fluid Flywheel pre-selective transmission, or synchro-mesh gearbox and clutch — have which system you like in the new Lanchester! And the other features you like in a car? *Have them all!* A really roomy five-seater body — *and* pep and high performance. Precise, positive steering—and a wheel that's really light to handle. Shockless, jarless, soft-sprung comfort — *and* the roadholding and stable cornering of a super-sports car. All the things you like in a car — in *one* car, at last!

Reversing's a placid proposition on a Lanchester. When care's needed, she'll drift back at a tenth of a mile an hour. None of that jerk—stop, jerk—stop business — even for L drivers!

The new
LANCHESTER
Roadrider DE-LUXE



Fluid Flywheel Transmission licensed under Vulcan-Sinclair and Daimler patents

SPORTS SALOON or
SIX-LIGHT SALOON . . £375 } TAX
with synchro-mesh gearbox £350 } £10 . 10

British Cars Last Longer

THE LANCHESTER MOTOR CO. LTD., COVENTRY . LONDON DISTRIBUTORS: THE CAR MART LTD., 3/5 BURLINGTON GARDENS, W.1

Among the New Cars
(continued)

THE Morris exhibit is always one of uncommon interest, and this year it will in some ways be more than ever worth examining. It is significant that fewer models than usual are being produced, and one may safely presume that the idea behind this is that the firm can offer even better value than before, if it concentrates its energies on certain special types for which there is a keen and continuous public demand.

Of very striking appearance is the 14.65 Triumph "Dolomite" Roadster Coupé which will be seen on the Triumph stand at Earls Court. The price is £395, complete with wheel disks

One of the most popular M.G. models is this 1½-litre saloon. It has a high performance in keeping with its sporting appearance

The "Ten" is one such type—and for 1939 there is a brand new Morris of this horse-power. This has an extremely lively overhead-valve engine, with a four-speed gearbox and three synchromesh ratios. Although of comfortable size, the car is light in weight, so that its power weight ratio, and hence its performance, is above the average. It costs only £175.

A very successful model which continues unchanged is the 12 h.p. Morris, listed at £205. The "Fourteen" is another favourite, with its six-cylinder engine, which remains with us at £248 10s. Then there is the big 25 h.p. car, for which several different styles of coachwork are available. The saloon, at £320, is most attractively priced.

TURNING now to cars which are a little more expensive, although still well within reach of the ordinary person, we have the 1939 series of Rovers. All these are remarkably pleasing in appearance, for the Rover designer seems to have the unfailing art of achieving good "lines." There are a number of other features which all models have in common, notably the free-wheel which provides completely fool-proof gear changing when it is in operation.

A new feature in the latest Rovers is that the third and top gears are of synchromesh type, so that easy changes are assured between these ratios even when the driver prefers to keep the free-wheel out of action. There is also a completely new model among those to be exhibited. This is the enlarged "Fourteen," the engine of which is now rated at 15 h.p.

Familiar and justly popular models are the four-cylinder Rovers of 10 and 12 h.p. selling at prices from £275 and £300 respectively. The latest "Ten" is distinguished by exceptionally roomy coachwork. There are also six-cylinder cars of 16 and 20 h.p., the former priced at £360 for the Saloon and the latter at £425 for the Sports Saloon.

AN attractive small car which visitors to Earls Court ought not to miss is the 10 h.p. Sunbeam-Talbot. This — the first model to be produced since the recent merger of these two well-known firms—is in its essentials an improved version of the 10 h.p. Talbot. The latest engine develops as much as 40 h.p., which is transmitted through a four-speed gearbox, all the ratios of which are synchromesh.

The Sports Saloon coachwork for this chassis is of new design, and besides having very pleasing lines, provides a creditable amount of interior space. The list price is £265. Other coachwork types are the Sports Tourer at £250 and the Drop-head Coupé at £285.

THE Humber stand is always of interest, and this year it will be occupied mainly by the two larger models, the "Snipe" and the "Imperial." Both of these combine comfort and roominess with a fine road performance.

The smaller, but very attractive, Humber "Sixteen" will also be shown. All cars of this make have independent front springing which causes them to ride extremely smoothly, and also all-synchromesh gearboxes.

The Hillman exhibit will naturally feature the 10 h.p. "Minx," which must surely be the most successful model in the history of (*Continued on page* 103)

This "Flying Standard" touring saloon is available on either the 14 or 20 h.p. Standard chassis. Its price is £268 (14 h.p.) or £325 (20 h.p.)

They buy their Lanchesters from CAR MART

because..

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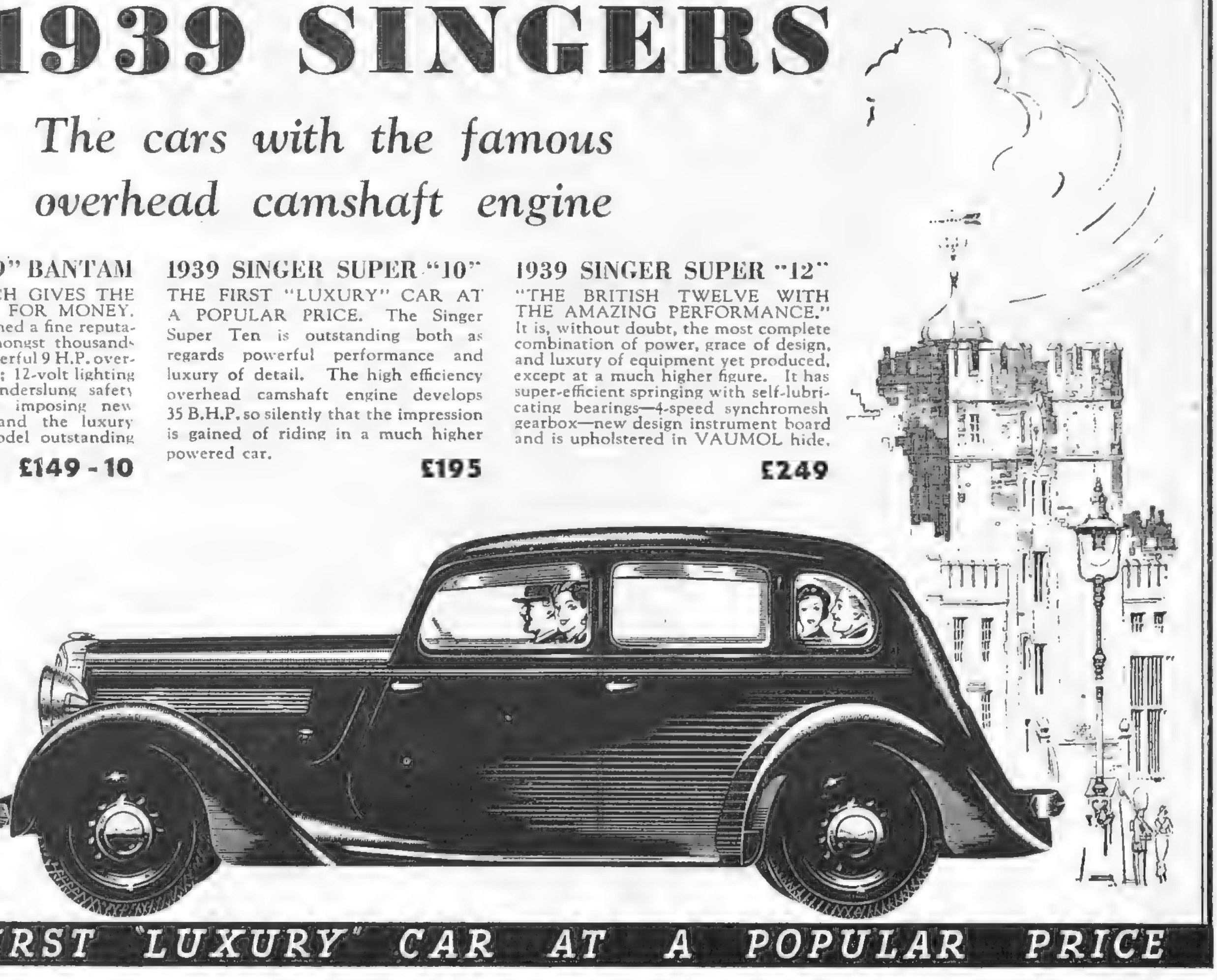
The 1939 SINGERS

The cars with the famous overhead camshaft engine



1939 SINGER "9" BANTAM

THE "NINE" WHICH GIVES THE GREATEST VALUE FOR MONEY. This 9 H.P. car has earned a fine reputation for reliability amongst thousands of motorists. The powerful 9 H.P. overhead camshaft engine; 12-volt lighting set; roomy body; underslung safety frame and now the imposing new frontal appearance, and the luxury seating, make this model outstanding at the price of

£149 - 10

1939 SINGER SUPER "10"

THE FIRST "LUXURY" CAR AT A POPULAR PRICE. The Singer Super Ten is outstanding both as regards powerful performance and luxury of detail. The high efficiency overhead camshaft engine develops 35 B.H.P. so silently that the impression is gained of riding in a much higher powered car.

£195

1939 SINGER SUPER "12"

"THE BRITISH TWELVE WITH THE AMAZING PERFORMANCE." It is, without doubt, the most complete combination of power, grace of design, and luxury of equipment yet produced, except at a much higher figure. It has super-efficient springing with self-lubricating bearings—4-speed synchromesh gearbox—new design instrument board and is upholstered in VAUMOL hide.

£249

Send now for FREE copy of the current issue of the monthly magazine "Popular Motoring" and the 1939 Catalogue to
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SINGER MOTORS Ltd., COVENTRY.

THE FIRST "LUXURY" CAR AT A POPULAR PRICE

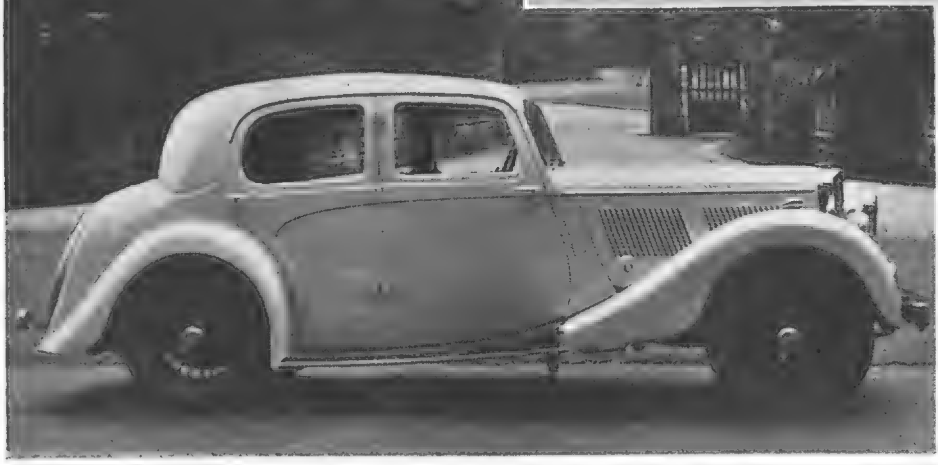
Among the New Cars
(continued)

this firm. The latest "Minx" is exceedingly smart in appearance, although providing an unusual degree of comfort for a car of this power.

The other Hillman model to be shown is the "Fourteen." This is of quite recent introduction, and is of a size which at present is very much in demand. All Hillman cars have the all-synchromesh gearbox, which has the great merit of making every gear-change, without exception, a perfectly easy one.

THE Vauxhall programme for 1939 is one which certainly deserves attention. An improved "Ten" will be shown at Earls Court—smarter in appearance, but retaining all the practical features which characterised its predecessor, such as independent front springing, hydraulic brakes and an engine of efficient overhead-valve type. With saloon coachwork, the price remains at £168; but the 10 h.p. coupé has been reduced by £10 to £188.

A very up-to-date car is this Lanchester "Roadrider de luxe." It has independent front springing, and with Daimler fluid transmission costs £375. With synchromesh gearing the price is £350



The new "Type II" Alvis of 12/70 h.p. has enlarged and much improved coachwork. This very handsome example is the four-light saloon, listed at £435

The Vauxhall "Twenty-five" has similarly been improved, and the added refinements make it still more remarkable as a value-for-money proposition. The saloon model on the short chassis costs £345, and is really luxurious, while on the long-wheelbase chassis there is a seven-seater limousine at £555. This, be it noted, is an 80 m.p.h. car—the chassis being of markedly advanced design.

A new addition to the Vauxhall range is the four-cylinder "Twelve." This should prove a most popular model, for it has a high power/weight ratio, an overhead-valve engine with many features making for high efficiency, and independent front springing. With standard saloon coachwork, it costs £189.

The Vauxhall 12/4 De Luxe Saloon costs £198. This car has a maximum speed around 68 m.p.h. and yet gives thirty-five miles per gallon under average driving conditions

The modern Daimler is a car of great technical interest, and it will be shown in several versions at Earls Court. All Daimlers now have engines of overhead valve type, giving them a decidedly impressive turn of speed. All, of course, have the special system of transmission which includes a fluid flywheel and a four-speed pre-selective gearbox. The result of this is that it is impossible even for a complete novice to stall the Daimler engine, and equally impossible for him to make the slightest noise when changing gear. To a very large extent, these cars can be driven by simply alternating the use of the accelerator and brake pedals.

FOR 1939, the smallest Daimler is a 2½-litre model, rated at 18 h.p. At £485, this attractive newcomer is really very reasonably priced. Then there is the 20 h.p. car, which is being continued with only minor modifications. Another new model, however, is introduced in the shape of the Daimler "Twenty-four." This is a really big and luxurious car, which in saloon form sells at £870.

New also is the 4-litre Daimler, which has an engine of the "straight eight" type rated at 30 h.p. (I should have mentioned that Daimlers below this power are all "sixes.") This is a car of exceptional quality, sold at prices from £1,070. Finally, we have the 32 h.p. "straight eight," specially designed to take limousine coachwork of the most luxurious type.

Mainly similar in design are the Lanchester cars, which are planned for a rather wider public. There is, for example, an 11 h.p. Lanchester, having a four-cylinder overhead-valve engine. With the same remarkable transmission as is fitted to the Daimlers, this model is available at only £295.

(Continued on page 105)

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The Best Car in the World
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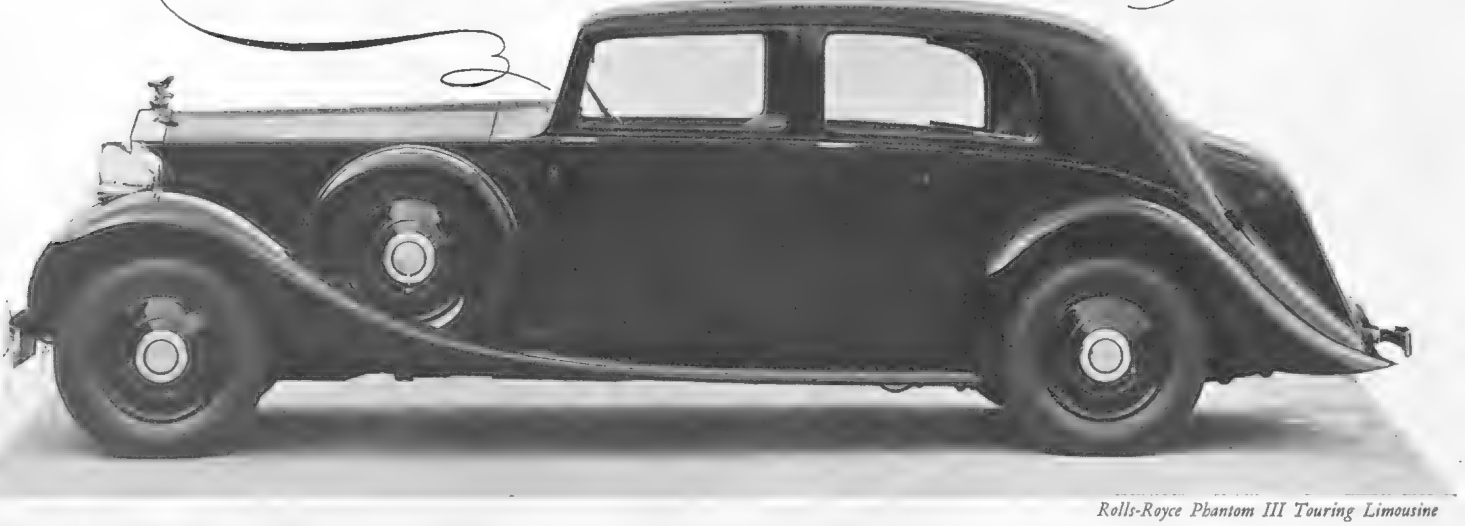
BUY A CAR MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

Only of the world's finest cars is it said
"COACHWORK BY PARK WARD"



Rolls-Royce Phantom III Touring Limousine

INDIVIDUAL without being affected, Park Ward coachwork is inspired by a tradition of fine craftsmanship and a unique experience in the production of luxurious carriages. It is characterised by a combination of beauty and comfort which makes "Coachwork by Park Ward" the perfect complement to the finest chassis in the world.

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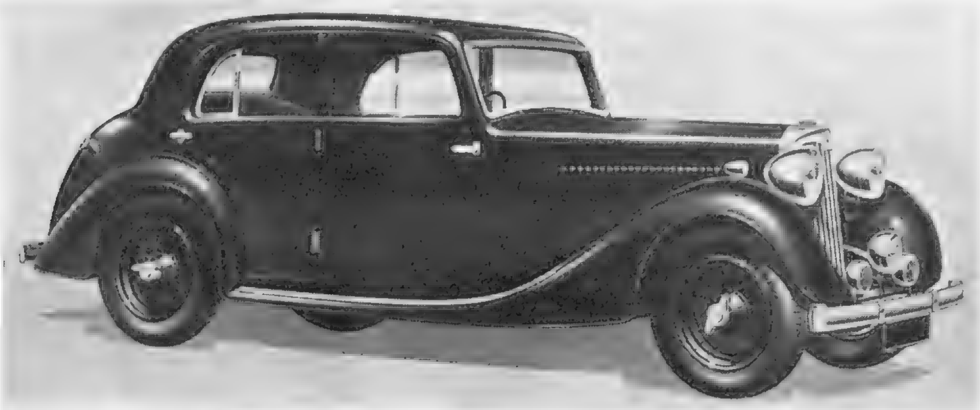
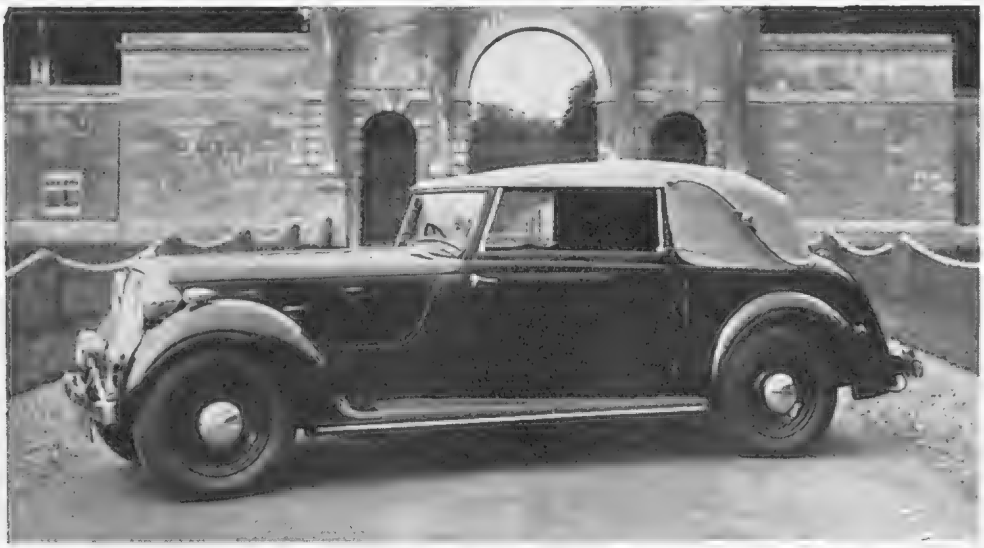
OFFICIALLY APPOINTED RETAILERS OF ROLLS-ROYCE AND BENTLEY CARS

PARK WARD & CO. LTD., 40 Conduit Street, London, W.1. *Telephone:* Regent 2744-5-6. *Works:* 473 High Road, Willesden, N.W.10

Among the New Cars
(continued)

Then there is the 14 h.p. Lanchester "Roadrider," which of course is a "six." This car is sold at £375, and is also available at £25 less if fitted with ordinary synchromesh gearing. In this matter, the purchaser may take his choice. The biggest Lanchester is the "Eighteen," rated at 20 h.p., which is a car of a very generous size and is listed at £525.

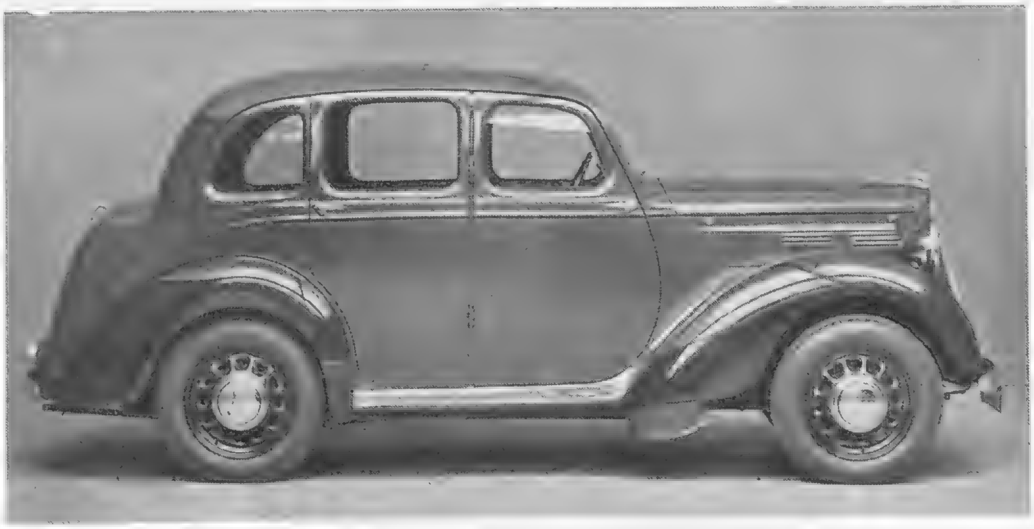

The Lea-Francis " Four Light Saloon," priced at £395


A most attractive combination is this Tickford " Foursome Coupé " body, mounted on a 20 h.p. Rover chassis. Free-wheel transmission is a special Rover feature

Incidentally, in addition to the attractive saloon coachwork built by the Lanchester company, a special 4-5 seater convertible coupé body may be obtained. This has been developed by Car Mart Ltd. for fitting to Lanchester chassis, and has already achieved a large measure of popularity. In appearance, this Car Mart-Lanchester combination is extremely pleasing, while its advantages for all-weather motoring are very obvious.

TURNING now to an unusual car which gives a very fine performance, the Motor Show visitor ought certainly to look at the Jensen, of which three models are to be shown. A great feature of Jensen design is that the transmission includes an over-drive gear which is pre-selective, and which therefore can be used by the driver entirely at his own discretion. In effect, two sets of three gear ratios are available for use, or six separate ratios in all. The highest of these is naturally very high, and thus ideal for roads of the *autobahn* variety.

All the Jensens are of substantial power. The smallest has a 22 h.p. engine of the "V-8" type, capable of fine acceleration. There is a 30 h.p. car which also is of "V-8" construction, and finally there is a 32 h.p. model, the engine of which is a "straight eight" having overhead valves. With saloon coachwork, these three Jensens, in the order given, are priced at £575, £695, and £895. Open touring models and coupés are also available.


The new Morris model, which is certain to achieve wide popularity. The " Series 17 " 10/4 Saloon with overhead valve engine. Price £175

THE M.G. stand is always a centre of interest for those who wish to view cars of a sporting type. This year, it will be seen that the ever-popular M.G. "Midget" is being continued in its 10 h.p. form. (It was increased from 8 to 10 h.p. a year or two ago.) The fine performance of this little car is a matter of common knowledge—and a very creditable feature is that it is sold only with two-seater coachwork. The makers, dealing with a short chassis, have rightly determined to make two people really comfortable, rather than attempt to "squeeze in" extra seating over the rear axle. Would that all small sports car manufacturers would do likewise! The price is very reasonable at £222.

Four-seater coachwork is seen on the 1½-litre M.G. This is a car of useful size, having a four-cylinder engine rated at 12 h.p. Like all the present M.G.s, it has twin carburettors and a four-speed gearbox, with powerful brakes of the hydraulic type. There is an open touring model at £280, and a four-door saloon at £325.

The biggest M.G. hitherto was the 2-litre model, rated at 18 h.p. This car, giving a combination of sporting performance with genuine comfort, is being continued at prices ranging from £399 upwards. This year however, there is a newcomer of still greater power—the 2.6-litre M.G. This is a 20 h.p. model, having of course, like the 2-litre, a six-cylinder engine. It provides still more generous body space, while giving an appropriately high performance. With handsome saloon coachwork, it is listed at £442.

A HIGHLY successful range of cars will be seen on the Triumph stand, characterised both by smart appearance and also by a standard of performance well above the average. All the models shown at Earls Court will be of the "Dolomite" type, with a new radiator grille of even more striking design than before.

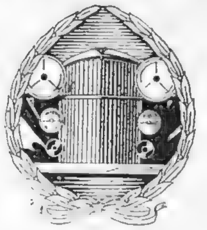
The smallest of the 1939 Triumphs will be the 1½-litre model, which sells at 298 guineas with sports saloon coachwork. Then there is the 14 h.p. car at £348, with its remarkably efficient four-cylinder engine. (So long as our weird system of R.A.C. rating

(*Continued on page* 107)

ALVIS

YOU FEEL SO SAFE IN AN ALVIS

PERFORMANCE AND PACE WITH COMFORT AND SPACE



The perfect solution of today's traffic problems.

80 in top. 60 in third. Acute steering lock, stability and road-holding hitherto unknown.

IT'S puzzling! Outer lines as sleek and attractive as any sports car. Surely it can't be small and compact outside and big inside, and yet, it carries four oversize people in luxurious comfort.

The head, leg and elbow room is really exceptional for a short chassis high performance car.

We couldn't improve the wonderful performance of the 12/70 which roused such a storm of enthusiasm from the Press, Trade and Public alike—but we can now—with the new and almost incredibly roomy coachwork, offer you the maximum of high performance in luxurious comfort and safety.

And—it's so uncannily quiet!

Test, for yourself,

The

INAUDIBLE

ALVIS

British—from radiator to rear lamp

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Stand 219
FIRST FLOOR

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Made completely in England by Lodge Plugs Ltd., Rugby

Among the New Cars

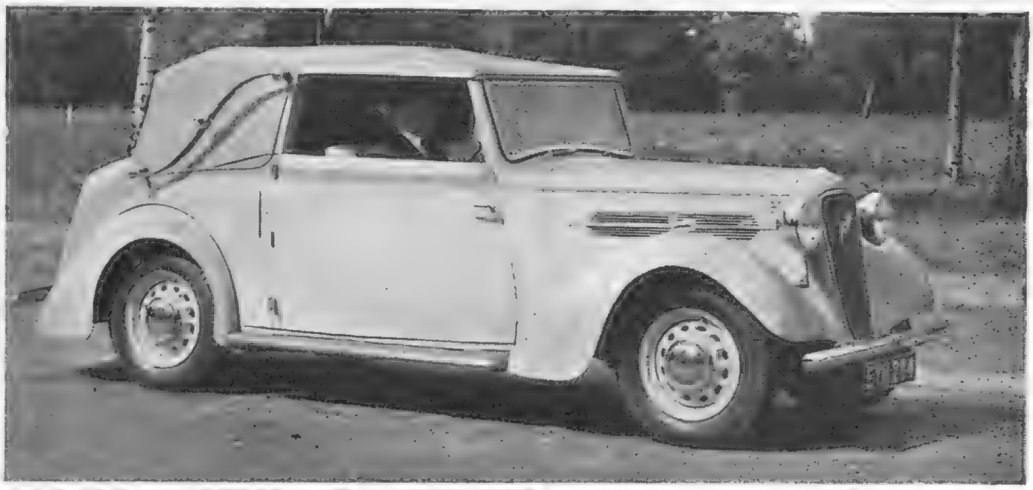
(continued)

remains, a 14 h.p. "four" must always have more actual power than a 14 h.p. "six.") The biggest Triumph is of 2-litre capacity, and for this a six-cylinder engine is employed.

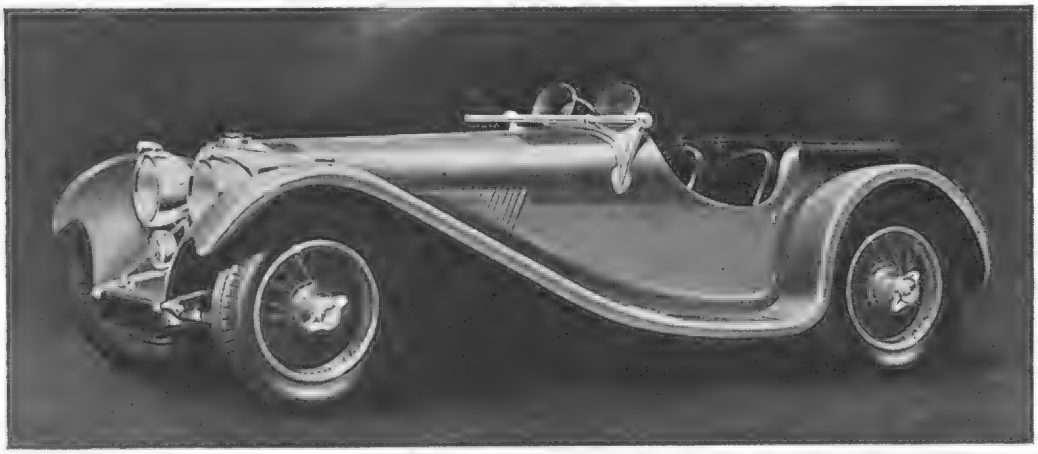
Perhaps the handsomest car on this stand will be the 2-litre Roadster Coupé at £450. This is a model which has won many awards at rallies and *concours d'élégance*, and the engine fitted to it is in each case specially tuned so as to ensure a top speed in the region of 80 or 90 m.p.h.

TURNING for a moment to cars which are not only luxurious but pre-eminent in luxury, I suppose that very few visitors to Earls Court will be able to walk past the Rolls-Royce stand without pausing to look at the exhibits. Here we have cars whose name has quite literally become a by-word. (Do not manufacturers in other lines of business frequently claim to have produced "the Rolls-Royce of mowing machines," or "the Rolls-Royce of egg-whisks"?)

The great feature of the Rolls-Royce programme for 1939 is of course the continuance of the "Phantom III" model. This is a twelve-cylinder car with an engine of some 50 h.p., which naturally is capable of an exceptional range of speed. The front wheels are independently sprung, and it is notable that the car's great size does not in the least detract from the ease and pleasure with which a quite an ordinary driver can handle it.



A drop-head coupé on a 12 h.p. Austin chassis. Price £315. (The Car Mart Ltd.)



The striking appearance of this car is fully notified by the speed of which it is capable. It is the 3½-litre S.S. "Jaguar," priced at £445

For those who prefer something of more moderate size—which also can be sold at a more moderate figure—there is the six-cylinder Rolls-Royce of 25 to 30 h.p. This would itself be considered a big car if produced by any other firm; but it is naturally more economical to run, besides being designed more particularly to suit the convenience of the owner-driver.

Many examples of the Rolls-Royce will of course be seen on the stands of the various coachbuilders. (The Coachwork Section, incidentally, is always well worthy of a visit.) In particular, a very handsome Touring Limousine will be shown by Messrs. Park Ward on the "Phantom III" chassis. This provides luxurious seating for five people, and an attractive novelty is that the division window is operated electrically by the pressing of a button. Similar Park Ward coachwork is available on the six-cylinder chassis also.

FOR a combination of speed with luxury, the Bentley exhibit always compels attention. Only one type of Bentley chassis is built, but there is a choice of two alternative engine sizes. These are respectively 3½- and 4¼-litres in capacity, the extra power in the latter case being used almost entirely in the interests of greater acceleration. There is no very great difference in speed.

The Bentley of course has the distinction of having been the first really fast car to run quietly and smoothly. It is still exceptional in the matter of silent running, while its speed is certainly in excess of 90 m.p.h. Many individual owners claim to have reached the 100 m.p.h. mark.

As to coachwork, Bentleys will be exhibited by a great many of the leading coachbuilders. On the Thrupp & Maberly stand, for example, we shall see a 4¼-litre Touring Saloon. This attractive model has low and sporting lines, with the slightly angular panelling which is an interesting feature of many Thrupp & Maberly designs.

TALKING of fast cars, we cannot fail to think of the Lagonda, which is outstanding in its capacity for speed. Several models will be shown on the Lagonda stand, but the attention of most people will be chiefly focused on the magnificent twelve-cylinder car which was first introduced about a year ago. This is one of the very few standard models in existence which will genuinely do a 100 m.p.h. "any day of the week" and in the hands of any reasonably experienced driver.

Although having this exceptional turn of speed, the twelve-cylinder Lagonda is by no means designed for the speed-merchant only. It is an extremely comfortable car, and is capable of taking very roomy coachwork. It is silent, and its engine has uncommon flexibility. Its high speed is all the more admirable on this account.

THE Alvis stand is another on which cars of very high quality will be shown. All Alvis cars have speed above the average, and all the modern editions have been designed also to run with that degree of silence and refinement which the modern purchaser of a high class car expects. It need scarcely be added that all are likewise enjoyable to handle. All synchromesh gearboxes are employed, so that there are no gear-changing problems whatever, even for the complete novice.

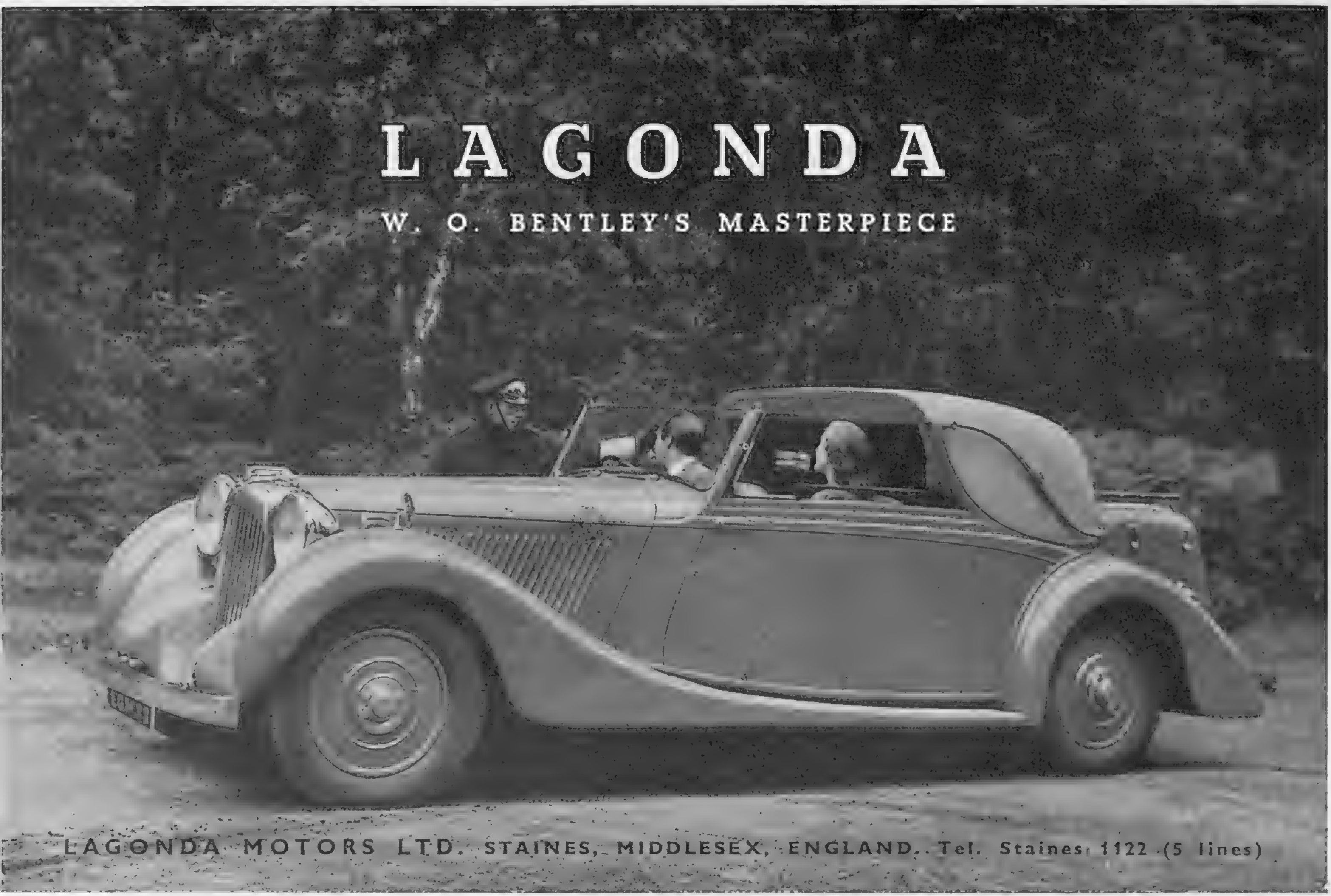
There are several Alvis models of high power; but a particularly interesting car will be the new "12/70." This model had a great welcome when it was recently introduced—for it carried on the traditions of earlier Alvis "Twelves" by reason of its high efficiency and excellent road holding. For 1939 however, certain alterations have been made with a view to increasing the comfort and roominess of the coachwork. The result is seen in the extremely good-looking saloon model at £435, and again in the drop-head coupé at £445.

On the S.S. stand, we shall see cars which have been steadily improved from year to year—always striking in appearance, and now both outstanding in performance and also very well-found as regards comfortable coachwork features. Three "Jaguar" models are standardised for 1939, in all of which these distinctive characteristics are in evidence.

There is the 1½-litre S.S., which is in the 75 m.p.h. class. With saloon coachwork, this car is listed at £298. It has a four-cylinder overhead-valve engine, with a four-speed gearbox which includes an attractively high top-gear ratio. Then there is a 2½-litre

(*Continued on page* 109)

Lagonda 12 cyl. Sedanca Coupé (11' w.b.) (Green Park Motors Ltd.) Coachwork by James Young Limited. £1,870.



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Six Light Saloon - - -	£395
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Among the New Cars
(continued)

model, rated at 20 h.p. This has a six-cylinder engine with twin carburettors, and develops really generous power. The biggest S.S. is a 3½-litre car which, with its 25 h.p. engine and 4¼ to 1 top gear, is really very fast indeed.

Here is the new Singer "Super Twelve" Saloon, which is listed at £249

All these cars are exceedingly handsome, and are sold at relatively modest prices. The 2½-litre saloon, for example, is listed at £395, while the 3½-litre saloon at £445 is far from expensive. Recent improvements have made the controls very light and pleasant, and Girling brakes provide an ample degree of stopping power.

For motorists who appreciate a car of the out-and-out sporting variety, there are also two highly attractive "Jaguar 100" models. These are quite frankly built for speed, and have short chassis with unusually high gear ratios. Sports two-seater coachwork of light weight is standardised, and without any question the speed is there in generous measure. Even for these special cars, prices are moderate, and do not exceed those already quoted for the 2½- and 3½-litre saloons.

EXTREME comfort, combined with a useful turn of speed, has been a feature of all recent Wolseley cars. On the Wolseley stand at Earls Court, it will be seen that the 1939 models have exceptionally roomy and well-appointed coachwork. Overhead-valve engines are of course retained, with four-speed gearboxes. The larger models in particular offer excellent value to the motorist who likes to travel fast, but who insists on generous seating arrangements.

On the Railton stand, the range of fast cars which proved so successful last year is being continued without any major alteration. We shall see models of four-, six- and eight-cylinder type extending from 10 to 28 h.p. The "Claremont" eight-cylinder Coupé has been increased in price to £575, but this is only on account of its improved equipment.

A number of different coachwork styles are being introduced for the 21 h.p. Railton chassis. Examples are the "Cobham" saloon at £588, and the "Fairmile" Drop-head Coupé at the same figure.

THREE sturdy and practical light cars will be the Singer exhibits at Earls Court. A special feature of these cars is that the engines in each case have over-head valves driven by an over-head cam-shaft. This is a design which makes for high efficiency. The smallest model—the "Nine"—has a three-speed gearbox, but four speeds are provided in the case of the larger cars.

Singer prices for 1939 are certainly attractive. The 9 h.p. "Bantam" saloon costs only £149 10s. The 10 h.p. saloon is listed at £195 and that on the 12 h.p. chassis at £249. All these cars are capable of speeds in excess of 60 m.p.h. and can put up creditable acceleration figures.

One car at least which we shall see at Earls Court will be sure of an almost universal welcome. This is the new Lea-Francis. The majority of motorists must remember its predecessor, and must have regretted its "retirement" from the light car field. It was an excellent car in its day—and it is good to know that this *marque* has now been revived.

The 1939 Lea-Francis has many interesting features which deserve study. Not least of its original qualities, perhaps, is that it describes itself as a "Fourteen," whereas in fact it is rated at only 13 h.p. It has a decidedly useful turn of speed, and the engine is so designed, with a highly specialised valve gear, that it can be driven hard for long periods without causing the least apprehension. Messrs. Charles Follett are the new distributors.

This list could, as I say, be extended indefinitely, but perhaps it has already covered enough ground to show how wide and comprehensive is the choice which will confront the prospective purchaser who makes even a brief tour of the Motor Show. He will find cars ranging from 6 to 50 h.p.—for I might have mentioned the little Fiat at the lower end of the scale—and prices varying from just over £100 to something like £3,000.

WHAT in fact will his choice be? If he is that somewhat intangible creature "the average man," we can get a good idea of it from the statistics which the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders publish annually in their "Motor Industry of Great Britain." This is a most valuable work of reference—and the S.M.M.T. is of course the authority which is responsible for the organisation of each year's Motor Show.

Delving into this mine of information, I find that the average motorist at present has a preference for cars of about 10 h.p. It was not always so. Ten years ago he favoured either 12 h.p. or 14 h.p. types. Then he had a spell of preferring very small cars in the region of 8 h.p.

Some five years ago however, he came to the conclusion that 10 h.p. is just about right, and he seems still to be fixed in that opinion. Out of every 100 cars which are bought at the present time, it will be found that thirty or thirty-five are either "nines" or "tens"—the latter of course predominating.

Our average man's views are changing, none the less, as regards cars of greater power than this. He is developing a greater liking for new cars of the 14 h.p. type. For the last year or two, the sales of these have been increasing, and it seems likely that the increase will continue.

For "eights" and "twelves," there seems nowadays to be a steady market. Every fourth motorist is faithful to the "eight," while every sixth or seventh motorist adheres to the "twelve." These figures have undergone little change.

WHAT will the trend be when Mr. Average Motorist has made his survey of the 1939 models? It is an intriguing question. During the past ten or twelve years, his favour has shifted from the "fourteen" to the "twelve," thence to the "eight" and later to the "ten." In which direction will it make its next move?

The Hillman Minx for 1939 has been improved in many respects and has also been reduced in price. The Safety Saloon now costs £163

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EARLS COURT — STAND 227

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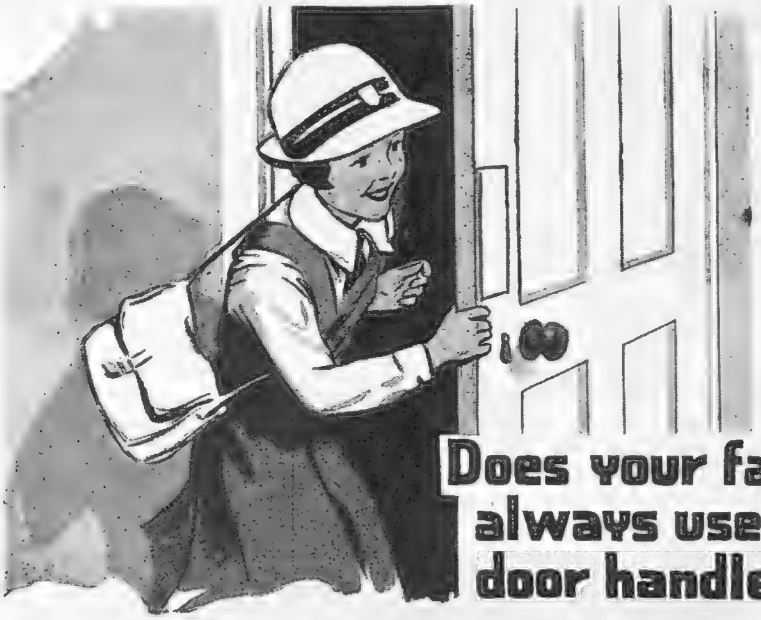

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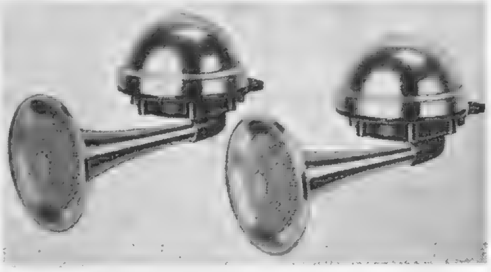
Meeting the Needs of the New Car

What Manufacturers of Components Have to Show

By The Earl of Cardigan

There is no doubt that many visitors to the Motor Show miss a great deal that is interesting simply because they imagine they have seen all when they have made a tour of the car manufacturers' stands. This is a very fallacious idea. In the official List of Exhibitors, rather over a page is devoted to the Motor Car section of the Show. About half a page covers the Carriage Work section; but under the heading of Accessories and Components we find more than five pages filled with the names of exhibiting firms!

Although every 1939 car is very fully equipped, there may be some special item by the addition of which it can be improved. Can this be obtained at a reasonable figure? Can it be fitted easily, and will it be really suitable for this or that purpose? The answers to all these questions may be found at Earls Court by anyone who makes a truly comprehensive tour of the exhibits.



The popular Lucas "Mellotone" wind-tone horns have been slightly modified for 1939. Their overall length has been somewhat reduced

For example, most people are aware that there is a device on the market for warming the interior of cars, and at the same time preventing the formation of mist or frost on the windscreen. Probably, however, not one in ten knows how it works or what its price is, or whether it costs anything to operate. In this case, all the information may be found at the stand of Messrs. S. Smith & Sons Ltd.

These heaters are of course very far from being the only novel and interesting items which Messrs. Smith have to show. There are very few accessories and adjuncts for the private car which this firm does not deal in. To mention one other, there is the excellent Jackall outfit of built-in hydraulic jacks. Many motor manufacturers fit this as a standard addition to their cars; but where this is not done, the ordinary motorist can have a set of jacks specially fitted to his own car. The cost naturally varies with the size and weight of the car concerned.

For anything electrical, motorists will recognise Messrs. Joseph Lucas as the great authority. This firm, indeed, has so many products to display that it is occupying no fewer than three of the Earls Court stands! Not only, therefore, will visitors be shown a very large variety of items, but they can also be assured that no individual stand will be inconveniently crowded. A special attraction will be the several working demonstrations of Lucas products in action.

A good many motorists like to fit additional lamps to their cars, especially where these have some special virtue which is not found in the standardised lamps. This is a demand which is met very fully by Messrs. Lucas, whose "P100L" type of headlamp is perhaps the most magnificent thing of its sort on the market. Then there is the Lucas range of "flat-topped beam" fog-lamps and pass-lights—most valuable assets to those who do a great deal of night driving—and other lamps of almost every possible description.

The popular Ha Dees car heater, which Messrs. S. Smith & Sons supply, has the virtue of being exceedingly neat in appearance in addition to having great practical value

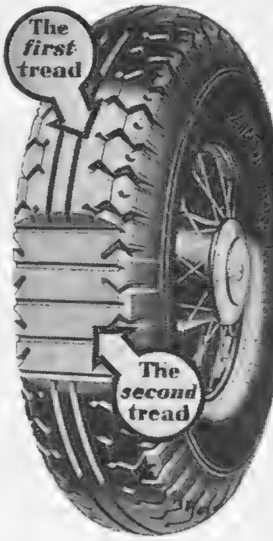
Sparking plugs should always be of interest—and not only because of the occasional necessity for renewing them. In everyday running, there is a very great difference between a set of plugs which functions perfectly and a set in which even one plug is giving a feeble or intermittent spark. Good plugs are therefore worth every penny of the money that is paid for them.

Visitors to Earls Court should not fail to pause at the Lodge stand, where every possible type of sparking plug will be on view. There will be experts in attendance whose advice may be sought on any problem connected with plugs—and a good many problems of this sort do arise, especially when an owner has inadvertently fitted new plugs of a type which is not properly suited to the requirements of his engine.

It ought to be common knowledge—but apparently it is not—that one cannot offer the modern engine just any type of sparking plug, even though it be of the most admirable make. Hence the wide variety in which plugs such as the Lodge are manufactured.

The material of which sparking plugs are made is a matter of great and increasing importance. This is not surprising when one remembers that a plug's work is done in surroundings where tremendous heat is generated, and where a continual series of violent explosions is taking place, so to speak, "under its nose"!

The K.L.G. company, whose display at the Motor Show is always an interesting and instructive one, has recently invented a brand new material in order to give its new plugs maximum protection against these arduous conditions. This material is known as "Corundite," and possesses not only great conductivity to heat but also exceptional strength. It is said that a piece of "Corundite," as used in K.L.G. plugs, will not break up until almost a one-ton pressure has been applied to it.



The Avon "Duo-tread" tyre literally lives up to its name

Tyres are rather like plugs, in that they perform a vitally important function, but are not given much attention or thought by the average motorist. At Earls Court, however, the opportunity arises to examine different makes of tyres and to find out how they are constructed.

A particularly interesting, and also valuable, method of tyre manufacture can be studied on the Avon stand. The Avon "Duo-tread" tyre has an unusually thick tread in the first instance, with a more or less normal non-skid pattern. Through the thickness of this tread, a series of horizontal holes is bored.

When the tread is worn down, however, and when the original non-skid pattern has begun to disappear, these holes are brought to light in the form of horizontal grooves. The tyre thus acquires a second tread, and begins the second half of its life with renewed and perfectly efficient non-skid properties. It is a most ingenious idea, and one which should appeal to motorists who like to get really long service out of a set of tyres.

It is true that the quality of different oils is not always apparent to the eye; but Messrs. Wakefield & Co. have found a way, by means of a sort of "Test Your Strength" machine, to demonstrate that the new Castrol oils really are very much lighter than other types.

A light oil must make an engine more efficient, always assuming that it has sufficient "body" to give assured protection to the bearings and other moving parts. When one is dealing with a firm like Wakefield's, however, which supplies oil to so many of the racing drivers, it would be absurd to feel any qualms on this score.

This Autumn..

...another 50 new patterns have been added to the range of Otterburn Tweeds for Ladies' Wear, making a choice of 150 all told. You will surely revel in these fashionable tonings in checks, herringbones and novelty designs, and we need hardly stress the opportunity for full expression of individuality offered by such a wide range of character Tweeds.

Pure new wool, careful manufacture and a constant quest for the new note give to Otterburn Tweeds the distinctive appearance and graceful hang which have made the name famous on both sides of the Atlantic. Otterburn Tweeds are not low-priced but in wear and in the maintenance of good appearance they prove beyond question that the best is always worth its price.

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Otterburn Tweeds are 54"/56" wide—obtainable from most first-class stores, and most Tailors and Costumiers will readily quote an inclusive price for any garment. Should you find initial difficulty, write for the full range of patterns, to:

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Otterburn Valley, Northumberland

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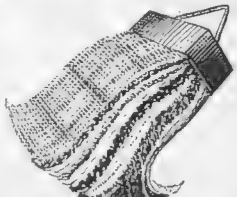


Cold Weather Cookery

(*Continued from page 67*)

Steak, Oyster and Kidney Pudding :

One pound of rump steak, meat stock.
One veal kidney, a few mushrooms.
A dozen small oysters, salt, pepper.
One large onion, parsley.
Six ounces of Atora shredded beef suet.
Twelve ounces of flour, butter.
Extra flour for the filling.

Trim the steak and cut in small pieces, remove the skin from the kidney. Cut this in small pieces, leaving aside the hard inside part. Fry the steak for a few minutes in a little butter, add the pieces of kidney and just brown. Meanwhile, peel and chop finely the onion and cook separately till golden brown. Add chopped parsley, three or four mushrooms cut in pieces, salt and pepper and add this to the meat. Sprinkle with a little flour and cook for a few minutes, stirring well.

Butter a pudding basin and line it with suet crust. Put in a layer of the mixture, a few oysters (bearded of course), more meat, oysters and so on, finishing with the meat layer. Moisten with the liquid from the oyster shells and a little meat stock. Cover with suet crust; tie the basin with a cloth and steam for about four hours.

Party Roly-Poly :

Six ounces of flour, teaspoonful of baking powder.
Three ounces of Atora shredded suet.
Salt, apricot jam, pistachio nuts.

Mix six ounces of flour with a teaspoonful of baking powder, a pinch of salt and three ounces of Atora shredded beef suet. Add cold water, little by little, sufficient to make a stiff paste and roll this out on a floured board. Spread evenly with apricot jam and roll over in the usual way, pinching the two ends together. Wring out in hot water a clean cloth, sprinkle with flour and tie the roly-poly in it. Steam for about two hours. When the roly-poly is nearly cooked put four tablespoonful of apricot jam in a small saucepan with one tablespoonful of cold water. Bring to the boil and simmer for five minutes.

Take the roly-poly out of the cloth, put it in a hot serving dish and pour over the apricot sauce through a fine strainer, covering the whole of the pudding. Have ready a small handful of pistachio nuts skinned and very finely chopped and sprinkle these all over the coated roly-poly.

Fruit Suet Pudding :

Fresh stewing fruit or bottled fruit.
Six ounces of flour, three of Atora shredded beef suet.
Salt, baking powder.

Make a suet crust and line the basin with it; put the fruit into the pudding basin with brown sugar. If tinned or bottled fruit is used, pour off the syrup and leave just enough to moisten the fruit. Cover with the suet dough and pinch all round with a little cold water. Steam for about an hour and a half. Serve the syrup hot with the pudding if extra juice is required.

END

An Interesting Exhibition

How Your Car Works

SHELL-MEX and B.P. Ltd. staged an Exhibition of "How Your Car Works" which opened to the public at Shell-Mex House recently. This interesting exhibition will be shown during the coming winter and the spring of 1939 at a number of important provincial centres. Admission will be free to the public and special invitations are being sent to education authorities, etc., in the areas where the exhibition is held.

The exhibition sets out to explain by working model, sectioned mechanism or diagram how each important unit in a motor car works. An engine, for instance, sectioned through the cylinders shows the working of pistons, valve mechanism, cranks, etc., and a complete engine is mounted on a cross bar so that it can be pivoted around and seen from any angle.

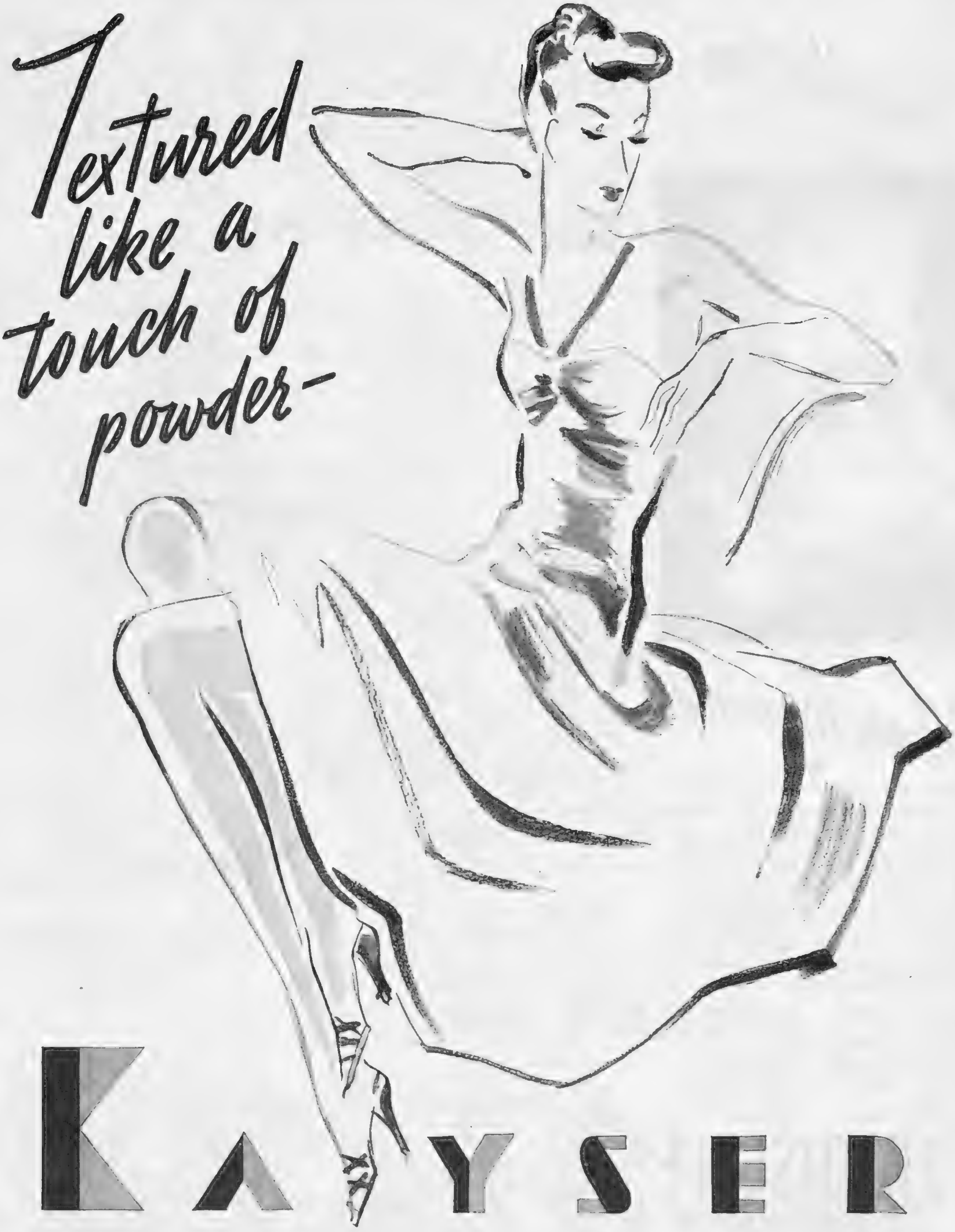
There are actual specimens of the ordinary and synchromesh gear boxes and a model of the epicyclic. A flood of light is turned on that obscure piece of mechanism, the differential, by an ingenious turn-table model, which shows why and how one back wheel must run faster than the other on corners. Other models illustrate springing, suspension.

At each exhibition there will be a bureau where engineers will be available to answer questions. Frames holding Shell Pictorial lorry bills, current advertisements, and large scale photographs of drilling and refining operations form an attractive background to the display.

Arrangements are being made to show the following films at each town in conjunction with, and where possible in the same building, as the exhibition :—

1. *Oil from the Earth*—which illustrates mainly the parts played by the geologist in the production of oil.
2. *Lubrication of the Petrol Engine*—a concise review of the theory and practice of lubrication.
3. *Shell Specialised Lubrication*—which shows why each moving part of a motor car requires its individual type of lubricant and how Shell Tecalemit Service, now available at over 700 garages in Great Britain safeguards the motorist against the serious damage which may be entailed as much by incorrect as insufficient lubrication.

A view of the Shell-Mex and B.P. Exhibition which is being shown throughout the country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KAYSER LOVELINESS FOR 3/11

KAYSER MIR-O-KLEER★

give you the irreproachable sheer-silken loveliness that means Kayser, for as little as **3/11.** *Or you can do yourself (or 'her') prouder still with Kayser Sansheen Chiffons or Service Sheers, 4/11 to 10/6.*

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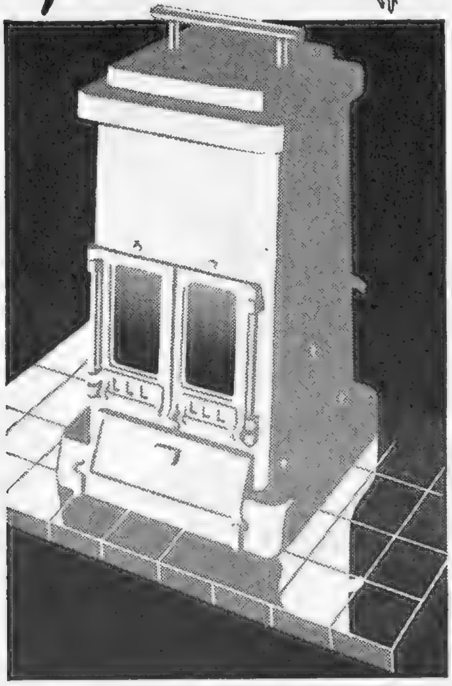
Invitation



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♥ The Tortoisette 'requests the pleasure of your company'! It disposes of so many of the things a woman hates — kindling fires every morning, continual stoking and cleaning, half-heated rooms — and brings those advantages you always longed for: a cheerful, sociable, well-warmed home with little or no trouble and a very much smaller heating bill. Take in its good points at a glance, then send the coupon for the full story! Prices from £5.10.0.

- ♥ Day and night warmth for ⅛d. an hour.
- ♣ Compact, modern design.
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- ◆ Burns 14-20 hours without attention.
- ♥ The only stove with Variable Automatic Thermostat Control
- ♣ Heat-resisting GLASS doors allow *natural* fire glow.
- ♠ 4 colours or black (or to match any colour scheme, at slight extra cost).

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SLOW BURNING
QUICK HEATING

'HOUSE-WARMER'

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To Charles Portway & Son Ltd., Halstead, Essex.
Please send me the full facts and figures concerning a TORTOISETTE STOVE (what it will cost me to run) and the name of the nearest Ironmonger or Builders' Merchant stocking.

NAME ____________________

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The Dark Ages

(*Continued from page* 45)

It had been strange of him to ask her if she loved anyone. She was glad and proud that she didn't—not in that way. She had seen people in love. They were so distracted and tormented and foolish. They lost all judgment. They made a mess of everything. No, it was splendid to be so sane and free.

There was a young man standing under the courtyard light.

She was so startled that afterwards she felt that they must have been looking at each other for a long time before she even moved. She felt somehow very small and helpless. "Who are you?" she asked. And he answered absurdly, "I don't know. I rather think I'm a ghost. Are you?"

Now that she heard his pleasant voice she was angry—with him for frightening her and with herself for being frightened. She said, "Of course not. How absurd. . . ."

"It's not absurd," he said seriously. "And there's no 'of course not' about anything these days. I didn't mean exactly a ghost though. In fact I don't know what you'd call it. . . ."

"I should call it an intruder," she said severely.

"Oh, no." He shook his head at her. "There's no question of intrusion, either. You see, my mother used to live here—in this house. In fact, she was born in it. I daresay she used to scream in it. Afterwards she sang. From that balcony. My father heard her. And then they were married. . . ."

She had been so shaken by all that had happened to her that it was difficult not to be a little moved. He was so in earnest. And not really impertinent at all. It was as though he expected her to understand. "In fact I thought it might be my mother coming down the stairs," he said. "And I knew just how my father felt. . . ."

"Please don't be ridiculous," she said.

"I can't help it. If there was more light in this place I daresay I could do better. You see, my mother was awfully pretty too. And she had your sort of voice. Even after I was born she sang once in the Festspielhaus. . . ."

It was getting more and more difficult to be annoyed.

"Then you're an Austrian. . . ."

"Bits of me. The nice bits. The others are just poor American. . . ."

"There aren't any poor Americans. . . ."

"Oh, yes there are. You'd be surprised."

"They don't come here then. The rich ones come in the summer—hundreds of them. . . ."

"You don't sound as though you liked them much. . . ."

"I don't. Salzburg isn't the same. It goes into hiding. The real people creep into the cellars. . . ."

Stefan followed her out of the archway into the street. The thought of the Oestreicher Hof and the long black Lincoln made him less sure of himself.

"I'm sorry. Couldn't you forget it—I mean, my being American? I'm trying to. I don't want anyone to know. I want to talk German. And Austrians won't let Americans talk German. My father never learnt a word—not even from mother—except *Ich liebe dich*. He can still say that. . . ."

She had to laugh.

"All right. I'll forget. It doesn't matter anyway. . . ."

"Oh, but it does. It matters to our future conversation."

"There isn't going to be any. . . ."

"Why not? We've had some already. The nicest conversation I've had for months. Perhaps you'd like us to be introduced. My name's Helde—Stefan Helde. I'd take off my hat to you, but I don't happen to have one with me. . . ."

"My name's Nina Eberhardt. And I can't think why I've told you. . . ."

"Friends ought to know each other's names," he said gravely. "I expect I ought to know yours. I expect you're a great singer. . . ."

"I'm not. Not yet. My teacher, Franz Wolf is. . . ."

"Was that fellow singing with you, Franz Wolf. . . ."

She was pleased with him for being awestruck. She was awestruck herself. She wanted to tell him. "He and I are to be married. . . ." But no one was to know that yet. Not till after his concert in the Mozarteum next month. Then they would go away together before settling down to real life.

"Do you think," Stefan asked, "he would teach me too?"

"If you have a voice. . . ."

"Oh, I have a voice. . . ." He began to sing. "*O suave fanciulla. . . .*" just to show her. The narrow street shook with it. The windows seemed to gape with consternation. She said, "Oh, please—we shall have the police out. . . ." and he stopped at once. "What do you think of it?" he asked.

"It's a nice voice. . . ." She felt that if she didn't say so he might start all over again. "I'll ask him, if you like—if you're serious. . . ."

"I'm awfully serious. . . ."

"He's giving a little *Lied-Fest* for his friends in his studio to-night. You can come, if you like. I'll introduce you. . . ."

She didn't know why she was doing all this—except that he was so young and so alone. Probably just a poor student. He hadn't even got a hat. And she was so happy—with all the world in front of her.

He took her firm, outstretched hand.

"You're wonderful. And isn't it wonderful we've met?"

HE stood on the footbridge, leaning his elbows on the parapet, and listening to the voice of the Salzach singing its winter song beneath his feet. A sauntering policeman glanced at him uneasily. There were a lot of strange and dangerous and mad people about the place these days. And it was much too cold even for a harmless young man to be watching the moon rise. There were mists drifting across the valley. The Festung seemed to be floating on them like a great ship on a quiet moonlit sea.

"It's the loveliest sight on earth," Stefan said. "My mother said it was and two hours ago I didn't believe her. But she was right." He raised his arm in greeting to the Mönchberg. "*Grüss Gott, Alterchen!*"

The policeman smiled, shrugged and passed on. After all he was a good Salzburgian. And if the young man was mad he was mad in the right way.

An hour later Stefan Helde marched into the lobby of his hotel and chancing to meet the manager took him firmly by the lapels of his immaculate dinner coat.

"I have to break it to you," he said, "that I have just become a singer. A poor singer. In fact a very poor singer. One day I shall empty the Festspielhaus at one blast. In the meantime, as a high-minded artist, I abhor your disgusting luxury. Find me an attic full of cockroaches and aspirations. And for heaven's sake hide that darned locomotive where even I can't find it."

FRANZ WOLF was with his friends. They were gathered around him, scattered in the shadows, each encompassed by his own solitude, all of them bound together in a fraternity of shared emotion. For a little while at least they had escaped the unreal turmoil of their lives into the reality of their dreams. Hans Helmbach, the conductor accompanied the singer. He had come all the way from Munich just for this one evening. Next month for Wolf's birthday he was to bring his orchestra. He was an old man. The authorities had thrown up unaccountable difficulties. His coming bespoke great loyalty.

The big low-ceilinged room was like a sanctuary. And to the listeners the voice was a reminder and a reassurance. They had been afraid. They had been bitter and contemptuous. The faiths that had inspired their lives, derided and trampled underfoot, had seemed to fail them. Their world was in chaos. Now

(*Continued on page* 116)

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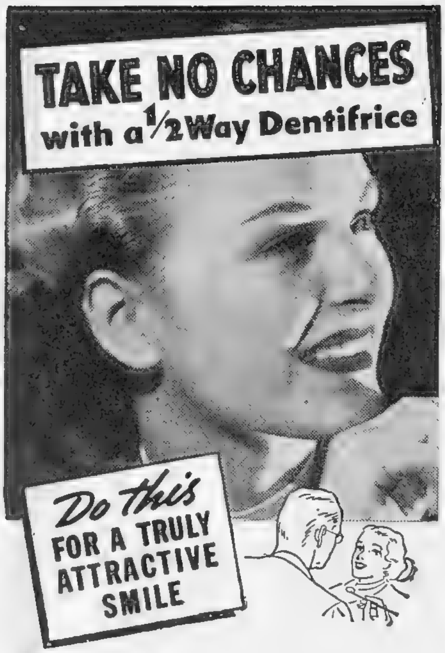

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they believed again and took courage.

He was giving the essence of his voice. Perhaps he would never sing like this again. He was singing for the first time to a woman.

"*Du bist die Ruh'*
Die Friede mild'—"

He looked towards her. She was standing by the window and she was not alone. The young American she had brought with her stood opposite her. Her hands were clasped behind her back and she was gazing up into the moonlight with the entranced simplicity of a child listening to a lovely fairy-story. But Stefan Helde looked at her.

"*Kehr Heim bei mir. . . .*"

Wolf knew suddenly that he was pleading with her and all the futility of pleading. He finished the gentle love song with a subdued passion, almost with a command, and she turned at once towards him, docile to his artist's authority. He smiled back at her. How stupid to have felt that moment's desperate fear. She was an artist too and nothing else. She had heard the purity of his voice, the correct breathing, the perfect phrasing. She had not known that he had sung to her. And least of all she had felt Stefan Helde looking at her.

A spark of unwanted malice kindled in the older man.

"I understand that you are a singer too, Herr Helde. Why not sing to us? Miss Eberhardt tells me you know the aria from the first act of the *Bohême*. Try it with her."

The boy crimsoned and laughed. But it was as though he knew that he had been challenged.

"I'm just a dub," he said. "I'll spoil it all for you, Fräulein Nina. But I'll mean well. . . ."

Wolf accompanied them. The boy stood in the embrasure of the piano, leaning against it, his eyes still on the girl beside him. They were both so young and fair. They seemed to shine like bright metal in the circle of lamplight. They made shabby and battered scarecrows of their listeners. He began huskily. The voice was sweet-toned but untrained. It would never, Wolf knew, amount to much. But the boy himself had something—a headlong, joyous sincerity. It was his youth singing. And he, too, was singing for the first time to a woman.

"*O suave fanciulla. . . .*"

Her voice flowed into his. It ought to have been grotesque—her ordered artistry and this boy's rough blundering attack. Somehow it was only touching. And she was on guard for him, modulating her strength to his weakness, upholding and reassuring him.

Suddenly Franz Wolf broke off. He left their voices in mid-air, like birds that have been shot in full flight and have not yet fallen.

"Listen!" he said.

They heard then what he had heard—the sound of men marching and singing. It was like the ominous roar of waters that have broken their dam and are on their way down the mountainside. They came nearer. The listeners could not hear the words of their song. They knew them and looked at each other and away from the man seated at the piano.

"When the blood of the Jew flows
Things will be better. . . ."

The room glowed for a moment with the sinister reflection of torchlight. Then the fire faded out. The unseen procession that had poured along the Kai at the end of the quiet street was absorbed again into the distance. Still Franz Wolf did not move. It was Helmbach who drew the curtains.

"So they have come," he said. "We might have known it. We are in the track of the storm. . . ."

But the boy and the girl whose song had been broken in two did not hear him or feel the dread that filled the room like a stifling gas. They were smiling at each other.

"Let's go and drink a cup of *Schwarz mit Schlag* at the Bazaar. . . ." he pleaded, "and talk about ourselves."

The *Schwarz mit Schlag* was so good. They had so much to talk about. She told him about her father and how her people were poor now that Franz Wolf was teaching her for nothing as he did so many poor students. (Somehow she was glad that she could not tell anyone that in a few weeks she would be married to him). Wolf wasn't only a great singer. He was a great man. And Stefan said yes—he seemed a fine fellow. And then they went back eagerly to themselves.

It was as though both of them had been silent for years. They couldn't talk enough. After Nina's lessons they met at the Bazaar or the Bräu-Stube and drank coffee or beer and munched *Kaffeekuchen* or *Pretzels* and took turns listening to each other. Nina insisted from the start that she should pay her share. It troubled her to see how poor Stefan Helde was. He lived in a dreary old house with a decrepit *Grafin* who had nothing left but a title and a crest on her battered silver and who didn't even give him enough to eat. And he still didn't seem to have a hat. He said he had just come from a university where they didn't wear hats. But she knew that was just his pride.

There was one thing more that she couldn't tell him.

"I'm teaching him because you asked me," Wolf had said to her. "I am so happy I want everyone to have what they want. If I could give your young American a true ear and a future, I would. But I can't. And somebody's got to tell him." He gave her a quick shy smile. It was as though he had not smiled often in his life and did not quite trust himself. "I think perhaps that you will hurt him less. . . ." he said.

But she hadn't done it. It was all wrong, of course. Stefan was poor and wasting his time and money. But the thought of what the truth involved made her feel sick and weak. She didn't know why she felt that way about what was so obviously her duty. When she sat in the Café Bazaar with him she thought that to-morrow she might have to sit there alone. Or perhaps Franz would be with her. And it wouldn't mean anything. The whole town, drowsing amidst the snow-clad mountains would mean nothing to her.

It was as though her distress affected everyone. People in the cafés sat in close anxious groups and talked in low voices, looking over their shoulders and starting uneasily at the faintest unusual sound. Bands of young men in brown uniforms swaggered in together and sang songs. When they sang the *Horst Wessel* they stood up and everyone in the café stood up hastily as though a whip had been cracked.

"*Die Fahne hoch. . . .*"

"I wish Nazis didn't have to shout so," Stefan said crossly. And a man at the next table hissed, "For God's sake, do you want to get us all arrested?" Stefan didn't like that either. He didn't like being told what he could and couldn't say. He didn't like having to stand up when he didn't want to stand up. He had left school. "I wish, Nina," he said, "we could both go home. . . ."

That made her laugh. Because her home was in Prague. She had been born there, though her people were Austrians by blood.

"That's why we get on so well together," Stefan said. "Your Austrian bits fit into mine—except when we sing, of course," he admitted humbly.

It was her great chance. She could have told him then and there that he couldn't really sing at all. And instead of telling him she had gone back with him to his shabby room in the *Grafin's* shabby old house, where he had a piano and had tried to make him hear the essential difference between *b* flat and *b* natural. So that Wolf shouldn't be too exasperated. They sang duets together. She thought of the great tenor who would one day sing Rudolf to her Mimi, and she knew that however perfect it was it would never be like this.

Stefan never sang any better. He didn't seem to know or care much. He was a happy sort of person who seemed to believe that everything must come right in the end for him.

Wolf had promised to keep him on till after his concert. Only the days went faster and faster.

(*Continued on page* 118)

Sectional Bedroom Furniture

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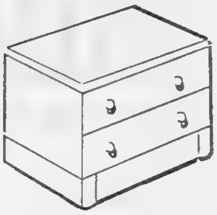

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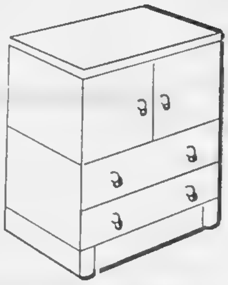

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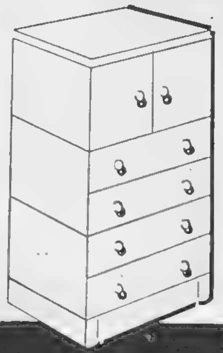

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There was no holding them. And finally, incredibly it was the last day. People had come to Salzburg from all over Austria. There was a rumour that the Meister was making his farewell. The Festhalle was to be decorated with flowers in his honour. The hotels were full. It was like a burst of the Festspiel in mid-winter. People even forgot the bands of aggressive young men parading and singing through the streets.

That night Wolf went through his programme for the last time. He accompanied himself and his friend old Helmbach and Nina and Stefan sat in the shadow, listening. Nina could not take her eyes from Stefan's face. She was trying to engrave it in her mind like a picture that she could take out sometimes and look at, remembering how happy they had been together. And then suddenly he turned and met her eyes. It was as though they had been caught in a trap and could not free themselves.

"*Röselein, Röselein rot,*" Wolf sang. There was new laughter in his singing. And she realised that he was happy, perhaps for the first time in his life. And for the first time she understood what happiness might mean. He said he loved her. She knew now what he meant. Tears came into her eyes so that she couldn't see even Stefan any more. But she knew that Wolf had suddenly stopped singing and that the laughter was dead in him. The door had opened. A tall man in the Nazi uniform stood on the threshold. In that half-light he looked bigger than he really was. His ominous shadow seemed to fill the room.

"Herr Wolf——?"

Franz stood up.

"I am he. . . ."

"I have a message for you. I am to await an answer."

Wolf tore the letter open. It was strange that instinctively no one looked at him in that moment—except the messenger who watched him with a sort of blank-faced hostility. Wolf lifted his eyes to meet it.

"The answer," he said, "is 'no'. . . ."

The silence seemed to last interminably. The soldier raised his arm as though in salutation to some invisible god and was gone, clattering down the stairs. Helmbach came over and took the letter from Wolf's hand and read it.

"Better give in," he said. "You are not strong enough—they can destroy you. . . ."

Wolf smiled a little.

"That really," he said, "is not what matters. . . ."

THE town seethed. It was like the Festspiel days. Only there was snow on the mountains and fever in the streets. Nina wondered if the real Festspiel days with their lovely carefree gaiety would ever come again. At least she knew that they would never be the same for her.

She and Stefan climbed the steep Nonnsteige to the Nonnberg and stood side by side on the terrace looking out over the city. After last night they knew that they had to talk—perhaps really for the first time. It was bitterly cold though they did not know it. No one, it seemed, wanted to share their solitude.

"To-morrow it will be all over," she said.

"Not for us," Stefan said. "For us everything will begin. . . ."

"Stefan—I've got to tell you something. You've got to know the truth. You're brave and can face it. You won't let it hurt you too badly. But you can't sing. You never will. . . ."

She waited. He took her by the arms and made her face him. Incredibly there was laughter dancing in his eyes.

"Did you think I was so dumb as to think I could?"

"Then what—what have you been doing here?"

"Loving you," he said. "Trying to make you love me. . . ."

She was breathless—indignant—shaken by a mad, unreasoning happiness. But she reproached him fiercely.

"Wasting your time and money. . . ."

"I have such a lot of both. You see, I've deceived you, darling. I didn't think you'd love a rich young man—not at first, anyway."

She tore herself free from him.

"I am to marry Franz. . . ."

Then indeed he lost colour. But he said quietly, firmly, "You're not. Because you can't. . . ."

"I belong to him. He has made me everything I am."

"That isn't true. You are what you were from the beginning. And you belong to me. And I to you. I am going to take you home with me. You can be the greatest soprano in America. And I'll be proud and glad to be just your husband—the man who loves you."

"Stefan. . . ."

He bent and kissed her gently on the mouth.

"You can't marry someone you don't love. . . ."

"I do love him. . . ."

"Not as you love me. . . ."

It was true. She had no fight left in her. She leaned wearily against him and he went on—"There's something else. You remember that letter the Nazi fellow brought last night?" She nodded silently, choked by a sudden fear and he went on, "Afterwards Wolf told me what was in it. It was an order from the Nazi headquarters to cancel his concert and to leave Salzburg. They're staging some big event and not a Jew is to show his face. If he does there will be trouble—bad trouble—for him and anyone who belongs to him will have to share it. . . ."

He had said the one thing fatal to them both. He knew it. He no longer held her.

"As I shall. . . ."

"Nina. . . ." Without hope he still pleaded, "he asked me to get you away—back across the Czechoslovakian frontier. We could make it in a few hours. . . ."

"If he is brave enough to fight then I am brave enough to stand by. A minute ago I was still free. Now it's as though I were his wife already. . . ."

Their eyes met. In his was a young, tragic recognition of their common code. He turned and they went back down the Nonnsteige. They did not speak again. He went ahead of her, forging a way for her through the feverish crowd. Something had happened in their absence. Flags had broken out of the windows. Troops were on the march, mud-stained, blank-faced men at parade step who drove the people back against the houses like the foaming waters of a narrow channel at the passage of a swift remorseless warship. Stefan and Nina struggled across the Mozart Platz into a deserted side street. Involuntarily she looked up and read the name. "Judengasse." It was as though her heart had been caught in a cold vice. "The wheel turns," Franz Wolf had said, "even now we may be in the shadow——"

"But Stefan—" she whispered—"those weren't Austrian soldiers—they were Germans——"

He nodded sombrely.

"I know," he said.

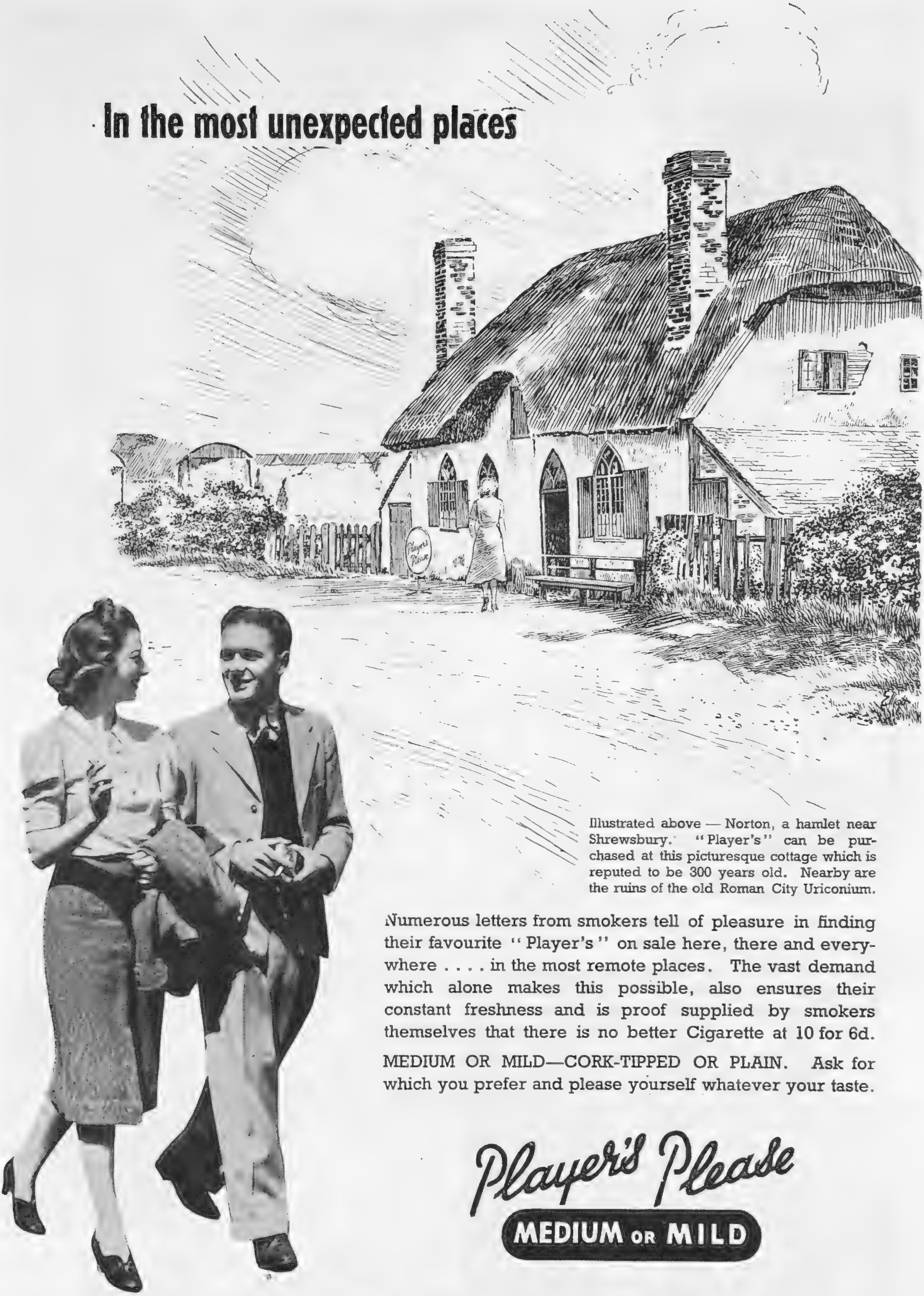
THE orchestra played the overture to *The Meistersingers*. They played raggedly. They were picked men who had come from all over Austria for this event. They had been well rehearsed. But they were afraid. Old Helmbach, their conductor, was afraid. And his fear infected them. He had chosen the overture because at the time it had seemed a robust tribute to a great singer. Now, too late, he realized how the first pompous chords stirred the forces of enflamed nationism that crouched, waiting, behind him. His own movements were jerky, without precision. He was an old man. He wanted nothing but to be left in peace.

Nina sat with Stefan in the first row. She had not wanted him to come. His misery pressed on hers like a hard hand on an aching bruise. Yet she could not have borne to come without him. It would be their last time together. To-morrow he would be gone.

She looked about her, thinking how suddenly and terribly life could change its course. The last time she had been in this Festhalle it had been summer and the big baroque hall had been filled with happy people—important people

(*Continued on page 120*)

In the most unexpected places



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from all over the world, simple townsfolk, but all people who loved music, all eager, friendly, reverent. Some of them must be here now. But everything had changed. The close atmosphere vibrated with some hot and secret passion. Where there had been flowers there were now monstrous flags, stamped with the deformed emblem of another faith. Under the apparent attention stirred an exasperated unrest that as the last note sounded exploded in a roar of cheering.

But Helmbach knew that the cheers were not for him or for his orchestra, sunk in an oppressed apathy. Herr Gott, he thought, why hadn't they called this business off? Why had they challenged the enemy? At the time it had seemed vital to their dignity as men and artists. Now what did manhood or conscience matter? Life mattered. One's glass of beer at the Bräu-Stube. One's fireside. One's game of skat after the day's work. . . .

His head jerked up. The dreaded moment had come. He saw Franz Wolf stride out on to the platform. Helmbach made a gesture, automatic as the salute of a soldier who has received his death sentence, and the orchestra stumbled to its feet. He could feel the audience rise behind him like a monstrous wave at the point of breaking. They had come to pay this man a tribute—to hear a beloved voice perhaps for the last time. But all day long for many days elements within them, unknown to them, has been whipped and goaded into action. They had crossed in a moment the narrow frontier between love and hate. They wanted to kill, destroy, revenge themselves on some one victim for their starved frustrated lives. They howled at him. And he waited patiently, without defiance and without cringing. He looked down for a moment and saw Nina. She thanked God she could look straight back at him. For as in a flash of revelation she saw that all his life, lurking behind all his triumphs, this moment had lain in wait for him. Now, but for her, he would meet it alone. And he wasn't only Franz Wolf. She saw that too. He had become a symbol. He was the anvil on which all their loyalties, their boasted decencies were to be tested. It was as though centuries of heroic effort to escape the jungle hung on the thin thread of his life.

They had screamed themselves out. Only sporadic cries broke through the deepening silence. Wolf made a faint gesture to the conductor. As at an awaited signal men in brown uniforms poured down the aisles and took up their stations beneath the platform and along the walls. Orchestra and audience were hemmed in by them. They stood shoulder to shoulder, staring blankly in front of them. In their immobility they were at once grotesque and terrible.

A man who wore the insignia of an officer climbed on to the platform. He spoke loudly, harshly so that his voice carried to the furthest corners of the hall.

"You have chosen to defy us, Jew. As an atonement your first song will be our national song. You will sing *Horst Wessel.* Being what you are, you will not know the words. They are here for you. The orchestra will accompany you. They have their orders. . . ."

Franz Wolf took the paper handed him. He half turned to the orchestra. The first violinist was a personal friend. The man would not meet his eyes. He turned to Helmbach. The old conductor shook his head faintly. It was as though he had said aloud, "It's no use. We are not strong enough." So that he knew then. They had already surrendered. And they were waiting for him to justify them—to throw down his weapons in the dust with theirs.

He went to the piano and opened it. He laid the song they had given him, without defiance or resentment, on one side. It was not important. He sat motionless and absorbed for a moment like a man who, among his friends, is to sing to them for a last time and must make his choice carefully and well. They were breathless now. They were like men and women wavering on the brink of some irretrievable catastrophe.

A voice shouted in thin mockery, *"Sing, Jud, sing doch!"* And as if in obedience he struck a succession of quiet chords. And he began to sing.

But it was not *Horst Wessel.* He had chosen in farewell Schubert's tender yet exultant tribute to music itself. He had often sung it at the end of a concert. It was like a wreath laid at the feet of an art that he had loved and was serving loyally to the end. It was also a last appeal to those enemies—a call to remembrance of all that had once united them.

"Du holde Kunst, in vieviel grauen Stunden
Wo mich des Lebens wilder Kreis umstrickt"

A sigh, faint as a breeze, rose up and died away again. The brown uniformed men too were silent, bewildered and uncertain, caught by the serenity of his voice, the loftiness of its invocation. He had sung better that night when he had sung to Nina. His voice had been fresh and golden. But he had not sung with this nobility. Then he had been happy. Now he had put aside happiness. But there remained for him, in the teeth of the force that threatened him, this final assertion of the faith by which he had tried to live. He paid this last tribute of gratitude for the knowledge and love of beauty that had been vouchsafed to him.

"*——hast du mein Kerz zu warmer Leib' entzunden*
Hast mich in einer bessere Welt entruckt——"

Nina knew that people around her were crying. Stefan was crying. He did not know it. The tears rolled unheeded down his cheeks. She loved him as she had never loved him.

"*——du holde Kunst, ich danke dir daur*
Ich danke dir——"

They had risen to their feet. They were still silent. But it was the silence of serene heights where for a little while they had dreamed together. They understood what he had done. At the last moment, stampeded to the edge of the chaos, he had recalled them. He had stood between them and the abyss. He had fought them back. They could have knelt to him.

A word of command cracked. The brown clad figures sprang back to life. Panic stricken they hurled themselves on the platform. But the hunted man had ceased to be alone. He had raised a flag and the cowed leaderless musicians behind him had rallied to it. They were not young. They were not fighters. They had no weapons but their frail and precious instruments. But they threw themselves in front of him. They made their frail bodies into a fortress.

It was strange to Nina how clear and quiet Stefan's voice sounded through the unleashed tumult.

"Get your passport. Go to my place and wait for me. We've got to save him—for all our sakes."

He too leapt up on to the platform.

A LEAN black car, its lights dimmed, slid like a stealthy fugitive out of the dark empty street. It seemed to have no destination. It swung north, avoiding the main thoroughfares and then across the river by the Ludwig-Victor Brücke and by crazy detours towards the Mönchberg. It bore a foreign registration number. It passed without question.

"If they're after us they'll be watching the road to Budweis," Stefan said. "They know the Czechoslovakian frontier is our only way out. Maybe, if we cut across country, we'll fool them."

He sounded hard and resolute but not as though he believed himself. He had scarcely spoken since his headlights had picked Nina out, standing in the shadow of a wall. She sat close to him, her shoulder against his.

Wolf sat on her other side. She had caught one glimpse of the tragic, battered face. She had not dared to look at him again.

"It was a great fight," Stefan muttered. "You wouldn't have thought these little fellows could have fought like that—the audience went wild. No one knew who was fighting whom. So we got clear. The place was like a shambles. . . ."

They were (*Continued on page* 122)

Osram Coiled Coil Lamps stay bright and give you up to 20% more light—**free!**
Osram
THE WONDERFUL LAMP
A G.E.C. PRODUCT

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The Cardigan illustrated is Knitting Instruction Leaflet No. 539—from the leading wool shops and stores, or post free 4d, with patterns, from Dept. B.G. 7

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Start Collecting *No doubt the ideal is to buy a canteen of Community Plate right away. Many however, prefer to spread their purchase over a number of years, buying smaller units at a time, and gradually building up a complete service.*

FREE . . .
Joan Woolcombe's "Table Knowledge" solves all those unusual problems in laying a table that sometimes crop up. It's different, it's interesting, it's free from Community, 264, (A.C) Regent Street, London, W.1.

COMMUNITY PLATE
AT ALL LEADING SILVERSMITHS
also TUDOR PLATE — unusual values at lower prices

beginning to climb. The mountain road swept them through tunnels of white ghostly trees. Wolf put his hand to his face. There was blood on it. He said quietly, "We are being followed, Stefan."

The boy glanced back. He could see the road beneath him and the flood of light that came and went along the curves. . . .

"Looks like it. . . ."

"Let me out. You are risking your freedom—perhaps your lives. If they have me they will be satisfied. You are foreigners. They will be glad to let you escape. . . ."

"No," Stefan said between his teeth. He gave a little laugh. "I could show them a clean pair of heels. But we've got to turn back to the town. All the bridges will be watched—we've one chance. . . ."

He swung recklessly into a rough clearing and switched off the lights. "Maybe they'll go by," he said.

But it wasn't even a chance and they knew it too.

They left the car. It was as though by unspoken consent they chose to face the enemy standing and face to face. From where they waited they could see between the stark black pillars of the trees to the town lying in the valley like a pool of shimmering light. They could see the red eyes of the pursuit, come and go in the dark, like the eyes of a hunting fox.

Wolf drew apart. He knew that Nina and Stefan were looking at each other. He could not see their expression. But he knew that they were saying goodbye. They loved each other. He knew that, too, suddenly and with certainty. Perhaps he had known before. It was so right and natural. But they were trying to save him who was a danger and an obstacle to their happiness. So that for them too there was something greater than happiness. There were things, inherited from their past, which they could not betray—without which they could not live. A warmth glowed in his frozen heart. His world lay in ruins. And he was too old, too tired. But they were young. They would rebuild it—perhaps better, and stronger.

The lights came round the last curve. They poured up the straight. Instinctively Nina drew close to Stefan. She thought she heard someone say, "*Leb wohl!*" But the sound was so light, so unsubstantial that it might have been a breath of wind among the trees. Then in the sudden glare whose reflection enveloped them like a fire she saw Stefan's aghast face. And he was staring past her.

Wolf stood in the middle of the road. His arms were outstretched. He might have been saluting in farewell someone he greatly loved, but joyfully, without despair. "*Grüss Gott, Salzburg. . . .*" Nina thought a branch snapped somewhere in the forest. Wolf seemed to have heard it too. He half turned. And then quite slowly he sank down. He seemed suddenly to have fallen asleep.

Stefan drew Nina into his arms. He hid her face against him.

He saw the ghoulish shadows hover over the man they had shot down. It would be no murder. To-morrow, in the papers, there would be the announcement that another traitor had committed suicide. He would be found slumped over his desk, no doubt, with a revolver on the floor beside him. The shadows worked fast. Presently the road was empty and dark again. They had all of him that they thought mattered. They had his body. . . .

Stefan lifted Nina into the car. He drove out on to the road. For a last time they too looked back over the city. He bent and kissed her cheek and steadied his voice with a fierce effort.

"One day," he said, "you shall go back and sing for him."

END

We Teach You Horse Sense

(*Continued from page 31*)

be unlucky enough to take a toss try and keep hold of your reins. It may save you the humiliation of a long walk home.

Do not wear spurs, or, if you do, see that they have no rowels, they are dangerous for a novice to use.

To allow your horse to pull bits out of the hedges as you ride down country lanes is not good for him, farmers will not thank you, and the unfortunate groom who has to clean the bit will certainly hate you. Anyway, from your own point of view you cannot have your horse under control if you allow him to do this. He will respect you if you enforce your wishes; horses are cute.

If you are on a long ride and it is necessary to let your horse drink, go quietly for a while afterwards.

Walk him for the last mile or so before you reach home, so that you do not return him to the stable exhausted and sweating. This will make you a popular client at the riding stables.

Above all be intelligent and considerate in your treatment of the horse; do not spoil him by giving him tit-bits indiscriminately, but reward him with an apple or a nice juicy carrot at the end of a ride.

If you want good behaviour from your mount never forget that he is a nervous animal. Make your presence known before approaching him, and don't come quickly up behind and give him a hearty smack on the quarters unless you want the kick you deserve.

END

Unhappy FEET
ARE NOT IN THE MODE

The shoes must be right. Agreed. But for how many women the keenest pleasure of the day is to take off those trim, elegant, torturing shoes. No more of that! Arch-Rite with cunning lasts make shoes with slim, dashing lines that still leave the feet easy and help them where they need support. We show below the shoe that will carry you with honours round the most dazzling shops or the smartest meeting places, with fashionable feet that *feel* fine. For —

"Fashion shoes can be comfortable"

A.4. Brown calf suede, and super glace kid, extremely smart, medium heel. **25/-**

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MODELS FROM 22/9 to 32/6

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Write G. M., Advertisement Dept., "Britannia and Eve," 32 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

LET "RANEE" READ YOUR CHARACTER FROM YOUR HANDWRITING

"Ranee" is taking a holiday for two months and will not be replying to correspondence until December. All letters sent in for her will be answered on her return.

"RANEE" has proved to our satisfaction, by a practical test, that her pseudonym conceals the identity of a woman with an unusual flair for delineating character from handwriting.

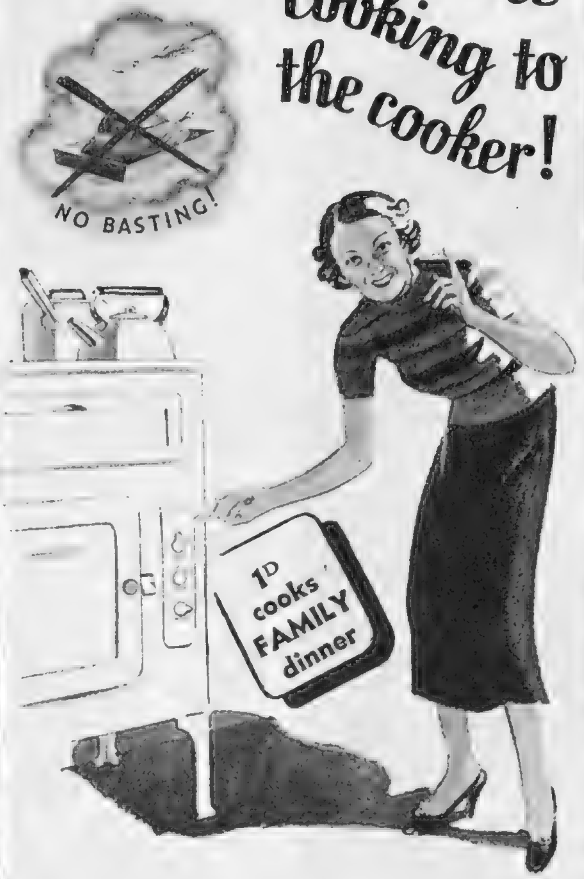
The services of "Ranee" are therefore placed at the disposal of the readers of "Britannia and Eve" in the belief that her character reading will be found instructive and entertaining.

All that "Ranee" requires is (1) a specimen of your handwriting, (2) your name and address in full, (3) the day and month of your birth, (4) the colour of your eyes and hair.

Write these down on a piece of paper, address your envelope to "Ranee" c/o "Britannia and Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4, and enclose an open postal order to the value of One Shilling and a *stamped addressed, envelope for reply.*

In due course "Ranee" will send you a typewritten delineation of your character.

I leave the cooking to the cooker!



Women who have not yet got an *electric* cooker can hardly believe me when I tell them how much trouble mine saves me. The poor dears are so used to basting that they don't realise that a joint needs no basting at all in an electric oven, or how easy cooking becomes when you control the exact cooking heat you want at the touch of a switch. But when they lunch with me they *do* realise how much nicer food tastes when cooked in fumeless electric heat—and off they go to see about an electric cooker for their own homes.

Own an ELECTRIC COOKER

Issued by the British Electrical Development Association, 2 Savoy Hill, London, W.C.2

THE perfect taste of the Woman of charm and distinction is shown in every detail of her Toilette, whether it is in the anxious selection of the Hat which is so charming and so prepossessing or in the many other little details of her dress. But there is nothing more personal, more revealing, than the selection of her Perfume.

The lovely fresh fragrance of the Yardley Lavender is always delightful. Its wistful, simple appeal is so charming and so right for daytime hours and for the less formal evening occasions, that it is inevitably her choice.

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Lavender from 2/6 to 2 guineas. Lavender Soap, in boxes of 3 tablets, 2/6. Lavender Face Powder 2/-, Talc 2/6. Lavendomeal 3/- and 9/6. Bath Dusting Powder 3/6

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Leaflet No. 3425, price 3d.; or 4d. post free from P. A. Lacroix (Dept. B.E.23), 44, Jewin Street, London, E.C.1

IN

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CP-AZ.3

Italy Celebrates the Vendemmia

The Grape Festival, with its Traditional Gaiety, follows the Harvest of the Vineyards

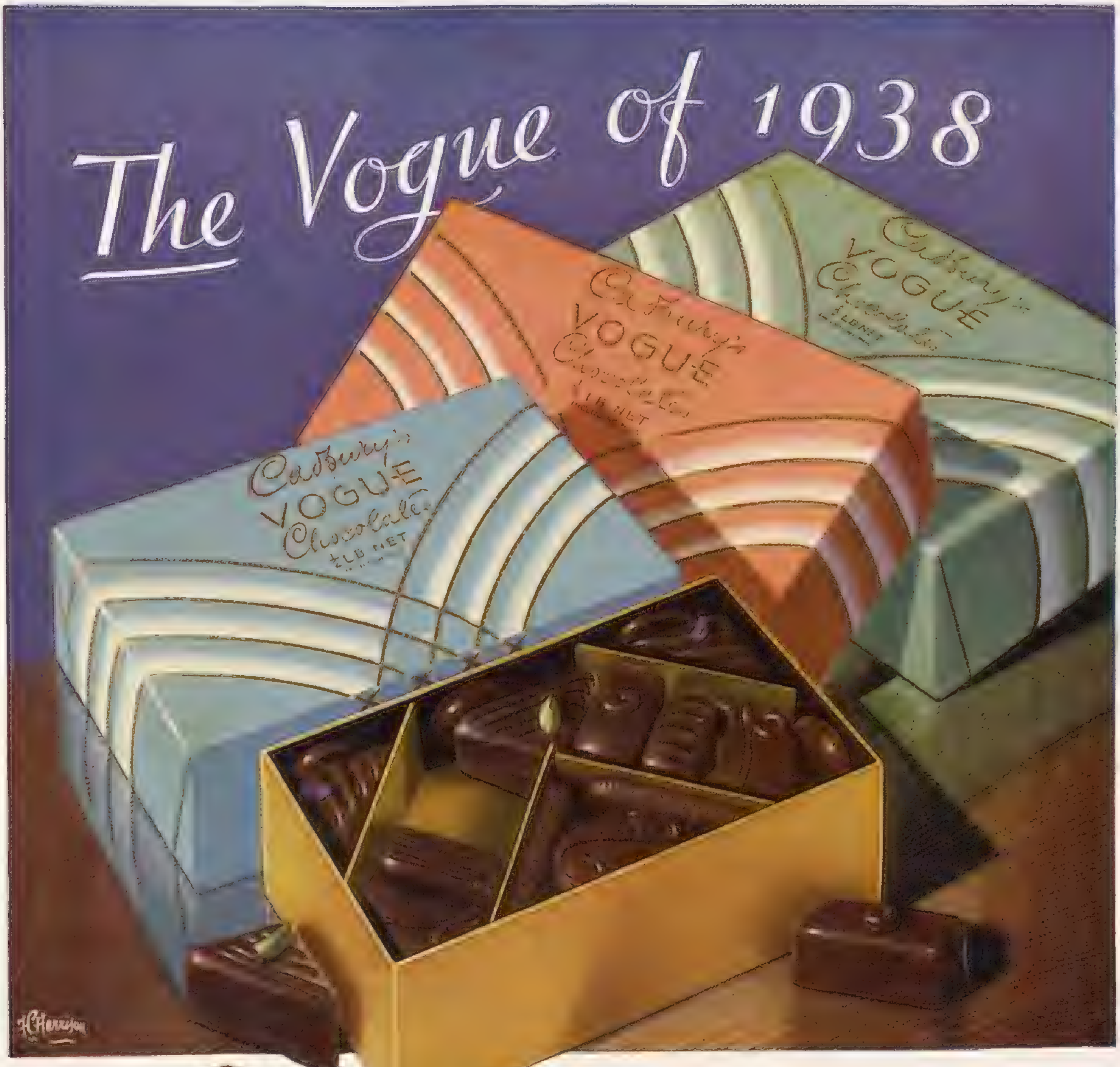
OCTOBER is the gayest of all months in Italy, for it is the season of the time-honoured Vendemmia or Grape Festival. From one end of the country to the other, in the woods of the Dolomites, the hills of Piedmont, in Tuscany, Venetia, Apulia, Calabria, in fertile Sicily and picturesque Sardinia, the land literally flows with wine. Everywhere one sees the newly gathered grapes which give back to the people (who know as well as the French how to tend vines and press them in due season) the warmth drawn from the sun's rays during the long summer months.

Townsmen as well as villagers join in the various celebrations. Each district has its own characteristic manner of celebrating the vintage and there are many bright and colourful parades of peasants decked in their traditional costumes and riding on painted wagons drawn by milk-white oxen. Music and songs are heard from morning till night on the festival days, with castanets, guitars and, in Sicily, with bagpipes.

During the processions in Rome, huge decorated baskets and wine casks are filled with (*Continued on page* 127)

The Vendemmia in Rome: Dark-eyed Italian girls ride in decorated cars at the Grape Festival, the big event of the early autumn in Italy

Above: "Season of Mists and Mellow Fruitfulness." A vineyard worker collecting the luscious black grapes of Merano during the Vendemmia or annual harvest of the vineyards


The Vogue of 1938
Cadbury's VOGUE Chocolates ½ LB NET
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H. Harrison

You can tell by their rich, dark colour that *Vogue* chocolates are different — special — made for the connoisseur of subtle excellencies.

The continental 'tang' of this dark covering makes the artful blending of the fillings stand out more clearly. Each chocolate is a new excitement — an experience in flavour.

The beautifully designed boxes are made in three pleasing colours. The 'silent' non-rustling packing makes them ideal for cinema and theatre. The price? Only 1/6 for a half-pound box, or in the new ¼ lb. cartons at 9d.

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VOGUE

CHOCOLATES

½lb. box 1/6 . . . 1 lb. box 3/-

AND THE NEW ¼ LB. CARTON 9D.

The Ideal Gas Heater for

ENTRANCE HALLS
OFFICES · SHOPS
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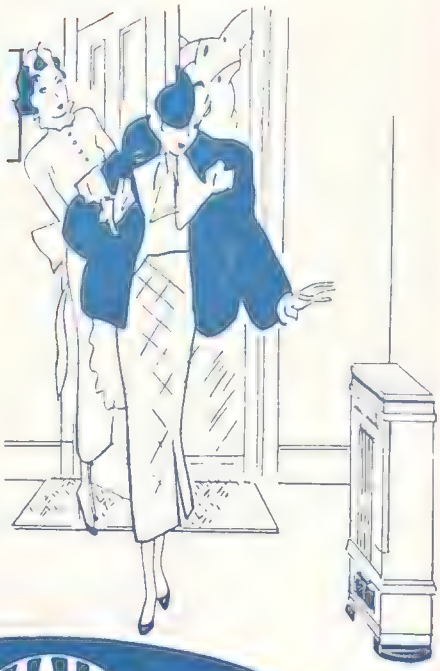
TWO GREAT IMPROVEMENTS

Two very important developments have been achieved in the VELOMAIN Space Heater. The design ensures that the top and back do not become unpleasantly hot, while the heat is projected into the room at such an angle as to prevent discoloration of the walls or ceiling immediately behind or above the heater, thus obviating one of the drawbacks found in the ordinary radiator of the past.



COMPACT, SMART & ECONOMICAL

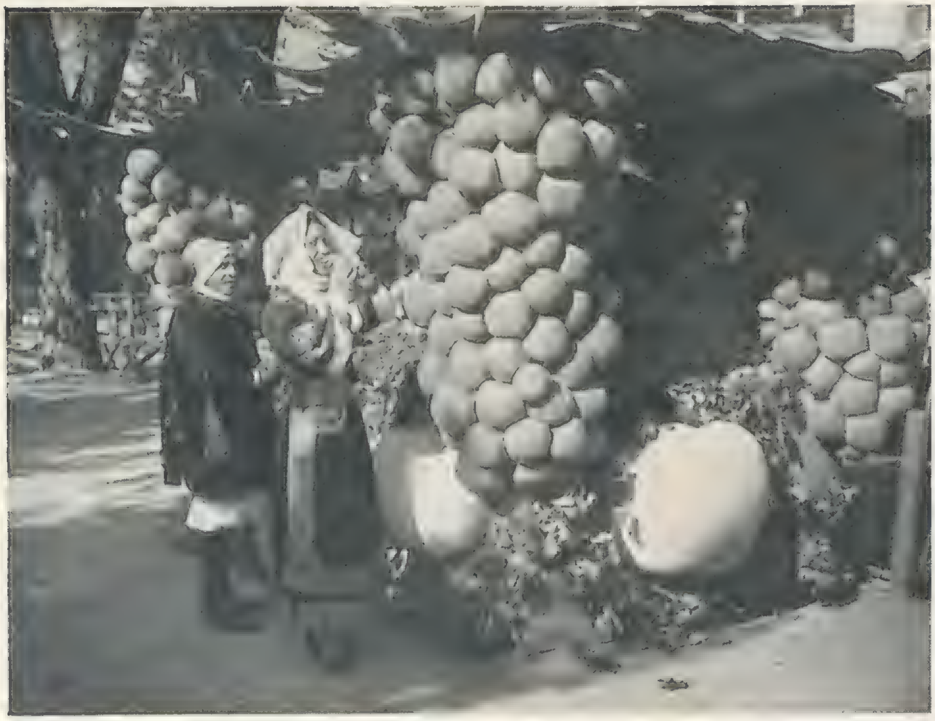
The VELOMAIN Heater is the best thing in Space Heating yet designed. In the first place, it needs no flue, the gas consumption being inside the limits for flueless heaters. Secondly, it is a perfect heater, as it warms up quickly and circulates the air of a room 12 × 10 × 10 ft. some 2½ times an hour. As is fitting, its design is modern and it is made in a variety of colour finishes, blending harmoniously with any scheme of decoration. Furthermore, thought has been given to upkeep. The design is simple and accessible for the little cleaning required, while the body is made from sheet steel, for long service, with cast-iron parts where rigidity and strength are required.

EMPIRE EXHIBITION
Glasgow. Stand 123 127
Palace of Engineering
Closing date Oct. 29, 1938

MAIN
VELOMAIN
SPACE HEATER

Write for fully descriptive leaflet to :

R. & A. MAIN LTD. (Dept., 46), 48 GROSVENOR GARDENS, LONDON, S.W.1.



In Merano artificial bunches of grapes decorate the streets of the town during the Grape Festival. Many people go to Merano in October to take the grape cure—the world's most palatable medicine

bunches of grapes which are liberally distributed among the merrymakers; and there is dancing from twilight till dawn. Special trains bring great crowds from the cities to the more famous grape districts of Terracina, Cannelli, Soave and the Roman "Castelli," and the pilgrimage has been aptly compared with the mythical and more leisurely journey made by Bacchus from India to Italy, when, as legend has it, he introduced the vine that was for ever to bless a people and enrich a soil. Modern Italians appreciate the profound and mystic union between the earth and the warm sun, of which the grape is born, crowning the labours of the growers. At no time has Italy been more conscious of the wealth she possesses in the vine, nor has she ever been more resolved to pay honour to it in the joyful spirit that it deserves—and inspires.

ONE of the first communes to adopt the *Sagra dell'Uva* (as the feast of the grape is called) was Impruneta, near Florence, famous for its chianti. At the festival an enormous barrel in the middle of the square is filled with chianti, and all may drink therefrom. There is a competition for the best-grown vines, after which a procession of carts decorated with amazing ingenuity and carrying children and grown-ups all in costume, wends its way through the streets. In Naples there is great excitement, and the villa quarter is turned into a vast vineyard. Bunches of grapes hang from every window and balcony, and many thousands of schoolchildren are given a free distribution.

IN the autumn all roads lead to Merano; people from all parts of Europe flock there for the grape cure and the townspeople add to the gaiety of the season with their traditional festival, held during the first week in October.

Everywhere one sees enormous bunches of black grapes, which are sold at miraculously low prices. They are the world's cheapest and most pleasant "medicine" and the large quantities of sugar contained in the grapes render them a food of high nutritive value. Grapes are frequently prescribed for digestive complaints and their therapeutic value is well known.

The doctors at Merano are world-famous specialists in the cure, which consists of eating from one to six pounds of grapes daily between meals or, alternatively, drinking the juice of the fruit, which is freshly crushed in small presses.

In the autumn all roads lead to Merano, and the peasant folk of this region of vineyards dress up in their traditional costumes for the grape harvest

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BATHROOM FURNITURE IS SUPREME
Illustrated List of Cabinets, Stools, Tables, Chairs, Mirrors, post free, from
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In 36 long-lasting colours. From 6 to 24 inches long. Sold only in boxes (never loose) from 9d. to 5/6.
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CVS—26

NERVOUS, SENSITIVE CHILDREN make the finest types of men and women

. . . but there are DANGERS that have to be watched during childhood

HEADS of public schools say that sensitive, highly-strung children are on the whole the finest human material.

From either one or both parents they inherit a sensitiveness, an alertness and quickness of reaction which give them a better chance in life, enable them to develop more rapidly.

But there are dangers that have to be watched. The responsibility for the parents in handling such children is increased tenfold compared with the bringing up of ordinary children. Nervous, sensitive or highly-strung children live more intensely. Happenings in their environment make greater impressions on them and they react more vividly. Their nerves are nearer to the surface.

Many nervous, highly-strung children have ended up utter failures — weak, oversensitive, easily led, because their parents didn't understand certain health warnings during childhood.

When a child is off his food or finicky about food; when he looks pale and puffy under the eyes; when he's irritable and gets fits of bad temper; when he tires easily and gets listless; when he's difficult to handle — then it is time to act, and act quickly!

These signs mean that the child is using up his nervous energy more quickly than he's replacing it. And it is at night, during sleep, that these stores of nervous energy should be replaced. If they are not replaced, the nervous strain on the child gets worse and worse. This is the condition known as Night Starvation.

Such children need Horlicks every night at bedtime. Horlicks guards against Night Starvation. Give your child Horlicks. His nervous energy will be replaced during sleep, then one by one all the signs of nervous strain that worry you will disappear. Your child will grow up with all the advantages of being highly-strung and sensitive without the terrible handicap of nervous exhaustion that sometimes accompanies that condition.

Horlicks prices from 2/-, at all chemists and grocers. Mixers 6d. and 1/-.

Put On Your Winter Skin

(*Continued from page* 57)

It is prepared in two strengths, one for women between forty and fifty, and another for those between fifty and sixty.

These creams take the place of skin-foods. A *vitamin cream* should be used by women of thirty whose necks are beginning to foreshadow loose skin. It contains a generous supply of vitamins on an absorbent base. If a hot towel is placed round the neck to open the pores, and then the cream is gently but lavishly worked in, and the neck is bound with a linen handkerchief a little later to encourage assimilation, and left for three or four hours, a great improvement will be noticed.

HANDS come next. There is a very satisfactory hand-pack to renew withered arms and hands and make them young again.

Hands and forearms are first steeped in warm soapy water up to the elbows. They are then thoroughly dried, and while the skin is warm, massaged with a special *hand cream.* This is left on for ten minutes and then wiped off with a tissue. The *hand-pack* is divided in half, one for each forearm and hand, mixed to a cream with cold milk and spread on in about the thickness of a halfpenny. The elbows are carefully covered. It is left for a quarter-of-an-hour and then removed with a cloth that has been wrung out in warm water. *Hand-lotion* is applied, and smoothed in till dry. The result is so beautiful it will keep your eyes admiring your hands and arms until something urgent draws your attention away. And it will have to be very urgent.

END

Without Footlights

(*Continued from page* 51)

"Oh!" said Mrs. Fortescue, fluffing up her hair under the new hat and interestedly watching the effect in the mirror. "What for?"

Philip passed an arm round her shoulders. "That's what we want to talk to you about, mother," he said, suddenly serious. "We've been thinking, Ann and I—we'd like to get married."

"Yes?" said Mrs. Fortescue gently. She suddenly felt very tired. "We'll talk about it over dinner, shall we?" she said. "Rose is just taking it in."

"You see," said Philip rather hurriedly as they sat down, "I'm doing quite well now, mother, and—well—we'd like to. That's all." He smiled at her a little uncertainly. Ann stared fixedly at her plate.

"I see, dear," said Mrs. Fortescue even more gently. "But I'm afraid, darling, you don't realise how very expensive marriage is."

Ann lifted her eyes; a still, quiet flame burned in them.

"Not more expensive than——" She glanced at Philip and stopped abruptly. The flame softened, wavered and died.

"Yes, dear?" said Mrs. Fortescue encouragingly.

"Oh, nothing!" said Ann thickly. She bit a trembling lip and turned her head away. "We've been engaged for seven years," she added in a low voice.

Mrs. Fortescue sighed and gently pushed her untasted soup away, leaning her head wearily upon her hand. Philip put down his spoon.

"Aren't you well, mother?" he said anxiously.

Mrs. Fortescue smiled bravely.

"Go on, darling," she said patiently.

"Well, you see," continued Philip uneasily, "Ann and I——"

But Mrs. Fortescue had slipped sideways from her chair and lay in a little, helpless heap on the floor. Philip flew to her and carried her to a sofa.

"Mother!" he said in alarm, "you're ill!" She made a little helpless gesture.

"You mustn't worry about me, darling," she said weakly, "I'm often like this."

"Often?" he said swiftly.

She smiled faintly.

"Whenever I feel worried or . . . or . . ." Her lips twisted. She began to weep with obvious, painful reluctance.

"Would you . . . would you mind, Ann," she gasped between her sobs, "getting the . . . the smelling salts . . . from my room?"

How hard Ann looked! Almost sullen, with that strange grim look about her mouth. But she went.

"I'm so sorry, Phil darling," said Mrs. Fortescue humbly. "It's . . . it's my heart, I think . . . it's never been quite right since you were born. It came over me all in a moment, how . . . how alone I shall be when . . ."

A fresh spasm of weeping shook her. Silently he strained her to him. She reached up a small soft hand, and stroked his cheek tenderly.

"Who's going to look after me when my boy's gone?" she whispered with brave, wet-eyed playfulness. He hugged her closer.

"I won't leave you, mother," he said thickly. "Not yet. Not for a long time. Ann will understand. Don't cry, mother!"

When Ann came back, he shook his head secretly at her, a tender, regretful smile on his lips.

Later, when they were all sitting round the fire, Ann said brightly:

"You haven't told us about the play, Mrs. Fortescue. Was it good?"

"Very good indeed!" said Mrs. Fortescue tranquilly.

She was feeling much better. Happier. Philip sat very close to her; her head rested contentedly upon his shoulder and one of her hands was clasped very close in his. How old and solemn Ann looked, she thought, sitting on the other side of the fireplace by herself. There was a quenched sort of look about her. Philip too was strangely quiet. She must cheer them up—tell them about the play.

"Very good indeed!" she repeated enthusiastically. "But there was one really dreadful woman . . ."

Dramatically, and with a wealth of appropriate gesture, she recounted very nearly all that had passed in the play that afternoon. She told it extremely well. So well, indeed, that when she reached the end, she was in tears. Even Philip stirred a little uncomfortably. Ann seemed curiously unmoved. How cold she was, thought Mrs. Fortescue. No imagination; no perception. She did not *see* things.

"So silly of me!" she murmured apologetically as she wiped her eyes on Philip's handkerchief. "I don't suppose," she continued, her voice tremulous with emotion, "that it would affect many people so dreadfully. But I can't help it. You see," she said, looking earnestly from one to the other with wide, wet blue eyes, "I *feel* things so terribly!"

END

Humanity's Real Front Line

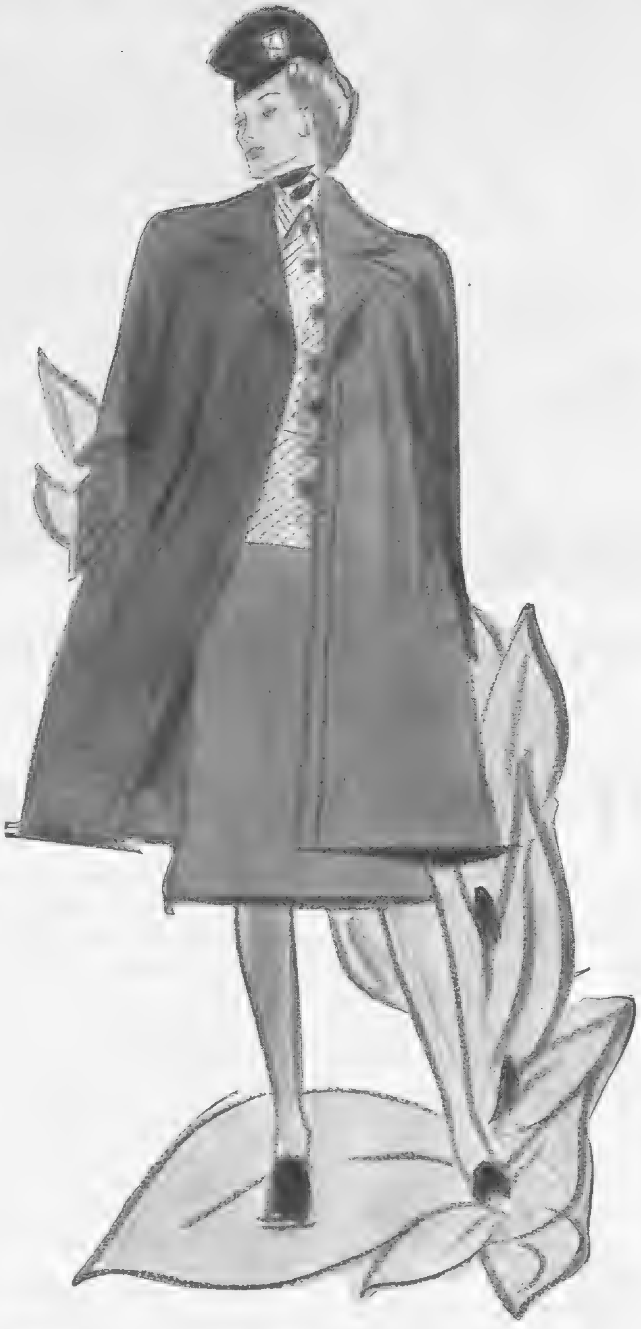
(*Continued from page* 9)

thousand hang in the balance and on the power of the unarmed priest who has himself patrolled the streets of Nantao. The retreating Chinese soldiery have been fought back until, literally, they have their backs to the wall of Nantao and, desperate, some thousand of them climb over the walls into safety, discarding their arms as they do so. Raging up to that undefended boundary the victorious Japanese stop short—and, in the tense time that follows, the lives of the refugees hang in the balance.

Father Jacquinot goes to the Chinese and talks to them. He tells them that, so far, the Japanese have respected the zone because no soldiers have been sheltered there . . . and he shows them how the lives of one hundred and fifty thousand defenceless countrymen depend on them. *Will they—the hunted—return to*

(*Continued on page* 130)

JAEGER



The Find of the Fortnight

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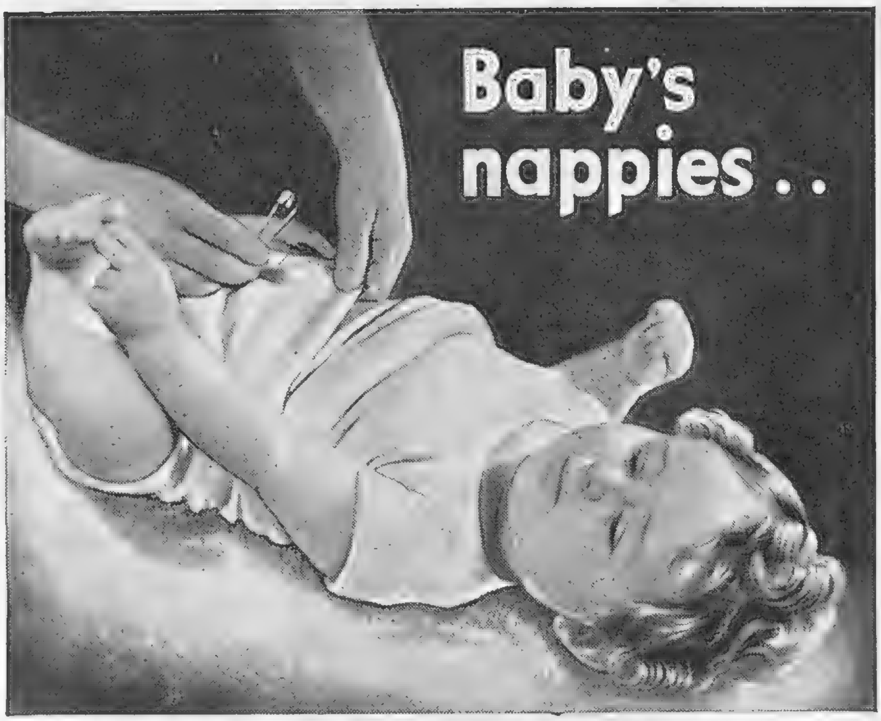

even constant changes cannot *relieve* HOT INFLAMED SKIN

The quickest surest remedy for "nappy-soreness" is Cuticura Ointment. When baby can't sleep for the stinging, smarting pain a touch of Cuticura Ointment cools and soothes the burning irritation instantly and a few applications will cause the inflammation to disappear completely.

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danger or will they remain and imperil the whole safety zone? For by remaining they give the Japanese reason to say that combatants are being sheltered.

Amazing as it may seem and terrible as it is to visualise, these thousand battered Chinese buckled on their weapons again, and —to a man—went forth from that sanctuary to fight and—to a man—to die. And the safety zone of Father Jacquinot remained, and to this day remains, untouched.

But it is not all drama like this. It is mostly a matter of rice, soya bean and sanitation. Of de-lousing and decent burials and of the ensuring of fresh safe water supplies. Things like that that presently make possible further steps, including education, and even attempts at repatriation.

But, a *motif* throughout all this, is the relentless work of administration; collecting and allocating of supplies—everything from birth to death needs equipment—and endless supplies of food (diet pared to a minimum) to be conjured up from somewhere . . . the recital is almost monotonous and it runs like this: "Shanghai federation charity organisations, ninety-eight camps; refugee section Yunan Road, fifty camps; other organisations, fourteen camps; total about one hundred and forty thousand humans and Nantao Zone additional one hundred and fifty thousand humans—*to be provided for.*"

And Shanghai is not the only centre, though it is the headquarters; it gives help from its "clearing house" to other relief organisations, collects and dispenses as reports come in. The amazing thing is that, freed from any apparent show of petty jealousies and any and every difference, there co-operate Chinese workers, Chinese medical organisations, the Salvation Army, the Society of Friends, Roman Catholic and Church of England missions—in one sturdy, brilliantly led and entirely "united front" against war!

And we learn about this least publicised but most effective of all modern "fronts" only from the starkly unadorned reports that come and go and from the little parochial magazines.

Back and forth they go, these doctors of half a dozen nations, these students and nurses; the Englishwomen, wives of merchants and engineers and officials; the priest, the clergymen and the parsons. Really Greek in their objective simplicity, these accounts.

From Changchow, when the place was under bombardment, comes: "Almost all of our Chinese doctors left two weeks ago, leaving Dr. H. and me with a full load. We had to work day and night for about ten days . . . last week, however, we got more help. Dr. M. drifted back, we were able to pick up another Chinese doctor and a Chinese lady doctor and, later, we also welcomed Dr. T., of the New Zealand Red Cross. Changchow was bombed again to-day . . . people have become regular Olympic champions around here . . . most of them had reached the country before the planes got here. Yesterday there were operations going on from 8.30 a.m. to 10.45 at night . . . three hundred patients a day many of them requiring serious operations. . . ." The writer adds, "We have an international staff—English, Canadian, New Zealand, Chinese, American, and a group of Germans representing the German Red Cross."

There is one detail that the organisations are called upon to deal with—the medical workers demand equipment to meet the essentially modern needs: *special splints for crushed limbs* among soldier and civilian victims of crashed buildings in air-raids. The Institute of Hospital Technology in Hankow rises to this desperate occasion, standardises some twenty varieties of splints and turns out no fewer than one thousand and eighty-eight leg and thigh splints, including the most modern traction apparatus and over one thousand arm splints.

Headquarters report their needs in these terms: they need four tons of chloroform, five tons of ether, ten tons of cotton-wool per one hundred thousand wounded. Great Britain weighs in with her contribution via the Lord Mayor's Fund organisation, £16,000 worth of medical supplies. Canton, Amoy, Hankow, Tsingtao, Tientsin, and, of course, Shanghai, send back a "thank you."

But for a true close-up let the laconic ladies of Shanghai take up the story. As the acting chairman, Mrs. Eleanor Whitney said (handing the writer three modest little parish magazine affairs): "You will find it *all* in here." And this was her method of answering a question as to "What exactly were the 'services' for which you were decorated in the Birthday Honours?" She is right. It is—nearly all—in the magazine of the British Woman's Association.

The summer recess had opened and the ladies of Shanghai, and their families, were most of them on leave. They appear to have held their last normal committee meeting at the end of last June (1937). By August 15 those who remained knew all about the possibilities of really modern warfare.

The "North China Incident" which was its concern, and which still most vitally concerns them, was in full swing.

Between August 17 and 24 some four thousand British were evacuated for Shanghai and (the magazine remarks) "under the exceptional conditions obtaining rooms at headquarters were closed for some days . . . all offices on the Bund hastened protection by means of sandbagged defences, but our finances did not permit of our doing this. . . . On September 4 the acting chairman decided to reopen the rooms, and on September 8 an emergency committee met to discuss relief work . . . *trophies in the form of shrapnel could be collected frequently in and around the rooms. . . .*"

The italics are mine. The British Woman's Association does not think in italics. The tone of the report in this number actually becomes rather cross, as also do other short notes later when indulgence of remaining members is asked for inconvenience caused by windows broken by shell-splinters *and white ants in the woodwork.* You are left to assume that, like any normal women, the laconic ladies of Shanghai prefer shells to ants. They got them. The rooms, however, remained available except when the situation became impossible (one is left in doubt as to whether it was shells or ants) when they were temporarily closed; but then—and here the report goes pleasantly girlish—the chairman is understood to hope that members liked the new cushions and covers.

At another stage the report complains, with ladylike reticence, that the authorities insisted upon evacuation and so the Hospital Aid Department consisted of a chairman only, and so was forced to advertise for assistants. Replies were received, but "as the Bund was considered dangerous, Mrs. I. generously asked us to meet at her house." Actually, the rooms were under fire on several occasions during the first three months of the war.

And it is through the conversation of these very unobtrusive ladies that we get an idea of sidelines to the main work, for the British forces sent to defend them needed recreations and various comforts; the British population (be it never so mixed in parentage and by intermarriage, it still carries the citizenship) needed help and ever more help as the war dispossessed it of occupation and possessions; there was the British unemployment work, therefore, to attend to as well. But at the first opportunity the British who could returned to Shanghai, and the Association, and indeed the whole network of organisations settled down to "the duration" of work, and yet more work, for a war that apparently can have no finality about it at all.

And so it goes on. In their camps, in the still respected zone of Nantao, way out in the harassed outskirts and bombarded towns, wherever the tide of battle and murder suddenly rushes in—Headquarters, the Shanghai International Red Cross, directs its help. *It is going on all the time, this campaign on the humanitarian front—and it is ultimately the only side which can "win" and can reap the fruits of victory.*

END

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I'm in love with her slen-der silk-en an-kles
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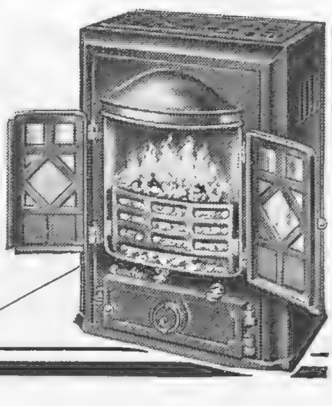

High Above and Deep Below

(*Continued from page 23*)

will produce inflammation of the lungs. It is quite safe however, for firemen and rescue men in mines to breathe pure oxygen that is five times the normal concentration when using the oxygen apparatus for two or even four hours, and much good rescue work is done by its means.

Many people think that the breathing of oxygen must fan up the life process, but the body sets its own rate of activity and is only influenced when activity is too great for respiration and heart to bring enough oxygenated blood to the muscles. Thus, a man exhausted by a boxing bout can be sent back full of fight after breathing oxygen during the interval. The writer demonstrated this at Eton College. He got a game lad without skill to box one who was skilled and of about equal strength. After two rounds the game one came back exhausted to his corner. Then he was given oxygen, and when the bell went he knocked his opponent through the ropes!

A very high concentration of oxygen acts as an acute poison. Thus, the breathing of oxygen at five times the pressure of the atmosphere, that is at a concentration about twenty-five times as great as in the air, very soon produces convulsions and a loss of consciousness. Captain Damant and Surgeon Commander Philips tested this on themselves. The air in a steel chamber was raised to a pressure of fine atmosphere and one of the subjects then began to breathe oxygen. On first sign of a twitch the oxygen mask was removed from Damant and in his case no more happened, but in the case of Commander Philips convulsions came on before this could be done, and he felt shaken for some days. It was necessary to make these tests because the submarine-escape apparatus is an oxygen-breathing apparatus, and was especially designed by Sir Robert Davis to enable men to escape from a sunk submarine. Special air locks have been designed in submarines which can be flooded rapidly so that the air inside and the water outside come to be at the same pressure; then the door leading to the outside can be opened and the man escape; the gas in the breathing bag of the apparatus soon takes him to the surface. Each man has to enter the lock and escape in turn. When a few years ago a submarine stationed off China went to the bottom five men so escaped and saved their lives. Now supposing a submarine has sunk to depth of 100 feet, when the pressure of water is equal to about four atmospheres, then a man breathing oxygen at that pressure will be in danger of oxygen convulsions, and he and his fellows will never escape if these should come on. The men are trained therefore in a tank at Portsmouth in the technique of escaping, and do not begin to breathe oxygen until they enter the lock and are ready to flood it and at once escape.

Oxygen-breathing apparatus is used for deep sea diving and by its means it has been made possible for divers to go in ordinary diving dress to depths of 300 feet and even to 347 feet, the record so far made; 400 feet is possible because baboons have been exposed in a chamber to the great pressure of air equal to this depth. The animals were full of vigour in the chamber, putting big tins of water (put in to keep them warm) one on top of another, and were safely decompressed. In old days, diving to 100 feet was often dangerous and 200 feet was the limit for a very few daring men.

The Italians saved the gold bars from the sunken steamship *Egypt* at the depth of about 400 feet by means of an observation chamber in which the observer is enclosed at ordinary atmospheric pressure. He breathes oxygen and has his exhaled carbon dioxide absorbed by means of the usual breathing apparatus. The chamber is cylindrical, made of steel, and has circular windows through which the observer looks. Such a chamber was first designed in England by Sir Robert Davis, but the Italians were first to use for salvage a similar one. After finding the location of the wreck, from reckoning obtained at the time when she sank and by dragging operations, its position was marked by buoys and the salvage ship anchored there. The observation chamber was lowered down to near the deck and moved about in accordance with the orders of the observer, who was provided with a telephone, until the chamber came to lie over that part of the ship where the treasure room lay. It has been the practice hitherto to put the treasure room low down in a ship, like a strong room is placed in a bank. Such rooms should be built on top where they will be easily accessible in case of wreck. The observer next telephoned orders directing the placing in position of an explosive charge which was lowered down within his view. The observation chamber was then withdrawn, the charge exploded and after the disturbance had settled and the water cleared—there is not much light down there—the whole operation was repeated By patiently carrying on like this whenever weather permitted, day after day, month after month in the summertime, year after year, finally the treasure room was broken into and then a grab was lowered and the gold bars lifted out, a wonderful piece of ant-like work rewarded at the end by success.

In an observation chamber made spherical and immensely strong, the naturalist Beebe has been lowered to a depth of one thousand yards and observed through the thick disk-like windows, with the help of an electric lamp, the deep-sea fish, gargoyle-like forms carrying phosphorescent lights.

The pressure on the chamber was equal to about 500 lbs. to the square inch—instant death if a window broke! The greatest of all salvage operations was when with ordinary diving dress Captain Damant and some Admiralty divers saved nearly £5,000,000 worth of gold bars which had been sunk in the steamship *Laurentic* during the War at a depth of about 120 feet. The danger of such diving work lies in the absorption of air into the blood and tissues while the diver breathes in air under pressure, and of this absorbed air forming bubbles in the blood vessels during decompression. The diver wears a watertight dress and helmet; into the helmet air is pumped through a pipe coming from the surface. He has a valve in the helmet by which he adjusts the escape of air, and does this so that he is just comfortably buoyed up by the amount of air in his dress and can move easily along the bottom. The deeper he goes the harder the pump is worked forcing air through his helmet, every 32 feet of water meaning extra atmosphere of pressure. At 100 feet four atmospheres of air is required, at 200 feet, eight and at 300 feet, twelve, and he breathes air at these pressures. His body is compressed by air in his dress and by water outside it to an equal amount, and the pressure being equally applied all over has no mechanical effect. I have put a frog, with its brain destroyed so that it does not feel, in a small chamber and spread the web of one foot over the glass window so that I could illuminate this and see with the aid of a microscope the blood circulating through the capillaries. On rapidly raising the air pressure to 20 atmospheres the circulation went on undisturbed. I left the animal so for some hours and then rapidly let the air out, then saw bubbles appearing in the blood vessels and stopping the circulation. On recompression these bubbles shrunk up and the circulation began again. That was a wonderful sight. It showed how troubles from which divers may suffer, arise, and how they may be cured by recompression. The diver breathing at, say, four atmospheres, gradually absorbs excess of air by solution into his blood and the circulation carries this excess to his tissues. As fat has the power to dissolve five or six times as much as the watery tissues, it takes some time for the body to become fully saturated at any new pressure. Of the absorbed air the oxygen which forms one fifth part is not of much importance, it can be used by the tissues; but the nitrogen which forms four-fifths is an inert gas and (*Continued on page* 134)

"*Will she? No she won't!*"

Really, these men give a girl no peace! After all, however gay and young one is, one can't do more than two parties in one night, can one? So mere man (about six mere men to be accurate) are disappointed and they all look daggers at the lucky one who is taking her out at the moment. For, make no doubt about it, he's a lucky dog! She's a wonderful girl to 'go places' with. Lovely figure, lovely hair, lovely eyes, wizard clothes—but more, far more than these. For she's a "Mischief" girl who, to all her natural charms, adds the bewildering, exciting new perfume that's thrilling the fashionable world.

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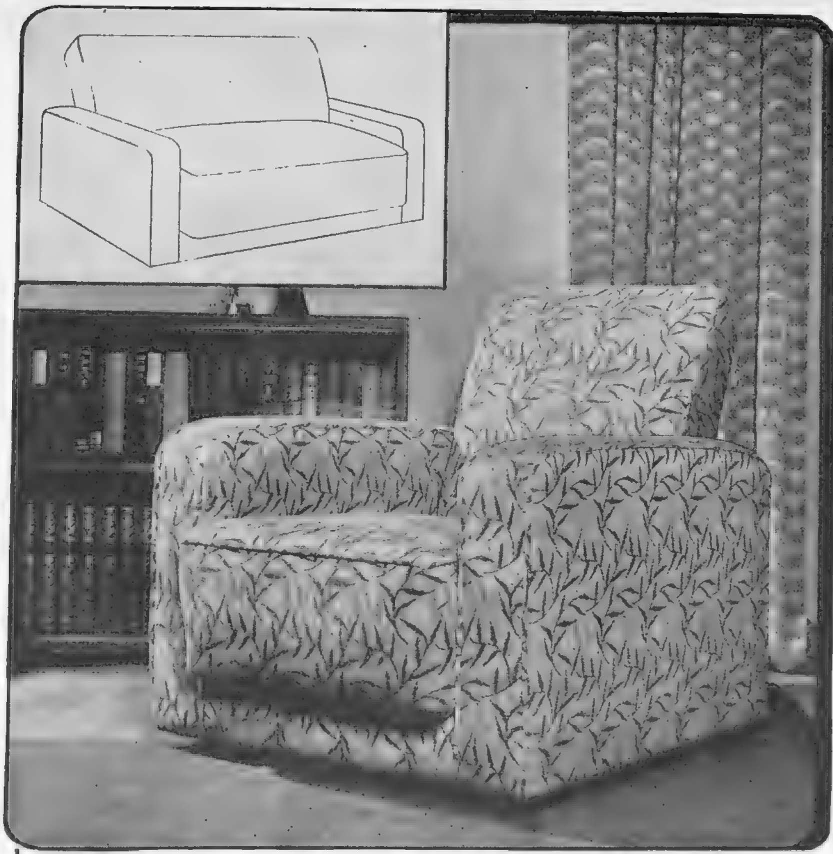

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not used. On decompression of the diver, nitrogen gas may bubble in the blood and tissues just as soda water bubbles when the bottle is opened. To prevent this the decompression must be made slow enough to allow the excess of dissolved gas to be brought by the circulation to the lung and diffuse out there. It is found best to carry out the decompression in stages. The diver comes up the shot rope so far and is then signalled to rest; then up another stage and soon. For deep work it is necessary to make the time at the bottom short so that not much air is absorbed, otherwise the time of decompression needed for safety has to be very long. There is no risk in going down fast to the bottom so long as the diver equalises the pressure of the air in and outside the drums of his ears; he does this by swallowing movements. In the past divers frequently suffered from pains called "bends" and from paralysis, and some even died through bubbles forming in their blood and tissues owing to too rapid a decompression. This was before scientific research showed the cause and the cure. A Frenchman named Paul Bert was the pioneer discoverer. Recently it has been shown that the time of decompression can be halved by breathing oxygen during the last stages of decompression. This is because the excess of nitrogen brought from the tissues to the lungs by the blood, will diffuse into oxygen much more quickly than it will into air, four-fifths of which is nitrogen. As already pointed out it is not safe to breathe oxygen at any considerable depth because of the danger of oxygen poisoning. For deep sea diving, then, the plan has been evolved of lowering a decompression chamber about 60 feet down. This is a steel cylinder designed by Sir Robert Davis with a door at the top and another at the bottom, fitted with air-pipe, electric light and oxygen-breathing apparatus. An attendant goes down in the chamber. The upper door is closed, the lower one open; air pumped into the chamber prevents the water from entering. The diver's rope passes close to the chamber, and on returning from the bottom he comes to it and climbs in by means of a short ladder. The attendant then takes off his helmet and, when he is right inside shuts the lower door. Then the diver puts on the oxygen-breathing apparatus and begins to breathe oxygen. A signal is now given and the chamber raised to deck level. Decompression is then carried out in stages which have been found to be safe by a long series of experiments carried out on goats.

It is by means of this decompression chamber and oxygen-breathing apparatus that selected naval divers are able to go to 300 feet as a part of their regular training. Water deep enough for the trials is found in one of the Scotch sea lochs. A special electric lamp is lowered down to illuminate the work which the diver is set to do on the bottom. One of the first two men who went to 300 feet laughed on reaching the bottom. Hearing through the telephone, I was anxious lest he were hysterical, but I found that he was only expressing his joy on breaking the record. It is, of course, necessary to choose very level-headed men for this kind of work. Those are selected who suffer from no sort of phobia.

There is, I think, no possibility of the diver in the ordinary dress going deeper than 400 feet, but someone may beat Beebe's descent of 1000 yards in an observation chamber. Men will never walk on the bottom of seas which reach even to five miles deep in the profoundest valleys. Life is found at all the great depths to which trawls have been lowered, and yet living substance of all surface animals is made stiff, opaque and pallid by a pressure of some 400 atmospheres; it is clear then that deep sea life has been evolved immune to greater pressures. As deep-water fish fill their swim bladders with oxygen, the gland that secretes the oxygen and the lining of the bladder has been evolved immune to oxygen poisoning, and, the gland is able to secrete oxygen gas against the pressure of a mile of water!

END

Susceptible . . .

(*Continued from page* 65)

Chilprufe make perfect pyjama suits, all-enveloping, for the toddler. They have long sleeves, snugly ribbed at the wrist and trunk legs that completely enclose the little feet. In these he can kick far and wide and still be protected from chill.

For older children, in fact, children of all ages, there are other comfortable styles on slightly modified lines. You cannot adopt a better precaution against colds and resultant infection than by dressing a child in Chilprufe.

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Chief of these, of course, is the vitamin "A" found abundantly in animal fats such as butter, cream and milk.

To supplement the normal milk ration with a beverage rich in the protective vitamins such as Cow and Gate malted milk is a very wise precautionary measure. Taken at meal times or on going to bed this beverage will help to keep up body resistance during the cold months.

As an additional precaution one of the patent preparations of halibut liver or cod liver oil are highly to be recommended, Crookes' halibut liver oil has proved so effective in the prevention of winter colds and chills that it is hard to understand why such a simple form of insurance against winter ills is not more commonly made use of.

END

One Night in Leghorn

(*Continued from page* 21)

From somewhere outside floated a snatch of singing—the voices of seamen from the ships. Elizabeth started, and looked at Orloff.

"Alexei Grigorievich!" she exclaimed. "Why have they been singing so long, those men? All afternoon, all evening. And such sad, mournful songs!"

"What? Mournful? Let me listen." Orloff sprang to his feet, went to the window, and flung it open. He listened a moment, then turned, his face convulsed by passionate anger.

"You are right; the music is sad. To-morrow they receive a dozen lashes each! I told them they must sing happy songs for you."

She stared. "What? You made them sing all this time—for me?" Her eyes glowed at him from across the long table. "A beautiful thought, Alexis! But make the men stop."

"At once!" Orloff glanced at one of his officers, and gestured. "Kesha, send word to the ships that the singing may stop; at daybreak, each man is to receive a dozen lashes because their singing was sad."

"Wait!" The suddenly imperious voice of Elizabeth checked the officer. "The lashes are forbidden. Instead, send word that each of the men will receive ten roubles."

The officer hesitated. Orloff met the starry eyes of Elizabeth for an instant, then broke into a laugh, and with a gesture of assent despatched the officer. Glances were exchanged about the table, significant glances. For the second time, Elizabeth had imposed her will upon Orloff.

The dinner progressed; the talk waxed bolder. She had done well to serve no wine if she wanted sane and thoughtful discussion; even without liquor, these men were hot-headed, lusty, impetuous. Russia was still sunk in Tartar savagery despite a veneer of French culture. There were no morals; men and women alike did as they pleased, with death always close at hand to prince or commoner. Elizabeth herself was of the same strain, but she was shrewd and far-sighted.

Then, when the wine was brought in, she made a signal to Orloff. The Italian servants were shut out, the doors were closed, Orloff's men guarded them. (*Continued on page* 136)

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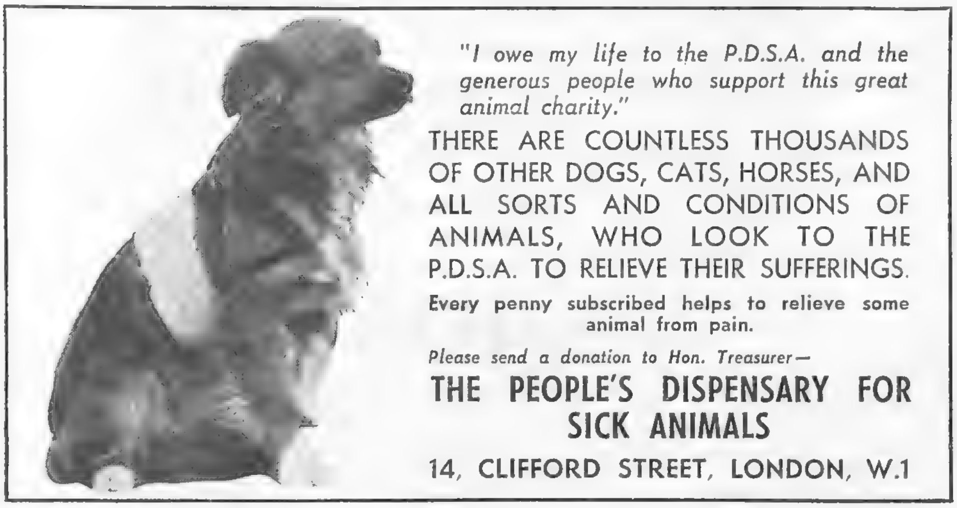

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The party were alone, and the moment of business was come. Orloff stood up and lifted his wine cup.

"Gentlemen, a toast—to the Tsaritsa Elizabeth!"

A roar of acclaim, and the toast was drunk. Orloff went on with eager outburst.

"You all know why we are here. You're afraid to speak first; well, I'm not! I sail with the fleet to-morrow at noon. With me sails the daughter of the Empress Elizabeth, for Cronstadt. There my brother Fedor is governor. The regiments are devoted to him. In the seamen of the fleet alone, we have an army. From Cronstadt, we march direct on St. Petersburg—a short march, a swift march. Gregory, my oldest brother, meets us in St. Petersburg. The regiments of the guard will obey him. Before Catherine knows that there is a revolution, she'll be dead and a new tsaritsa on the throne. There you have it, and I've done with my speech, so go ahead."

He sat down amid laughter and hearty applause—blunt, bold, passionate. His hot eyes kindled on Elizabeth, and she smiled back. He had flung all her carefully ordered discussion into chaos, but he had done it magnificently.

None the less, she was quick to take the word.

"My friends, it's no secret that I claim to be the daughter of Empress Elizabeth. Proofs have been afforded and sustained. You've heard what Count Orloff has just said; for the messages you came here to deliver—messages so important that they could not be trusted to paper or to other lips. You are all friends here, you know one another intimately, you may speak freely, without fear of betrayal. Prince Dolgorski, the attitude of Maria Theresa of Austria is of the highest importance to us. What is it?"

Dolgorski rose and bowed.

"Your Highness, I spoke with Her Majesty in private, before leaving Vienna. She has had difficulties with Catherine, naturally, but is allied with her. She will not support your claim against Catherine. But once you sit in St. Petersburg as empress, she will at once acknowledge you. I think this action on her part is assured."

He sat down. Elizabeth turned to old Korniloff, who rose in turn.

"Your Highness, I have carefully sounded out, through the Tuscan bankers, the chief banking houses of Europe. I am glad to say that whatever loans you desire, once you are on the throne, will be granted immediately. Further, from my brother in Berlin I learn that Frederick of Prussia will be happy to conclude a treaty with a new empress in St. Petersburg. This is unofficial but entirely trustworthy. Much depends, of course, on what we learn from Prince Bogdanoff in Venice."

The secretary of Bogdanoff leaped up.

"Venice favours the Tsaritsa Elizabeth, as does my master!" he cried. "Members of the Council have privately assured my master of this, and are discussing with him the terms of a new commercial treaty. As your Highness must be aware, there is no question as to the validity of your claims—only of the supporting strength behind them. Money with which which to pay the guard regiments is now assured. With Orloff's support and assistance, there's no further cause of worry. I salute the new Empress of all the Russias!"

He bowed low and resumed his seat. The others spoke briefly, enthusiastically; in the eyes of Elizabeth, the glitter of pride and assurance grew with each moment. Her wanderings were ended. With the three Orloffs behind her, the throne was assured. And now she had one thing more to say—the biggest thing of all.

"My friends, I am not like the fat pig Catherine who now usurps the throne!" she said slowly. "I don't propose to cheapen myself and my position by taking lovers, as she does openly."

There was dead silence, but an electric silence. Perilous ground here, as she knew well. The older Orloff, Gregory, had been the lover of Catherine; not to mention the history of the Empress Elizabeth, her mother. She met the frowning gaze, the anxious eyes, with a smile of superb assurance, justified in her next words.

"My friends, I leave to-morrow for Cronstadt and the throne; and I leave with my husband," she concluded proudly. "Four days ago, in Pisa, a chaplain from the fleet married us." She lifted her glass. "A health to my husband—Alexei Grigoriovich!"

The rafters re-echoed the yell of applause; only Orloff himself, who had not anticipated this announcement, seemed at a loss. Good God—what news it was for them all! This word alone would rock Russia to its foundations. Orloff married to the pretender! This word alone would place Elizabeth on the throne; but she would reach Russia by sea before any courier could get there. This word alone climaxed the conspiracy definitely and positively. Orloff would be prince consort, emperor!

LATER, when they were all gone, when Orloff alone remained with her, he came and took her hands, kissed her on the lips, and his eyes were burning with passion.

"I shall have a second ceremony performed to-morrow at noon, on the deck of the flagship, my little dove——"

"No need of that, Alexei!" she said, laughing.

"There is. We'll be married openly, before the whole fleet; everyone will know, then, and you'll be proclaimed empress. Think of the drama in it! Empress, to the thundering salute of the guns—empress, off for Russia and a throne, you and I!"

She kindled to the thought, and swiftly kissed him in return. He clutched her.

"Agreed, then; and to-night I remain here, with you——"

"No!" she exclaimed quickly. "Not to-night, my dear, not to-night; I have letters to write. I'm tired to death—I'd be no pleasant bride for you. To-morrow, with all care left behind, and the rolling sea around! Good-night, husband."

An ecstatic, bearlike embrace, and he was gone, a splendid stalwart figure. She grimaced slightly, then turned and sought her own room.

Here a single candle now burned, above the desk. She called Tanya, hastily kicked out of her clothes, slipped into the bathroom to powder her nose, and returned, wrapping the white fur robe about her body. She went to the desk, snuffed the candle there to make it flame up more brightly, and heard the soft closing of the door.

"Ah, Tanya, it is ended!" she said dreamily, smiling a little at the candle. "No more wanderings, no more trickery, no more worries about money; to-morrow we sail for Russia, to-morrow the fleet proclaims me empress! And you, Tanya, shall be my mistress of the robes or whatever post you wish——"

"I fear Tanya is content with a humbler position, and a more honourable one," said a voice, a slightly mocking voice, a man's voice.

Elizabeth whipped around.

Not Tanya, but a man all in black, masked; two men, the other remaining by the door. The speaker came forward, removed his mask, and bowed. Elizabeth, white as death itself, uttered a low word like a moan.

"You! Radziwill!" She rallied a little. "It's impossible—you're in Austria——"

"No; in Leghorn." The other touched the black, pointed beard. "I've been growing this, my dear. Radziwill, yes; once a prince of Poland, now an exile. The Radziwills were second only to kings—and still are. Or have you forgotten Poland, my little Natalie Lezciki? Or my arms? Or the charming villa at Montmorency?"

The dismay and terror, the utter consternation, of her face was frightful. Prince Radziwill smiled, and dismissed his words with a gesture. He was a very courtly gentleman, as became one of the greatest princes in Europe.

"Never mind our personal affairs; I have forgotten them," he said. "You are, I see, the same active little animal as ever. With all the great men there are in the world, what a wonderful thing (*Continued on page* 138)

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it must be to have such a body as yours, and morals such as yours! So you've snared Orloff, made sure of him. I congratulate you, tsaritsa."

The quiet, courteous words bit like deadly acid, so contemptuous were they. She was held dumb, stricken, nerveless; but her deep blue eyes were alight.

"I know everything that happened to-night," went on Prince Radziwill calmly. "You've broken all your promises to me. I supplied you with money—why? For the sake of Poland. And not one word was said to-night about Poland."

She stirred, roused, broke into speech.

"That comes later! You don't understand——"

"I understand that in Pisa you married an Orloff, or thought you did. The Orloffs partitioned Poland, my dear. Nothing can save you now; I've come here to kill you. Don't move towards that little pistol on the desk——"

Instead, she moved towards him, suddenly imperious. It was stake all, lose or win, on one cast of the dice. She threw superbly.

"Listen, one moment! You've said a good deal, I've said nothing. Yes; you've given me money, everything! I've played my own game, and I've won it. The Orloffs take me from Cronstadt to St. Petersburg and place me on the throne. Why not? No one else could do it. Do you think I agreed to marry that brute of an Alexei because I loved him? Bah! He's a stepping stone, and I can't do without him—yet. Not until the first morning I waken in the imperial palace, with the regiments at my orders—not until then!"

Her eyes flashed. An intensity of furious determination poured from her; she dominated the room, life and death itself, with her commanding force.

"What has that to do with Poland?" asked Radziwill in his quiet voice.

"Everything!" She flung the word at him. "Thirty days after I become empress, the Orloffs will be dead or in Siberia, and Poland will be a nation once more!"

Radziwill looked at her for a moment, then gestured to the escritoire.

"Sit down, put those words in writing. Sometimes a woman can be too clever."

She obeyed, caught up a quill, snatched the sheet of paper that half-covered the brass pistolet, and wrote. With a scrawling signature she finished, sanded the paper, and handed it to Radziwill. He read it in a low voice, aloud:

> "Thirty days after I occupy the throne of Russia, the Orloffs will be dead or on the way to Siberia, and Poland will be given its freedom.
>
> Elizabeth."

A soft, quiet laugh broke from him, as he folded the paper.

"Thank you," he said. "I quite understand this won't bind you; nothing will bind you, who have broken all oaths. Still, you're a clever woman; too clever, in fact. Now, I'll bid you good-night, my dear. I have nothing personal to settle with you. I leave all that to my companion. But—one thing."

He paused, looked at her again, and to the look she rose from the chair.

"I gambled everything on you," he said, in that soft and terrible voice. "You betrayed me, which is nothing. You betrayed Poland—which means everything. Remember this fact. Well I know that Poland has nothing to hope for from you! Remember this, too."

He bowed, turned, and went to the door. He exchanged a few words with the slender masked figure there, then drew open the door, went out, closed it again.

"Well?" demanded Elizabeth, staring at the other man. "Who are you?"

He came forward with swift, lithe step, and removed the black mask. She caught her breath, put out her hands as though to push him away; with the movement, her robe came open, her one garment. She ignored it, but his hungry eyes did not.

"Nicolai! Nicolai Domanski!" she breathed.

Domanski indeed, the man of fire and flame;

young, handsome as a god, impetuous. Now, however, he was very cold, and all laughter was gone from his dark eyes.

"I had to see you once again," he said. His voice was not soft; it was all passionate flame, like his eyes. He was very pale as he looked at her. "Ah, Natalie! I've tried to hate you. I came here hating you. And now you show yourself to me—and I cannot."

She snatched the forgotten robe about her. The imperious look had gone out of her face; agitation replaced it, and a tumultuous emotion.

"You needn't reproach me, Nicolai," she said. "What I've done, is done."

"Yes; you bartered love for empire," he retorted harshly. "Or thought you did. You don't know that Tanya won't be here any more? She's been true to me, you see——"

"Tanya?" Anger flashed in the face of Elizabeth. "A spy?"

"A spy, for the sake of Poland, for my sake; she came from my estates there. And you, who thought yourself married to Orloff, that night in Pisa——"

"Thought myself married?" Elizabeth's eyes dilated. Radziwill had used the same words. "What do you mean?"

"It was no marriage. The chaplain was merely one of his seamen in priestly robes."

The awful comprehension smote her with full force. Orloff's disconcerted look when she announced the marriage; his off insistence on another ceremony to-morrow! Yes, it was true; he had tricked her. But he was all for a real marriage now—aye, now that he knew she would actually go to the throne and take him with her!

Yet the information was staggering. It deadened her senses, threw her entirely off poise. She loved this man before her, with all the heart-ache of which she was capable; but now she was forced to think of herself, her back against the wall, hatred surging at her from all sides with the revelation of Radziwill's deadly enmity, uncertainty tearing at her.

And Domanski, unaware, chose this moment for his sudden, passionate plea. His voice came choked and desolate and yet gathering quick flame.

"My dear, my dear, I came here to tell you all this, to hurt you—and I can't do it. I've loved you with all my heart and soul, and still do. I thought I hated you because you betrayed me; well, betray me a dozen times and I'll still love you! Radziwill thinks I hate you because you betrayed Poland. Bah! I care only for you, nothing for Poland. Don't you see, I can't hate you as I've tried? Look."

He whipped out a crumpled parchment and tossed it on the open desk.

"There's the record of our marriage a year ago, the only proof extant that we're married. Take it; I offer it freely. Destroy it, and then marry Orloff again if you so desire—do what you like! I know that you love me, that you've made yourself give me up in order to follow your destiny——"

The burning tenderness in his voice pierced her; it drew her, made her yield herself to him, brought her into his arms with a choked sob. Her whole destiny hinged on this one moment, and she was unaware of it.

"Ah, my dear one!" he murmured, as he put away the white fur robe and clasped her, felt her heart throbbing against him. "Give me to-night; let us have this one last night together, here among the flowers, before you sail away to Russia——"

"No, no!" She was wakened suddenly, wakened to a sharp cry of protest. She was afraid of herself, afraid lest she wreck all the plans so carefully made. A sudden savage desire to be free, to be free of all the past, swelled within her. "No, Nicolai! Go away; I will not! I've given you up——"

He laughed, and put out a hand, pinching the candle-flame. Darkness broke upon the room, and in the darkness, he crushed her against him. If she had welcomed him, history would have been different; but she fought against his arms, and broke clear.

He clutched for her, intoxicated by the feel of her warm, vibrant flesh. She was crushed in his grasp, her (*Continued on page* 140)

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frantic efforts unavailing to get clear again. Her groping fingers went to the pistolet on the desk, and found it. Forgetful of prudence, of shrewd caution, of everything, she pressed the weapon against his body; and his body muffled the explosion.

A wild, fierce cry escaped him, and she was free.

WHEN she procured a light, he was gone, the scrap of parchment was gone from the desk; there was only a splotch of blood on the floor to show that the pistol had not missed entirely.

She wakened, late the next morning, to a moment of terror, then to unutterable relief. Gone, gone for ever, he and Radziwill both! Gone out of her life now, for good. That marriage in Montmorency? Pouf! It was nothing—to an empress. Her maid Tanya was gone too; a smiling Italian girl came to take her place, and Elizabeth laughed softly as she dressed. Gone, spies, lovers, all of them, for ever! She no longer regretted the love she had cast aside. Ahead was Cronstadt and a throne!

Somewhat before noon, a splendid cortège wound down to the landing at the harbour, by the mole. Uniforms, glitter and sparkle, the ruffle of drums; and crowds packed the streets to see. Guns were saluting from the fleet, frightening the screaming gulls into wide-swooping flight.

Elizabeth was very beautiful; as he watched her, Alexis Orloff glowed with pride—the arrogant, inhuman pride of the Orloffs. The crowd cheered them both madly. At the landing waited a splendid gilded barge with a golden canopy, for Elizabeth, and beside it the admiral's barge for Orloff.

He handed her into the barge himself, handed her to the throne-like seat beneath the golden canopy, then came to one knee and kissed her fingers. The Russian seamen cheered. A Turkish prisoner, gorgeously arrayed, struck a golden bell; the oars fell and dipped. Orloff stepped back to the landing and waved his hand.

"No hurry! I'll be aboard to welcome you!" he called, and motioned to his own boat.

The barge moved out, stately, serene, the oars flashing. Elizabeth looked at the towering ship ahead, then back at the landing. Something had happened there; Orloff was talking with another man. Then he fairly hurled himself into his boat and the oars dipped.

She stared amazedly as his boat overtook the barge, as it flashed past, as it went to the waiting ship. Orloff sat in the stern; his face was flushed, contorted, purpled. He sat with bowed head, staring at something in his hand. He did not even look up at her. When his boat came to the ship's gangway ahead, he flung himself out like a madman and went leaping to the ship's deck above.

Now the barge was under the gangway of the flagship. A sling was being lowered for her; a huge gilded seat, hung with silks and bedecked with gay ribbons. An officer helped her into it. She was swung up and out, up past open ports and frowning cannon, up above the rail and the staring faces, the men drawn up in ranks to welcome her—then down and down, to float gently to the deck.

Orders were being snapped down the deck. Two officers came up to her. She heard the voice of Orloff, she saw him standing at one side, heard his words, his incredible, mad words——

"Below with her! In chains, you understand? In chains! She's not to be loosed from them until we have orders from Empress Catherine. Quickly!"

Those down the deck, those on the other ships, those crowded ashore, heard one wild, tearing scream from a woman's throat—and nothing more. The fleet sailed.

The story was ended. I laid down the last page of it, suddenly conscious for the first time that Parton had, after all, won his blasted wager. Yet I was puzzled, bewildered, unsatisfied. Why this dramatic picture at the end? Orloff had not been playing a part to get her aboard ship. What had changed him from the moment he handed her into the barge, until he leaped like a madman into his own boat?

My telephone was ringing insistently, and I caught it up. A long distance call from Chicago—yes, I was ready.

"Hello! That you, Harry?" I heard the voice of Parton, and his deep chuckle. "Thought I'd give you a ring. Read the story yet?"

"Yes, confound you!" I roared angrily. "I took you up mentally on that bet, and you've won it, all right. But what the devil happened to make Orloff change his mind at the last moment? It's in all the history books about Elizabeth living out her life in prison—but what the devil happened?"

Parton chuckled. "Why, just like I told you in my first telegram; the girl was too smart for any use. Didn't you get the point about Orloff being stopped by a man who gave him something?"

"Sure, but there wasn't any explanation of it——"

"Why, the man was Domanski, that's all. He gave Orloff the record of his own prior marriage with Elizabeth, and also the scrawl she had given Radziwill. The two of them had cooked it up. And when Orloff saw her written engagement to kill him and his brothers—he dropped the lady like a hot brick. But tell me something—say, wasn't she dramatic, now?"

"She was," I conceded. "And if she hadn't lost her head and used the pistol on Domanski, if she'd just cuddled up to him and been a nice loving little wife——"

"The world would have changed, sure," said Parton. "Don't forget to send me that cheque for the fifty. And, say!"

"Yes?" I replied.

"This telephone call is coming through collect at your end——"

I slammed down the receiver and cut him off.

END

Happy Week-end

(*Continued from page* 11)

men in China. And it was good to be free of all financial cares and to be perfectly safe for the future. Perfectly safe: that was the trouble. George was so damnably safe.

And realising all this in his amiable, blundering way, George raised no objection to her finding relaxation in a round of gaiety. Which Audace found hard to forgive.

Bill was still talking about the jade.

"Well, if he hasn't done anything about it, let me collect it to-morrow and put it in your bank for you. I'll call round in the morning and when we've lodged it we can get tiffin at the Cathay Hotel . . ."

"Oh, it'll be safe enough," Audace said, "and anyhow, I'd hate to have it out of my sight. But I'll lock up Ho T'ai. He's the white jade god, a Mandarin, one of George's friends, gave me when we went up to Peiping. The rest doesn't matter so much. Besides, they wouldn't overrun the settlement."

Bill didn't answer. He'd heard that quite a lot lately. It had started as a protestation, but had recently become a prayer.

"Would they?" Audace demanded.

"Of course not," he lied stoutly.

"I wish those darn guns would stop, then."

This, Bill felt, was no way to pass an August night, with shaded lights, soft music, and the heavy perfumes of flowers all round them.

"Don't fret, honey. Those guns don't mean a thing," he said. "Just another war, but nothing to do with us. Skip it."

For a time they danced in silence, with only the distant rumble of the guns as a half remembered threat. Then:

"Let's go," Audace said suddenly. "I'm sorry, but all this makes me kind of jumpy. Oh, I know it all sounds like jitters, but . . ."

As they turned east down the Bubbling Well Road, and headed for the Grahams' house on the Point, Bill tried once more to get Audace to (*Continued on page* 142)

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Not so good — seems to have a lot of wind, doesnt sleep at all well — seems restless and unsatisfied To tell you the truth I am rather worried about him
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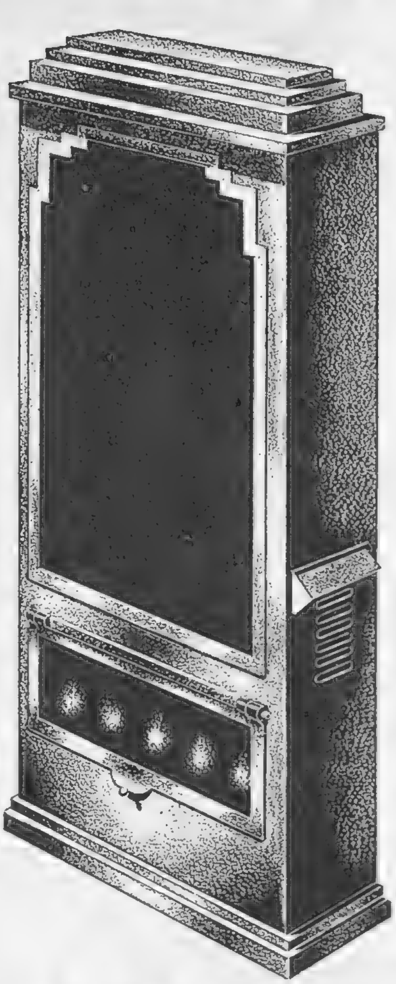

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THE SPHERE

OF ALL NEWSAGENTS—EVERY FRIDAY

snap out of her nervy, restless mood.

"Listen, honey," he urged. "I know just how you feel. But to-morrow, in the daylight, everything will be different. We'll have tiffin at the Cathay and the sun will shine and you'll forget this cloud that's been hanging over us. Let's make plans for to-morrow and play like to-night has been a bad dream."

But the pretence was swiftly shattered as they neared the bridge which joined the Point to the mainland.

"What are all these Chinese doing, coming off the island?" Audace asked. "Why, they're servants, mostly. Look, there's Mrs. Lancing's *amah*, and . . ."

"Looks like refugees. But what's driving them?"

They forced their way across the bridge against the human tide. And when they reached the little artificial island with its hundred or so houses, they quickly discovered the answer to Bill's query.

THE shrapnel burst was so unexpected, it interested rather than startled them. A vicious snap overhead and a white house wall in front of them was suddenly pockmarked and misted with falling plaster. The fuse cap droned away into the night and everything was uncannily still, so still that the distant wailing of a child was oddly disturbing.

Bill looked ruefully at Audace and said: "Seems like it's our war, after all."

It did. Another shell burst above them and the road ahead went up in spurts of dust, like rain on still water.

"Too high," Bill remarked with professional interest. "They should burst about twenty feet up to get the best effect."

Then he remembered Audace, but before he could turn from critic to comforter, the corner of the house they were passing suddenly sagged and seemed to hang over their heads. Then it crumbled gently and the naked rafters stood out starkly against the dull red glow of fire. Bill wrenched the wheel over as tiles and bricks clattered about them.

Neither remembered much of the short drive on to Graham's house. Only once Audace spoke and then she said: "Let's play like to-night has been a bad dream." And Bill laughed shortly.

George met them at the doorway. Audace noticed with a brief throb of pride that he appeared completely unruffled. The cigar between his teeth glowed evenly to his unhurried breathing. As usual, there was something eminently safe about George, even in this emergency. And then she fell to wondering if, after all, this was courage or just indifference to passing events. Was he imperturbable or disinterested?

He greeted them cheerfully. "I phoned the club but they told me everything was quite normal there, so I didn't worry you. Then, when I phoned later to advise you to stay the night with friends, they said you'd left. You see, dear, here and at Yangtzepoo we've been getting all their 'overs.' And the anti-aircraft shells have been a positive pest."

He wandered about getting them drinks as he spoke. His two dogs, Heaven and Earth, fawned on Audace, delighted to have her home during a period which terrified them by its strangeness.

"We've really been quite lucky," George went on. "One shell through the roof." He paused and turned to Audace. "I'm afraid it's made rather a mess of the spare room, my dear," he added.

He spoke apologetically, almost as though he had carelessly dropped the shell himself. Then Audace remembered how very particular she had always been about his tobacco ash on her carpets, and she began to wonder if she had been too particular.

While she was developing this salutary theme, one of the pair of Ming vases on the overmantel jerked oddly into the air and fell in splinters on the hearth. George touched the twisted shrapnel bullet with the toe of his shoe and then crossed the room and deliberately closed the window before he realised the futility of his instinctive action. He looked round to see if they had noticed and they all laughed. That helped a lot.

"Another drink, Mason? Good. Help yourself. And give Audace a brandy and soda."

Bill went to the tray. "What are you drinking, Mr. Graham?" he asked.

"Oh, just lime juice, thanks," said George, and Bill tried not to look at Audace. But inevitably their eyes met, although amid the piercing scream of high velocity shells the joke had lost some of its flavour.

"You'll stay the night, of course?" But Bill said he'd have to get back to his hotel. He was anxious to report for duty. This sort of thing made a man restless.

"To-morrow at the Cathay, then," he said. Audace nodded. She wondered what to-morrow might bring or even if there would be a to-morrow at all.

"You'll find this is all over in the morning," Bill assured them. "The Powers will have to step in. The Kellogg Pact . . ."

"There hasn't been a declaration of war yet," Graham shouted above the crash of masonry from the next house.

Audace felt she couldn't bear much more, yet she had to face it through all the long sleepless hours of the night. George woke once when the wall of the bedroom was struck by the flying base of a shell, and made her some tea. But apart from that, he slept tranquilly until Audace roused him, in desperation, at dawn.

Yet by breakfast events were getting into focus again. The shelling continued but now its novelty was less nerve-racking than its monotony. She began to readjust herself to these new conditions. She even removed the white jade god from the drawing-room and stored him in comparative safety.

SHE left early to keep her appointment with Bill. She wanted to hear his news; to discover if he had got back into harness yet. Besides, George suggested it might be as well to lay in a store of canned foods, and shopping on Saturday mornings was always a rush. And the tradesmen were beginning to present half-monthly bills, fearing a money shortage before the end of the month, and George wanted a cheque cashed. But the tradesmen's fears were only too well justified. The banks were closed.

Twice on the way in she was held up, first by a detachment of marines on their way to the defences and later by a section of patrolling armoured cars. This and the struggle to obtain any form of provisions made her late, and it was after one when at last she turned her car into the Nanking Road.

She apologised briefly to Bill, adding: "I'm terribly shaken. An incendiary bomb burst in the air as I came along the Bund. It fell in the river. Bill, it was terrible. I'm feeling an absolute shambles."

It was the wrong word and she regretted it. Parts of Shanghai were literally a shambles that morning. They said the Chinese pilots were dropping their bombs to lighten their machines as the Jap pursuit planes came over. Still, Bill might have said something comforting. He was usually an adept at that sort of thing.

She had to repeat: "Do I look terrible, Bill?" And even then he only said no, he didn't think so. Worse, he seemed to reflect before answering, and Audace was far too inexperienced to know that distant gun-fire has an attraction for fighting men passing the love of women.

Then he said: "Better have some brandy," and started to tell her about his efforts to get employed. He had met some friends from the Augusta on his way home the previous night and, as they were on duty, his tail coat and white tie had come in for some cheerful criticism and he was still feeling sore.

Audace looked at him stonily, but he didn't notice. Lunch was a failure.

George got through on the phone just as Audace was leaving the restaurant. "I'm afraid I have bad (*Continued on page* 144)

The Truth about bed-time drinks

WHEN YOU go to bed on a cup of milk, it forms curds inside you—nourishing, true, but heavy work for your digestion. Flavouring the milk with something sweet doesn't make any difference. The only way to get the full value from milk and at the same time give your digestion the rest it needs during the night is to mix it with BENGER'S. There are active enzymes in BENGER'S which prevent the formation of indigestible curds. The milk is partially digested before you drink it — completely assimilated into the system without digestive strain. But apart from that, BENGER'S is in itself full of easily absorbed nourishment. You get full value from *this* bed-time drink. It feeds you *and* soothes you.

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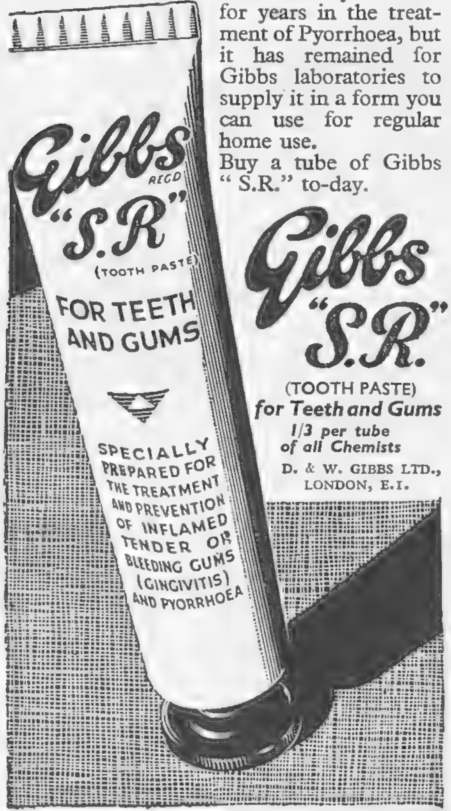
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news," he said. "We've had to evacuate the Point and Yangtzepoo at ten minutes' notice. I've managed to get a room at the club, and Lady Coop has very kindly arranged to put you up, dear."

He spoke as though he was arranging their summer holidays, and before Audace could protest he went on: "You'll be a little crowded at the Coops, I'm afraid. Sir Adrian tells me that his wife has already got a large number of people. But you'll know Elaine Sumarez there. I'll . . ."

"I hate being crowded and I don't like the Coops," Audace interrupted. "Better let me make my own arrangements, George."

George only laughed. "With so many people homeless from this district," he pointed out, "one's really very lucky to be able to find a roof at all." He added that he'd managed to get a job in the hospital: he expected there'd be plenty to do.

Audace put down the receiver thoughtfully. "It's silly," she told Bill, "I might just as well be a refugee."

"Sure," said Bill absently. "You know, if only the Japs would move their flagship away from the Bund it would make things better. She's drawing all the fire. The Point must be right in the way of all that aerial bombardment."

Audace snapped her bag shut and said: "I think I'll go along to the Coops." And Bill, glancing at his watch, said he had quite a bit to do that afternoon but he'd try and get round there about six.

And when, at last, Audace found herself in Lady Coop's over-crowded house, she began to blame George for all her discomforts: to blame him until she had come near to hating him, and as the depression increased her hatred included all men. So that, by late evening she had to brace herself to a semblance of politeness when Sir Adrian Coop discovered her on the veranda. But she needn't have worried; Sir Adrian was far too annoyed to pay much attention to her.

"It's disgraceful," he fussed, uncertain whether to blame the Consulate or the Municipality, "Positively scandalous."

Audace asked: "What's the matter, Sir Adrian? More trouble?"

"Trouble? I should say it was trouble. Why, just think, Mrs. Graham, a car has been hit by an aerial bomb somewhere near the hospital. Direct hit it appears to be, because the occupant was . . . well, was unrecognisable. They've just broadcast for anyone who can identify the man, although when I rang up the radio station they told me that probably only his dentist would be able to do so."

"Did . . . did they give the registration number of the car?" Audace asked, her lips hardly moving.

"Why yes, I jotted it down. It's SMC 02572."

Then Audace said: "George," and Sir Adrian was just in time to catch her.

It was a pity Audace's room was next to Elaine Sumarez's, because Elaine's hysteria was very disturbing. And her reiterated cry of "Homeless, penniless and jobless," was unnerving.

And all day Sunday it poured; the ceaseless drumming of the rain serving to increase the general tension. Radio messages kept coming through. "You are advised to keep inside your houses, preferably by the inner walls." And the Gas Company broadcast that it would be safer to cut off the gas, so that hot food became problematical.

But Audace paid little heed to the excitement of the passing hours. She was listless and unable even to protest at the administrations of her indefatigable hostess.

Then, in the evening, the dispassionate voice of the announcer told them that all women and children would be evacuated from Shanghai on Tuesday and should register forthwith at the Shanghai Club.

To Audace it meant very little. "A refugee?" she said when they told her. "George would have been terribly apologetic about that."

Sir Adrian started to make arrangements for her, muttering, as he collected her two

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suitcases, "Foolhardy. Absolutely fantastic. Our Consulate must be mad to make us register at a point on the water-front, especially as the club has already been hit by anti-aircraft fire."

Towards nightfall the gun-fire redoubled in fury and the vibration of the house made them wonder if it could stand the strain much longer. They found it impossible to eat and even such hot dishes as the *dahsu* managed to concoct over an oil cooker were left untouched.

Again Audace could not sleep, and at dawn she crept out to the garage and took her car. The firing seemed to be lessening as she started towards the Point.

But she soon had to abandon the car: the tank was dry and petrol unprocurable. Undaunted, she pushed forward on foot. A Sikh policeman tried to get her to take shelter. The guns had started again and he called out to her: "*Khubadar, memsahib, baut dharat hai,*" but Audace would not heed his warning of danger. His tall, khaki-clad figure was strangely comforting in the general turmoil, and instinctively she paused. Then she thrust her way forward again: she wasn't going to be a sissy about a lot of fool guns.

She managed, after an endless journey, sometimes in rickshaws and sometimes by the kindness of passing carts, to reach the picket line. By bluff and pleading, she got through it and on to the Point. But the sight of the desolate, shattered ruins there, nearly drove her back.

She found her own house had escaped lightly. As she walked up to the front door and took out her key she felt she was entering some half-remembered dream house. It was something of a shock to recall that she had left it on Saturday morning and that this was only Monday.

It was more difficult to realise this when she got inside. Furniture, pictures and carpets were ruined. An army appeared to have camped in the ground floor rooms. Windows were smashed and much of the woodwork had been torn out for firewood. The drawing-room door swung drunkenly on one hinge. Audace stood, sick and weary in the midst of the wreckage of the home which had meant so much to her. Then she sank into a tattered armchair and for the first time gave way to tears.

Just at first it seemed perfectly natural to see George walking past the open door. Then she cried out to him: "You—oh George. Darling . . ."

He stood staring down at her for an instant. Then he hurried to her side and she found it very comforting to be able to cry on his shoulder. Somehow the nagging doubts and the little, bitter memories of the last few months, faded and died as they sat together in the battered shell of that room.

He was very apologetic about the motor car incident (for such he termed it), and for a moment Audace wondered if he was just being his usual disinterested self or if he realised, even faintly, all it had meant to her. But as he explained, she knew it was she who had come to realisation, and she smiled down at the unshaven, heavy-eyed George with an almost forgotten sympathy.

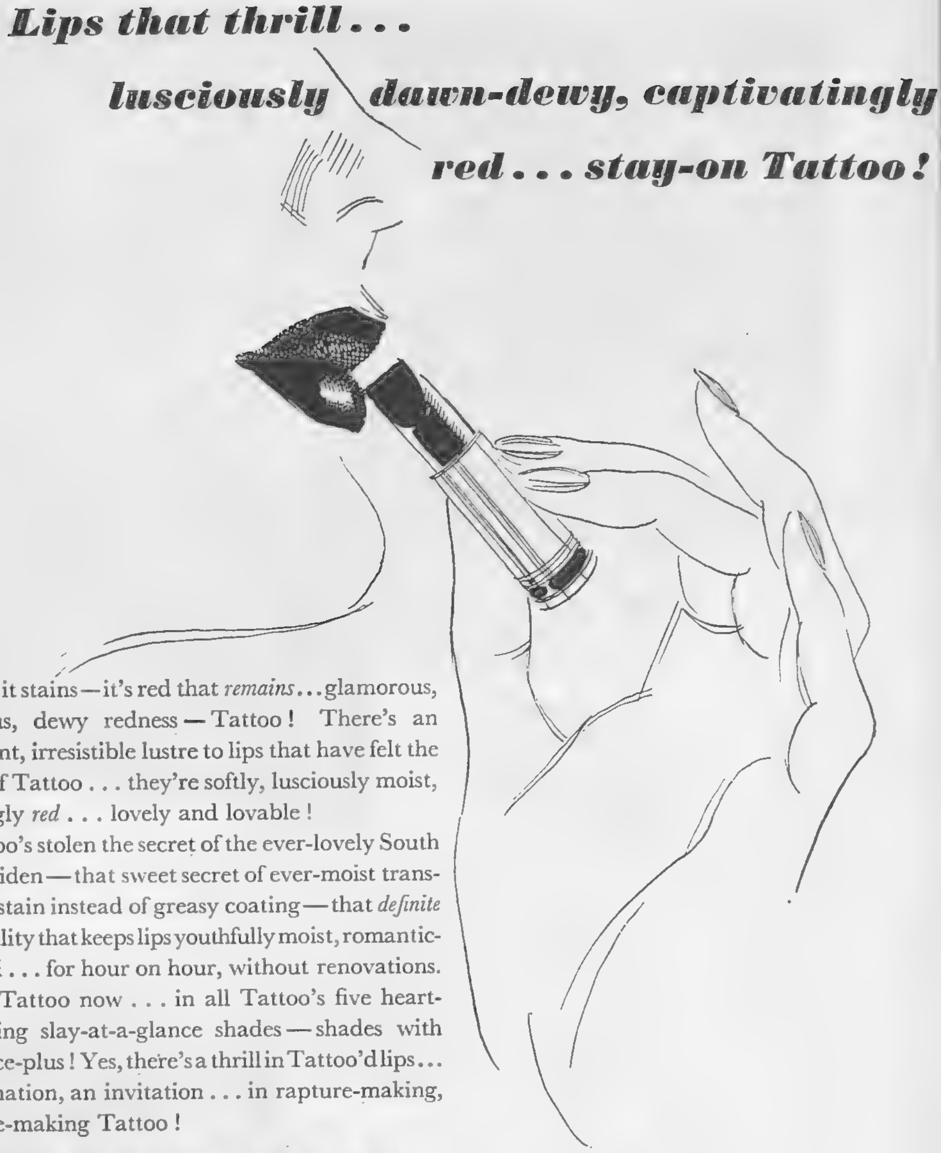
He'd lent the car to a friend at the gates of the hospital and then he'd been kept terribly busy for twenty-four hours. He'd tried unsuccessfully to get contact by phone and, expecting hourly to be able to get away, had rather let things slide, he feared. He had no idea how time had flown. He'd heard nothing of the car till just before midnight; there had been no time for conversation or the discussion of news items in the reeking wards of the hospital. And, thinking him dead, no one outside had taken the trouble to search for him. He was extremely sorry for all the trouble he had caused. The whole explanation was, Audace thought, typically Georgian but none the less lovable.

"And you . . .?" he asked. "I phoned Sir Adrian early and he said you'd left in the car."

"I don't know how to explain anything," she sobbed. "This house . . . these things meant a lot to me . . . but now . . ."

He hushed her

(*Continued on page* 146)



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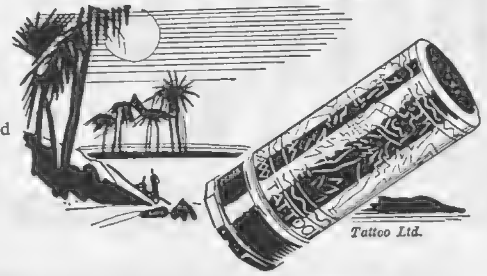

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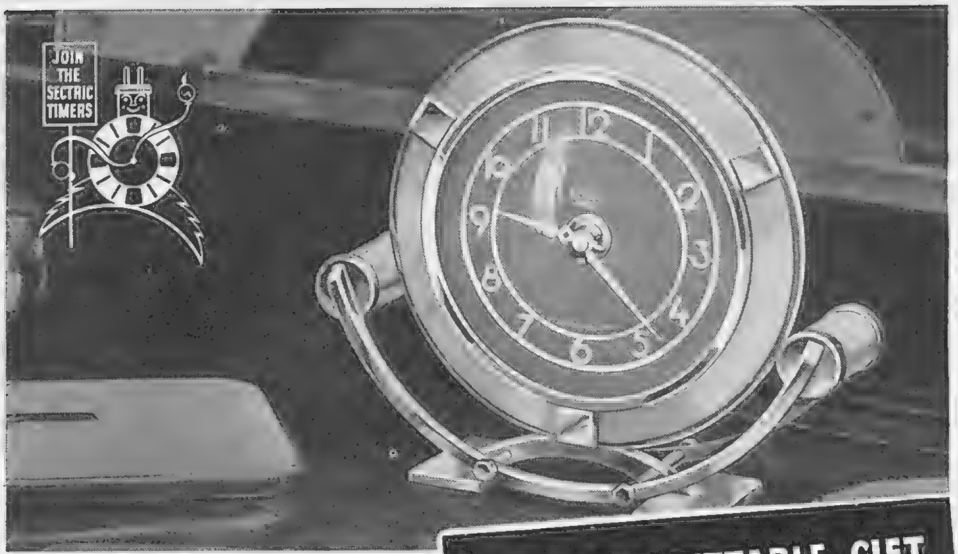

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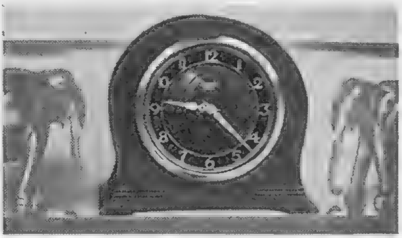

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quickly. "There's nothing to explain, my sweet. We were drifting apart. It was all my fault. I saw what was happening, and I let you drift. I thought you'd prefer it that way, dear."

"And I thought you were kind of disinterested. I've been every sort of a fool, George." But again he stopped her. And by the time the jagged shadows of the Point were groping eastward they had discovered that blame didn't come into the picture; only readjustment mattered, and that would be simple once these mad days were over.

At last George said: "We must get back, beloved. You have this damnable journey before you to-morrow and must get some rest. I've a borrowed car at the back of the house. I'll go and start it up and we'll make a dash back through the barrage."

"Somehow," said Audace gently, "I don't seem to care so much about the shells now. So long as we're together, darling, they can bomb us all the way back to the Coops."

She wandered from room to room while George went out to the car. When she joined him, she found the two dogs, Heaven and Earth, barking an ecstatic welcome in the back. The drive home, in spite of its danger, passed very quickly. And that night she slept.

George was at the Metropole Hotel at nine next morning, and while the others crowded on to the fleet of buses he drove Audace down to the French Bund in his borrowed car. It was typical of George that he had managed to obtain petrol.

They drove in silence, but it was a very different degree of silence from that of recent days. In fact, Audace discovered that George could drive a car with one hand very well indeed.

He had to leave her at the Bund. The Navy were polite but firm about that. They were working against time, as the interested Consulates had arranged a two-hour truce from nine, and there were eleven hundred women and children with their luggage to get away in that brief interval. And in spite of their efforts, they were already running behind schedule. There was no time for dalliance or lingering farewells in those two strenuous hours.

It was nearly eleven and the first tender had not yet got under way, when Bill Mason came alongside in a motor boat. He looked very smart in his uniform and was delighted to be back at duty.

"It's hell, you're going off like this," he greeted her.

"It's hell for most of us," Audace agreed, "but personally I think I've gained rather more than I've lost, Bill."

Bill glanced up. "How come, gained?" he asked.

"Well, George for a start. You know, Bill, I was wrong about Lady Coop and wrong about Elaine Sumarez. And I was a little bit wrong about you, I think. But above all I was wrong about George. Why, to think he came through all that danger to find me on the Point yesterday makes me feel kind of mean. But how was I to know he cared that much? Anyway, I know now, and when we find each other again I'm surely going to make it up to him."

Bill whistled softly. "Just like that, is it?" he smiled and Audace echoed him: "Just like that."

"Say, what made you go out to your house, anyway?" he asked suddenly.

Audace took a roughly tied parcel from the corner of her suitcase. "It probably sounds dumb, Bill, but I wanted to get a few things; things I cared about, like the jade. They always meant rather a lot to me, you know. But everything was smashed to atoms except this." She unwrapped the white jade god Ho T'ai and held it out to Bill.

Very gently he took it from her. Then, without comment, he dropped it into the river.

"I don't think, honey," he said soberly, "I should ever mention that to George."

Audace gasped, and then came sudden understanding.

"And just for once," she said, "I think

maybe you're right. Why, Bill, I was more wrong about you than I suspected."

The end of the truce, signalised with shattering abruptness, came at that moment. The forty Chinese planes which flew down river punctually at eleven drew immediate fire from the Japanese batteries, and hell broke loose.

Only the first tender had got away by then, and shells started falling all around them. It was impossible to let the refugees make the journey to Woosung as planned, and it was decided to embark them in H.M.S. *Falmouth* and send them down in her to the P. & O. liner which awaited them.

A hurried good-bye, and Bill started off to join his ship. And as he sat hunched in the stern of the motor boat, he thought over his conversation with Audace. So she'd gone back for the jade and George had risked everything to find her. Well, that was swell. But what was it George had said to him on the telephone last night? "I'd no idea she cared for me as much as that, Mason. Imagine her going out under shell fire to the Point, just to revive the memories of that house where we had been so happy."

Suddenly Bill spoke aloud. "Let us pray," he said devoutly, "that old George never tells her he only went out to the Point to get those two darn dogs."

Then he fell to picturing Audace as she had looked at the Country Club on Friday night, against a background of flowers and perfume and music. The gun-fire beat a rhythm to his thoughts.

But there was little of Bill's romantic memories about Audace just then. She sat, huddled three deep with the other refugees in the stifling torpedo flat of H.M.S. *Falmouth*, heading down stream for Woosung. Yet, judging by the smile which played about her lips, she was actually closer to romance than she had been at the Country Club. Indeed, so lost to her surroundings was she that the Leading Seaman bearing a tray of drinks had to speak twice before she noticed him bending over her.

"A glass of lime-juice, lady?" he asked, and was surprised when the lady laughed quite happily.

END

Little Safari

(*Continued from page* 13)

change. The bland smile disappeared as he turned and slammed the door in the old woman's face.

"You clear out!" he said. "Go on! Get out of it!"

She sat down again upon the step with the same uncomplaining and timeless patience, as though another century or two were neither here nor there.

Piet Retief, so large and important on our map, consisted—as most veldt towns do—of a few bungalows, a few shops, a bank, a garage and a hotel arranged around a square. There seemed no reason why the place should be there at all. Without limit, apparently, the veldt stretched away from it in all directions under a net of stars. But the hotel was quite a good one. Two horsey-looking Englishwomen kept it and strode about in curiously amorphous male garments with trousers. They might have been beach pyjamas had that not seemed a little too incongruous here in the middle of the High Veldt. The hotel was in the best English tradition with paper flowers on the tables and palms standing about wearily in brass pots. Dinner began amid subdued conversation with a watery soup (*Consommé Julien*) and went on to watery fish (*Fish Portugaise*, I think), but I shall draw a veil over the rest of it and over the black bitter fluid served afterwards in the lounge from little cups among the palms and the very old copies of the *Tatler*.

WHEN you come to the edge of the High Veldt it is like coming to the very edge of the world. You stand on strange peaky mountains and higher up there are baboons, they say. (*Continued on page* 148)

HEALTH IS OUR HERITAGE.
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At Kaapsche Hoop where we came and looked over the edge of the world, there was a plate let into a rock in memory of a lovely English girl who used to sit there gazing out over the unbelievable extent of Africa. A farmer on the slope below looked up one day and saw a far-off figure sitting on a rock outlined against the sky. He thought it was a baboon and shot it. From the place where this dreadful tragedy happened you seem to see the whole world beneath you—green cultivated valleys, fields of maize, orange farms around white houses, dotted native villages and far, blue, pointed mountains under a hard intensity of sky. And beyond them more and more of Africa.

We dropped down into this and followed the Crocodile River eastwards towards the Game Reserve. It was a lovely magic country. At noon the natives straightened themselves in the cotton fields to watch us pass and high above the mountains that hemmed in every valley the vultures circled slowly round and round. There was something sinister in their slow intent circling for you knew that somewhere, out of sight, a living thing had died or was about to die and they were watching it. At dusk the oranges shone down the plantation avenues and fireflies danced. It was the kind of country you might see on a poster as a background for bronzed men in open-necked shirts, smoking a brand of tobacco and refusing to smoke any other while the black men did the work. It was the country for a whisky and soda on the stoep in the evening. But that was its winter aspect. In the summer, I believe, a kind of hot miasma settles down upon it and the anopheles mosquito has a grand time. Snakes whose bite is death wake up from under stones. There are ticks lurking under every leaf, waiting with inexhaustible patience for a limb to fasten on. They suck until they are bladders the size of sixpences gorged with blood. They produce "tick fever" if not removed, so that tick hunting among the familiar recesses of your body is one of the lesser sports in the Low Veldt. In the cool and pleasant Crocodile River there is the Bilharzia worm. If you drink from any of those streams or bathe in them the Bilharzia worm burrows into the skin and gets into the blood stream. Finally, it punctures the bladder wall. So you would not go swimming in the Crocodile River even if it were not for the notices saying "Beware of Crocodiles" at every ford and the motionless gnarled shapes that lie grinning on the shores sunning themselves.

Crocodiles belong to the dull type of beast that never does anything however long you watch it. When a kid I was always very careful to distinguish between the dull animals in the zoo, like the crocodiles and the tortoises, that never do anything and make no attempt to give you your money's worth, and the interesting animals like the sea-lions and the giraffes which do make some sort of attempt to entertain. The grinning shapes basking on the banks of the Crocodile River were true to type. They did absolutely nothing. I threw a stone at one and it took no notice so I threw another. It was lying half in the water and half out, with its head towards the shore. At the second plop it slid slowly backwards into the water without disturbing the surface. Where the water closed over its long snout rings widened outwards, and presently they were gone too, leaving no sign. At any rate I had made it do something.

WE crossed the Crocodile River on a rope ferry. We drove the car down on to a pontoon running on an endless wire rope and were pulled across by shouting, laughing blacks, who grinned into the car with flashing white teeth and gave out that pungent body odour which is one of the characteristic smells of Africa. It takes you unawares and without a moment's warning in incongruous places—in hotel lounges, in shops, in the street, in the drawing-rooms of the rich—a sudden choking waft.

The Game Reserve, or the Kruger National Park, is an area of low veldt about the size of

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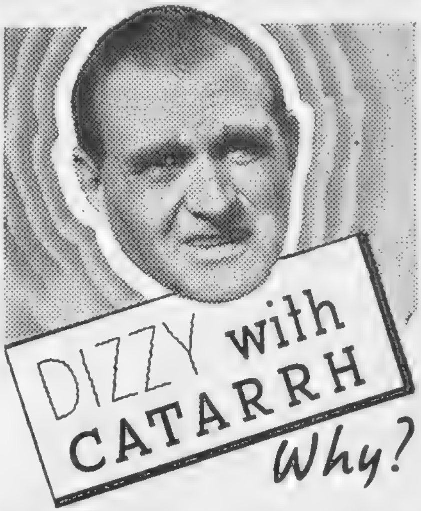

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POTTER'S CATARRH PASTILLES

P 7

Wales lying along the border of Portuguese East Africa. The main railway line from Johannesburg to Lourenco Marques runs through it and crosses the Crocodile River on a high trestle bridge. I remembered looking at pictures of the Boer war in old bound illustrated papers and seeing pictures of men with moustaches and helmets fighting naked blacks round bridges just like that. It was difficult to believe that this narrow unfenced single track was a main line of railway, especially when you saw buck leaping over it in hundreds.

In the Game Reserve the game, as you may guess, is reserved. You may not shoot it or hunt it. There is no boundary of any sort between the reserved and the unreserved part of the Low Veldt but it seems that somehow the strange shy beasts of Africa have come to know where they may be safe for outside the reserve we saw no life at all beside the road—only the high slow-circling vultures and once a small cloud of locusts driving like a pestilence across a field of maize. But directly we had paid our guinea at the gate which stands across the road, and is the only sign that the border has been reached, the game was all around us. The dusty narrow road ran on through country that was unchanged in appearance from that which we had been travelling through for some hours, except that there was no sign now of cultivation or any human habitation—just a low thorny scrub and coarse dry grass. Here and there large umbrella-shaped trees stood about, some of them dangling strange fruits. There were old termite mounds too and euphorbia plants like prickly phalli branching candle-sticks. But all around us were odd fabulous beasts complacently cropping the grass like cattle. As we passed in our dust-covered car they lifted their heads in slightly puzzled interest and walked off into the scrub, veiling themselves from our unwelcome intrusion. Multitudes of golden brown buck moved with delicate grace through the bushes, twitched their wide ears and suddenly were off together with zig-zag leaps into the tangled distance. Wildebeeste, like great thick-shouldered oxen, moved in slow processions and raised horny heads to look with expressions full of menace and hostility. Sometimes they took fright and fled with a curious scampering gallop, ludricrous with their heavy shoulders and narrow rumps. They often kept company with zebras which, because of their stripes, were difficult to see through the undergrowth. These were easily alarmed and trotted away as we approached, showing us their rounded striped buttocks as they went. Other kinds of strange horny ungulates gazed mildly at us from over and from under the scrubby bushes. Wart hogs with curved tusks, nosing about in the bushes, looked up with instant ferocity when we passed them and then trotted busily away in the other direction.

But it is the lions and giraffes that count in the Game Reserve. For listen to people who have visited this free and undefended animal republic before you! You would think they had been on a long and hazardous safari and had returned, at the risk of their lives, with their trophies and their heads—but only just. A lion and two lionesses, they say, sat in the road in front of the car and would not get out of the way. . . . "No farther off than that chair is from me!" Or that they put their paws on the running-board and looked in at the window. So that you go through the scrubby dusty veldt with a slightly exhilarating feeling of apprehension, half expecting some embarrassing contretemps at every corner of the road. It is all great fun because it is perfectly safe really but carries with it a certain illusion of danger. You may not get out of your car and the penalty for doing so, except at the permitted and scheduled spots, is fifty pounds. I risked that penalty more than once because there are occasions on a long motor trip when even the most hard-boiled motorist must get out. But so long as you remain in your car the hostile inhabitants of this Eden do not recognise you as flesh and blood or as human intruders at all. They smell only a powerful stench

(*Continued on page* 150)

A Grand Night

GRACIE FIELDS' TRIBUTE NIGHT

with other stars and the famous
KNELLER HALL BAND (170 performers) at

THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL
FRIDAY, OCTOBER 28th, 1938 at 8 p.m.
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Under the auspices of the
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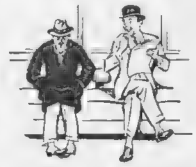

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of rubber tyres, exhaust gases and hot metal which has no connexion, so far as they know, with warm living flesh. It is their sense of smell they go by, so if you stay in your car and obey the rules, printed in two languages, they cannot smell you out. But I believe that if you took a walk into those thorny bushes and among that coarse dry grass the wildebeeste and the wart hogs and the strange horny ungulates would not look up mildly and then turn and trot away. Though the lions, I believe, might.

So here come the brave hunters of the African Low Veldt—1938 version—slowly in single file, stalking in a long procession down the dusty road—the bold Ford V-8, the redoubtable Chevrolet, the trusty Dodge, the stalwart Buick, the Pontiac, the Cadillac, the Hupmobile. They come in groups of up to a dozen or more, pausing every now and then while noses are pressed against glass, exhaling bitter fumes and throwing up the brown dust. They come on endlessly through every hot and dusty day throughout the winter.

We found there were certain disadvantages in this convoy system of travelling. For often it happened that we found ourselves at the rear of a group of cars. When the leader saw something breath-taking, such as a wart hog poking about in the undergrowth or a secretary bird stalking through the grass in his black trousers, he would stop to look. Then those behind, overcome by the astonishing impatience which afflicts people in motor cars, would hoot until the noon became hideous with their din. And at this indecorous disturbance the objects of interest would move off into the scrub so that we, at the back of the procession, saw nothing but the branches moving faintly where they had gone.

ALONG the road at intervals there are places marked "Piek-niek Plaats" ("Picnic place"—how did you guess?) where, for some reason not explained, it is permissible to get out of your car without paying fifty pounds. In these places throughout the day the cars draw up and disgorge their cramped and dusty contents on to the road. But we avoided these crowded spots because, like dogs and cats, we did not wish to be observed when eating. Still less did we wish to observe others. So as a rule we drew up in as secluded a place as possible beside the road and let the procession move past us, covering us with its dust.

It was while we were eating thus, secretly by the roadside one day, that Bill said "Look—lions!" There was a kind of awe in his voice. He pointed into the shade of some twisted trees about twenty yards from the road. Three great cats lay there—a lion and two lionesses. The lion was a mild-looking fatherly beast. Landseer had painted him often. It was odd, one thought, that he should look like that. He said "I told you so" to all one's preconceived ideas about lions. "You see," he said, "I really do look like this." He rose slowly, with patriarchal dignity, and went over to the two lionesses who lay on their sides, stretched upon imaginary hearth rugs before imaginary fires. They raised their heads when he approached them, yawned and lowered them again. The lion sat down beside his wives and looked at us, goggling through the window of our sunshine-roof sedan, closed his thoughtful eyes and opened them again. All the mystery and unregeneracy of the kitchen cat was in them as he looked at us. Then he turned and walked away into the bush, swinging his tassled tail. And his lean and lissom wives rose up and followed him.

These were the only lions we saw during the whole of our safe and comfortable safari. I am unable to account for this discreditable state of affairs. When we got back to civilisation we had to invent lions of our own—making them up from other people's stories. . . . "And there they were right in the road as close as I am to you!" For we found that when we admitted that we only saw three lions it was usually inferred that we had been wasting our time. Giraffes did

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"Then you can tell him gently about Plus-dyeing"

If you want the biggest "kick" of your life, treat a careful husband to an eyeful of last year's frocks and suits Plus-Dyed. Go through your wardrobe—start a colour-riot in it. That old brown suit: let Clark's turn it blue. Last year's dated green ought to come out well in this year's new pink. The startling dance frock *everyone* remembers, will be completely disguised when it drifts across the floor in black. And this is what it'll cost to score over everyone with a Plus-Dyed Vita-Cleaned outfit:

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Extra for pleats and fancy trimmings.

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Shoes that are polished with Nugget every day become more pliable and far more comfortable.

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Superfluous fat robs you of half the joy of living, saps your vitality, and adds years to your age. If you value your health and appearance, if you want to wear smart clothes smartly, and join in the active life of your generation, you must throw off the burden of overweight at once. Remember, every day you delay makes it more difficult to get slim again, and doctors warn you that superfluous fat is putting an undue strain on heart and liver. Yet you can start at once to take the Natex way to vitality and slender lines.

"LAZY" THYROID THE CAUSE. Fat accumulates because your thyroid gland is slowing down its action, failing to energise the processes of your body which normally deal with fat-producing foods.

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These figures show how you grow more graceful as Natex takes away unwanted fat. No picture can show how much happier, livelier, healthier you become! Natex is not a drug, it is a slimming *food* which re-invigorates your thyroid gland and makes it able to deal with all the fat-making foods you eat. Natex actually works *while* you eat—making you slimmer day by day until you reach the proportions Nature intended

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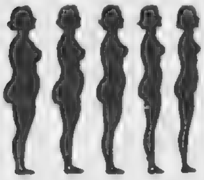

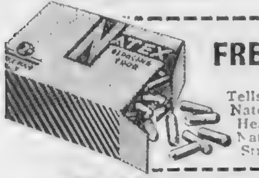

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a little to restore our prestige but not much. For me, however, they were worth all the lions, buck, wildebeeste and zebras put together. Like the old lady in the zoo, I could scarcely believe it. For surely Nature could not have evolved such things in dead seriousness. They were a living argument for the existence of a divine Creator with a Rabelaisian, Gargantuan sense of humour. That curious stilt-like gait! That wide-eared narrow head at the end of the immense unbending column of the neck — like a builder's crane with ears at the top! The prehensile mouth, nibbling now a tasty leaf here at the very top of a tree and now some less than usually dry blade of grass below there some twenty feet down on the ground, the slender fore-limbs straddled like a shear-legs as the head swung down! They moved grotesquely like a slow-motion film, twitching their wide trumpet-shaped ears and looking down at us from their immense height with mild gentle eyes before they fled upon their stilts with huge strides. A prehistoric Martian animal — something from another world!

Lastly the hippopotamus—what a swindle! They lived in the Crocodile River and you went to see them along a narrow path through the bush marked "To the Hippo Pool." You could tell you were approaching the hippo pool some distance off by the hoggish grunts that came from that direction and by the whirring of ciné cameras. And by the chocolate papers lying around. There they lay, like huge islands in mid-stream! Sometimes one of them would idly blow a nonchalant bubble that made widening rings on the smooth surface of the water, to show perhaps that they had life and were not just mounds of dark grey mud. Sometimes one would rise up out of the water with a squelch and stand dully gazing at nothing, and then sink slowly, scarcely troubling the surface, until only his snout and ears showed and a pair of cunning little eyes above the water. And sometimes again, for no reason, they gave out those hoggish hostile grunts that we had heard along the path—sounds that meant nothing whatever apparently and were accompanied by no action of any sort. I had always thought that the hippopotamus at the Zoo was dull from hatred of his tiny pen, so dark and bare and smelling of ammonia, his thick unfriendly bars and his little pool of foul water. But in the sunny reedy Crocodile River he was just as dull and made no effort to entertain. So we left the chattering little crowd on the beach, expending their scores of feet of motion film in the hope of their entrapping a vestige of movement somewhere, and climbed back into our sunshine-roof sedan. It was getting late. The shadows of the trees lay as long shafts across the dry veldt grass. The bright metallic birds had ceased to flit silently without song among their branches. It was forbidden to be on the road after sundown so we made for the rest camp at Skukuza.

THE rest camp at Skukuza is a walled city, defended by a wooden stockade against the marauders of the jungle. Whether the marauders of this over-populated and carefully preserved jungle ever bother about marauding I do not know. I should think it is very doubtful, but the authorities pretend that marauding goes on nightly, for you are not allowed to be outside the stockade after sundown. This is a wise rule if only because it enhances the safari illusion. Thus, one thinks, driving one's sedan buffer to buffer with others through the gates, did Livingstone encamp for the night. Behind just such a stockade as this did Alan Quatermaine and Henry Curtis await the Masai warriors with their feathered head-dresses. So after sunset, the red sunset beyond the Crocodile River, deep silence settles upon the thorny veldt outside the high stockade. We do not know what savage deeds of blood are being done outside and the spirit of the jungle, which looked a bit silly at high noon because of all those American motor cars, comes back at nightfall. But inside the stockade everything is still civilised enough and the raucous screech of hundreds of radios from the motor

(Continued on page 152)

HORMONE CREAM
FOR THE REJUVENATION OF THE SKIN

The formation of new skin tissue is controlled by certain glands in the human system, and scientists have found that by the introduction of specific glandular extracts (Hormones) it is possible to stimulate the action of those glands, thereby accelerating the process of skin renewal.

Taking advantage of these facts, Leichner produced a cream which is now placed before you as Leichner Hormone Cream, which cream has the special function of stimulating the formation of new and perfect cellular tissues, which means nothing less than the rejuvenation of the skin.

The regular application of this cream will produce a decided improvement, relaxing tissues will tighten up, lines and wrinkles will be suppressed, and the freshness of the complexion revived.

Leichner Hormone Cream

is absolutely harmless and may be applied without fear of the slightest ill effects. It is a biological product of absolute purity; every detail of its preparation is under constant expert supervision.

From all leading Stores and Chemists

Per Jar 21/- and 12/6

LEICHNER
MAKE-UP & BEAUTY SERVICE
89, Regent Street, London, W.1.
Expert advice on any question of make-up or the care of the skin, free of charge.

LEICHNER
Laboratories and Offices
LEICHNER HOUSE, ACRE LANE, S.W.2

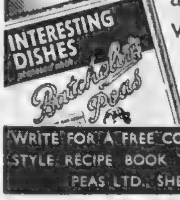
There are no Hard Skins...
in Batchelor's Peas REGD
ENGLISH CANNED

The flavour is most delicious and the high quality never varies. Batchelor's Peas are to-day's best value in Green Vegetables.

B·37

WRITE FOR A FREE COPY OF THE NEW STYLE RECIPE BOOK TO BATCHELOR'S PEAS LTD., SHEFFIELD.

Prices from 2D. a TIN



cars parked flank to flank goes up to the stars of Africa—those low hard stars flickering fiercely out of an indigo sky.

You sleep in a rondavel—a round hut with a thatched roof. The many conical roofs of these huts give to Skukuza the look of a kraal. There is nothing at all inside the hut but two or three beds, so you unpack your picnic basket, your "primus" stove and your tinned provisions and make a meal of sorts. Or you cook yourself something slightly more ambitious outside the hut on one of the fires which native boys tend with wood. They grin, fetch you buckets of water and say "Yass, boss." As you grill your steak or fry your bacon over the bitter wood fire the spirits of Livingstone and Selous and Rider Haggard stand at your elbow. They fade a little when you take a bath with hot and cold water in the bath house round the corner or when you buy your postcards (eight beautiful views for sixpence) from the kiosk across the way.

WHEN we arrived rather late at Skukuza all the single-bed huts had been taken. Only those with three beds remained. There were three of us, Bill and his wife and myself. We did a certain amount of manœuvring so that I should be out of the hut when Mrs. Bill undressed and got into bed. We did some giggling over this, but after a week, or so motoring through the veldt one does not bother much about those things. Our hut faced the river and we saw the sun go down beyond it so that the river shone like a curved sword. A slope of grass ran down to the river's edge and the native boys sat about here in the evening. You could hear, without understanding, their clicking speech and their resonant laughter. You knew you had no part in what they said or in the jokes that raised that hoarse laughter among them. Before the sun went down I tried to photograph them bending over their fires, carrying cans of water or sitting idly strumming on guitars. That rhythm came without effort to their fingers. They paused in their strumming when they saw me, a dark arm poised motionless on the guitar, their eyes fixed in an unsmiling stare as though my camera were about to work some strange and dreadful miracle upon them. Their eyes said "After this white man has pressed that knob I shall become a serpent and crawl on my black belly in the grass." This was the twentieth century and they knew all about that little black box I held, yet something dark at the back of their African mind said "Look out! A serpent crawling on your belly!" But the wise ringed man, who wore a sorry plume of sorts on top of his head, was in no doubt about my black box. It saw into his soul. So when I approached with it he fled muttering and would never come near me during the two or three nights we stayed there.

The dark came suddenly from the dim nameless mountains. The dozens of fires glowed, lighting up momentarily the ebony unfathomable faces that bent over them. The smoke went straight up above the roofs, into the leaves of the umbrella trees, up to the bright stars. All the way from Johannesburg, across the mine tips, across the parched High Veldt, across the orange plantations and cotton fields and the high mountains where the vultures wheel at noon, across the beehive-shaped huts upon the hillside, across the scrubby Low Veldt and the lions, the giraffes and the hippopotami came the voice of the mighty Wurlitzer, throbbing from a box in the dashboard of every motor car.

But presently it ceased, thank God! If you lay still then in your rondavel and listened very carefully you might hear perhaps a faint and far-off cry, unearthly and remote, the sound of something calling out the Africa which was, which is, and which will be.

END

P&O

are again cruising to warmer climes. The Viceroy of India, 20,000 tons, already well-known to winter sun-seekers, is visiting many attractive places, such as beautiful Rio de Janeiro, Dakar, Cape Town and Tristan da Cunha. The Strathmore, 23,500 tons will call at the romantic ports of the Spanish Main, including Trinidad, Curaçao, Cartagena, La Guaira, etc. Make your reservations as early as possible.

*JAN. 14 • **JAN. 20

CRUISES

by the

*STRATHMORE

32 DAYS · FROM 64 GNS

**VICEROY of INDIA

46 DAYS · FROM 92 GNS

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SOUTH AMERICA,
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Australia House, W.C.2,
or local agents.

TROPICS

WOODROW

By Appointment to the late King George V

62a, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1
(Facing St. James's Street)

Woodrow Hat

THE THANIA. BE.

No. 215a. Charming Hat in Woodrow's superfine felt, in a lovely shade of Tyrolean Green with knitted inlet of Brown wool which makes for perfect comfort in wear, **39/6**

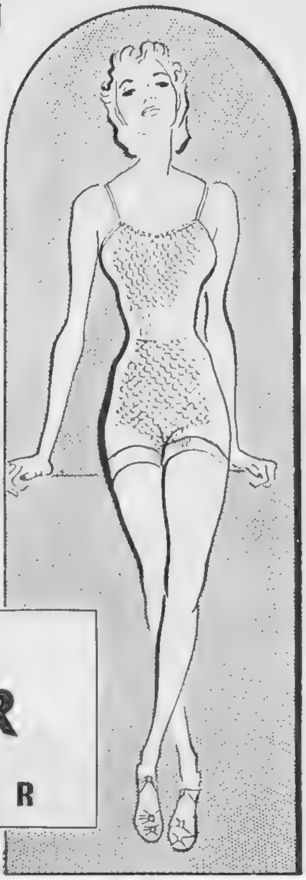
Stocked in all sizes, can also be made in Foxglove, Black, Grey, Navy, Midnight Blue, New Earth, Copper, Blue Tarn, Bottle Green, Violet, Filbert, Tan, Chestnut, Nigger, or any shade dyed to order in 7 days

A selection can be had on approval on receipt of London trade reference, or an amount on deposit. Catalogues on application

SLIM SMART LINES WITH COSY WARMTH

IN

BRAEMAR UNDERWEAR



How to be warm *and* smart isn't a problem any more. Braemar woollen underwear is really dainty but gives every bit of protection you need.

Here is shown the new Envelope Combination (a Braemar Patent). It is a marvel of comfort with a one button fastening that keeps closed no matter how you bend or stretch. In Silk-&-Cotton mixture in peach, pink or white this costs 22/6.

If you would like to see other styles with range of prices please write to the makers (the address is below) for interesting new leaflet. They will also send you the name of your nearest retailer.

BRAEMAR

UNDERWEAR

AT MOST GOOD SHOPS AND STORES

Innes, Henderson & Co. Ltd., Hawick, Scotland • Axtell House, Warwick St., London, W.1

★ (LETTER FROM MRS. F. R. KINGSTON)

I really want to rush around telling every mother I know. Baby's such a fashionable young lady since I've taken to knitting her things with Nursery Viyella - they never shrink or stretch

the
and
frock
I have
she al
garmen
savin

Downy-soft Nursery Viyella is specially spun for babies' wear . . . it will stand up to any amount of washings without shrinking or stretching. Nursery Viyella is actually guaranteed ! Your wool shop has it in 18 lovely shades. 7½d. per oz. Ask for the Nursery Viyella Knitting Book too; it gives knitting instructions for over 50 garments from birth to 8 years. There are 2d. and 3d. instruction leaflets as well.

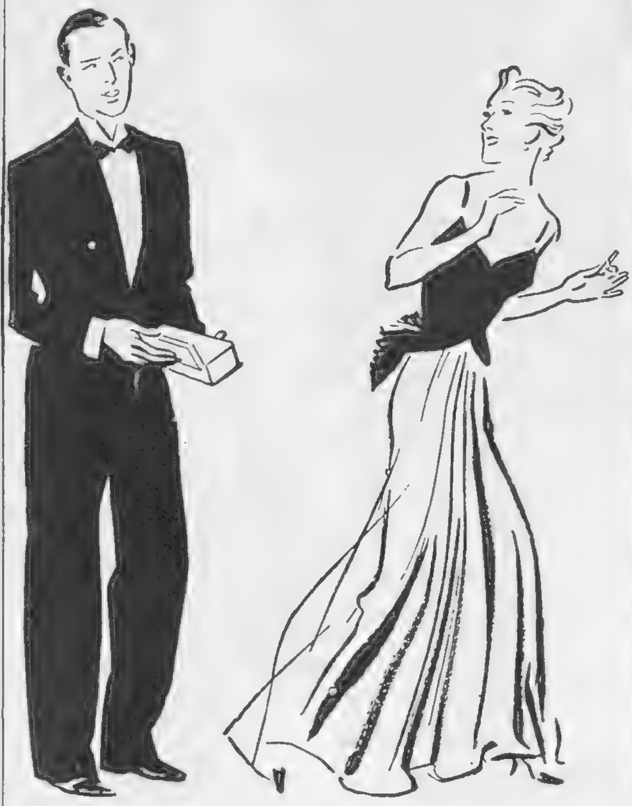
KNIT YOUR BABY THINGS WITH

Nursery 'Viyella'

won't shrink *won't stretch*

WILLIAM HOLLINS AND CO. LTD. VIYELLA HOUSE · NOTTINGHAM

The disappearing cigarette trick



There's no deception, ladies and gentlemen. It's perfectly obvious that cigarettes *will* disappear like magic when the ladies are around and the cigarettes are Wills's Gold Flake. Women, you see, appreciate the distinctive flavour of really fine Virginia tobaccos as much as men, nowadays. And once they've learned that Gold Flake is *the* cigarette that gives you that distinctive flavour, there's no holding them back.

WILLS'S

GOLD FLAKE

is the man's cigarette that women like

N.B. You can get Wills's Gold Flake Cork-tipped as well as Plain. Ten for 6d. Twenty for 1/-

G.F.B. 532

Hair combed this way stays arranged

After you've spent many minutes arranging your hair wouldn't you like to feel sure it would stay in place all day without another "pat" or another thought! A little 'Danderine' on your hair before you comb it will do this for you; it's a special boon after a shampoo.

'Danderine' isn't a sticky dressing yet it keeps every hair in place. Its delicate, appealing fragrance creates a marvellous effect of freshness and cleanliness.

Just try this:

Use 'Danderine' every day—every time you comb your hair—to be sure of your hair all day long! To have the satisfaction of knowing not only that it *is clean* but that it really *looks* clean. To know that it will stay as you arranged it and that no dandruff will appear.

You will be delighted with the improvement in the general condition and appearance of your hair and scalp which 'Danderine' will bring. Just try it. You can buy 'Danderine' at all chemists and stores 1/3, 2/6 and 4/6.

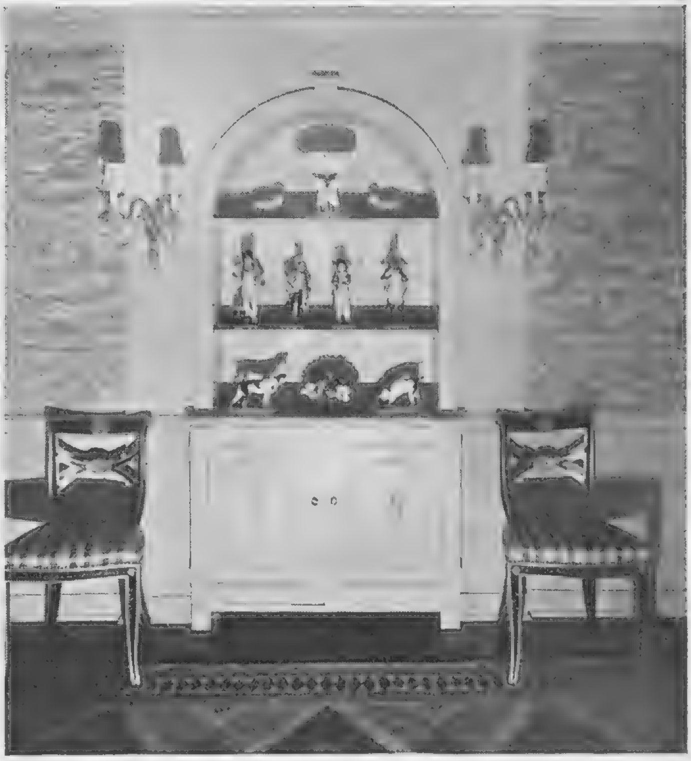
'Danderine'
FOR THE HAIR

THE DELICIOUS MELTAWAY CONFECTION
DIGESTIVE Cream MINTS
by Elizabeth Shaw
1/- 2/- & 4/- PER BOX
AT ALL LEADING STORES

For A Comfortable, Pleasant Voyage... Take—
MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY
USED IN 64 COUNTRIES

Ceramics For Decoration

The Uses of Decorative China and Porcelain in the Home



This china cabinet was built into a recess and holds a collection of colourful Chelsea figures

Although the appeal of decorative china and porcelain for its own sake has never grown less, the fashion for displaying it in the home went when interior decoration passed into its "eliminating" phase. All extraneous ornament then was banned. Severity was almost a fetish. But this phase has passed and a new spirit marks the latest type of decoration. Softer, sweeter effects have taken the place of bleak outlines and, with the return to ornamentation, decorative china comes into its own again.

For a dash of utter frivolity in a simple, modern scheme nothing can outlast the china figure, and for colour relief it is unsurpassed. Much use is made again of ceramics for decorative relief and there is an abundance to choose from.

Even these pieces that in their day may have been a little commonplace, take on a special charm and colour in a modern room. The important thing is to display them in such a way as to give point to their character and colouring.

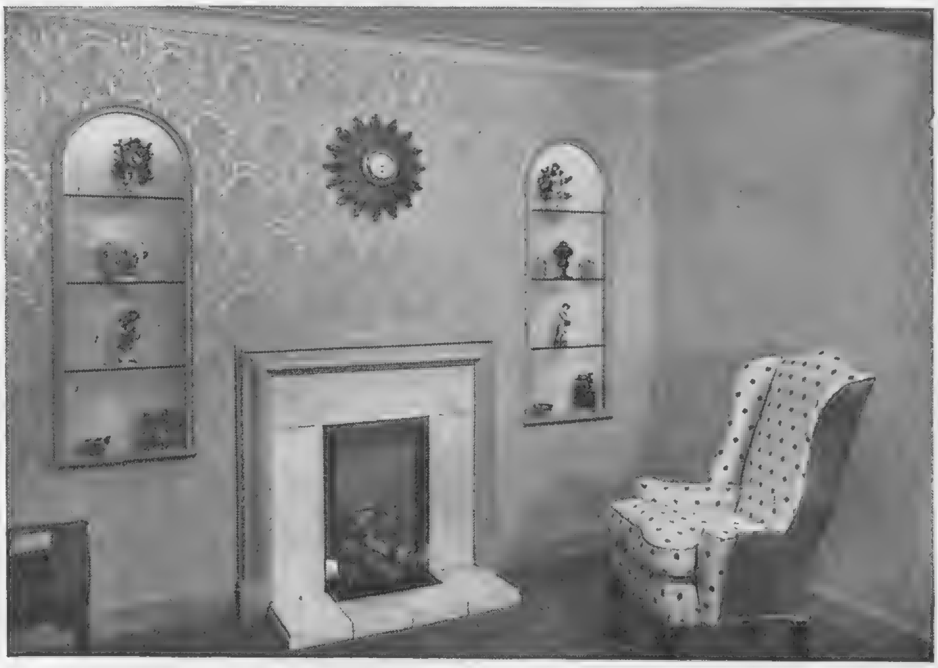
Against a plain wall, a well-balanced series of short plate-glass shelves is an excellent way of displaying ceramics. Whimsical animals, sprightly fauns, colourful Chelsea gentlemen look equally charming displayed in this way.

The corner cabinet is still one of the best ways of displaying china and is, in itself, a decorative feature. A corner cabinet painted to match walls and woodwork and displaying a collection of china is a splendid way of focusing colour in a room.

A small recess can be utilised as a background for china too, and, in fact, is one of the simplest and most effective ways of showing a collection.

The walls of the recess should be painted to contrast with the walls of the room. For instance, in a room with cream or yellow walls green lining for the recess is effective, so long as this colour is in harmony with the general scheme. Painted shelves—or better still coloured plate-glass ones—should be fitted to the recess and the china arranged on them.

It is a simple and inexpensive matter to



Illuminated alcoves displaying decorative porcelains are charmingly colourful against a modern pastel colour wallpaper

DINGY TEETH NOW WHITENED EASILY! MAGNESIA DOES IT.

A real discovery has been made about the teeth. Readers who are tired of trying new dentifrices claiming to make their teeth white overnight, should try what actually does whiten teeth—surely and safely.

From the time you begin to use this simple chemistry on your teeth, they will be distinctly whiter. You won't have to imagine the improvement. You can see it plainly. Your friends will notice it. Phillips' Dental Magnesia is what you use, and the dullest teeth brighten and whiten under it.

This is no trouble, takes no extra time. Simply get the dentifrice which the dental profession now recommends for care of the teeth—Phillips' Dental Magnesia. It contains 'Milk of Magnesia,' which dissolves all stains. Ordinary dentifrices with magnesia in them may not do any harm, but they do not give the whitening action of 'Milk of Magnesia.'

But dentists are urging the use of this dentifrice for other reasons! Phillips' Dental Magnesia, containing 75% 'Milk of Magnesia,' is the most effective neutralizer of destructive mouth acids that has yet come to light. Tartar makes little headway in the mouth that is kept alkaline by regular use of Phillips' Dental Magnesia. It keeps the gums hard, and the gumline fortified. And, as we have said, the teeth as white as if they had been "bleached." The words 'Milk of Magnesia' referred to by the writer of this article constitute the trade mark distinguishing Phillips preparation of Magnesia as originally prepared by The Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. To obtain the dentifrice recommended ask for Phillips' Dental Magnesia. Price 6d., 10½d., 1/6 the tube of all chemists and stores.

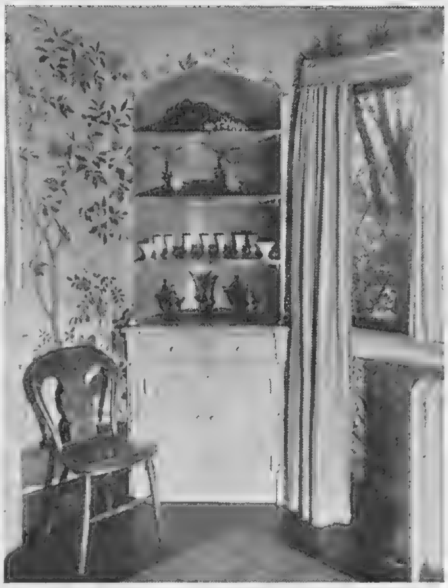
NEW CREAM
that stops perspiration

1 A cool, dainty cream—stops perspiration instantly — removes odour completely for 1 to 3 days.
2 Smooth it in and it vanishes.
3 No waiting to dry.
4 Can be used straight after shaving—doesn't smart.
5 Perfectly safe—soothing to skin.
6 Doesn't stain or rot dresses.

ARRID

Arrid 6d. and 1/11 a jar

At Boots, chemists and department stores



A corner china cabinet where the inside is painted a rich green to contrast with the paler colouring of the striking wallpaper

fit concealed lighting to a recess of this type and the effect by night is quite dramatic, more especially if the china is of vivid colouring and well grouped.

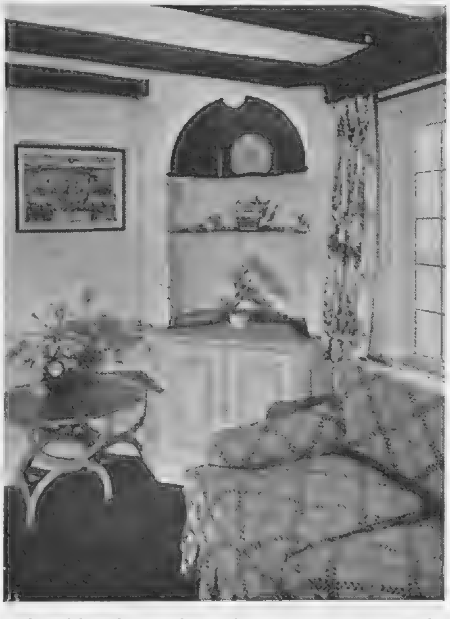
A shallow cupboard, with shelves, can be adapted very easily to the display of china in much the same way. If the door is removed and the inside of the cupboard is painted a rich and suitable colour, china and glass can be arranged on the shelves.

Obviously only a shallow cupboard will lend itself to this adaptation and the lining colour must be chosen to enhance the colouring of the china pieces, not to dim it.

China collecting is not necessarily an expensive hobby, though naturally much money can be spent on the more valuable pieces. The value of the piece is not always approximate to its charm and many delightful figures, vases and plates charmingly decorative in themselves can be picked up for a song.

A pair of Staffordshire dogs, blandly smiling, make a delightful finish to a modern mantel. The important thing is to display these heavily "typed" figures in a setting as remote as possible from that for which they were designed.

A whole colour scheme can be built around a small collection of china. Using the china as a basis, curtains, background and accessories can be built up from the dominant colourings. One beautiful figure or a fine vase will provide the theme for such a scheme.



Again china is used to decorate a corner. In this case the lining above the upper shelf only is coloured darker than the rest

There is no substitute for good taste

ROUGE ANGELUS
Louis Philippe
ANGELUS ROUGE
LOUIS PHILIPPE

THE MOST DISTINGUISHED LIPSTICK IN THE WORLD

Let "Ranee"
Read your Character from your Handwriting
See Announcement on page 122

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES

"Britannia & Eve"

Published Monthly at 1/-	Three Months	Six Months	Twelve Months
Inland and Abroad	4/6	8/9	17/6
Canada	3/6	7/-	14/-

ORDER FORM

To the Publisher, BRITANNIA & EVE,
32/34 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

Please send me BRITANNIA & EVE

Monthly for..................months commencing with the....................issue

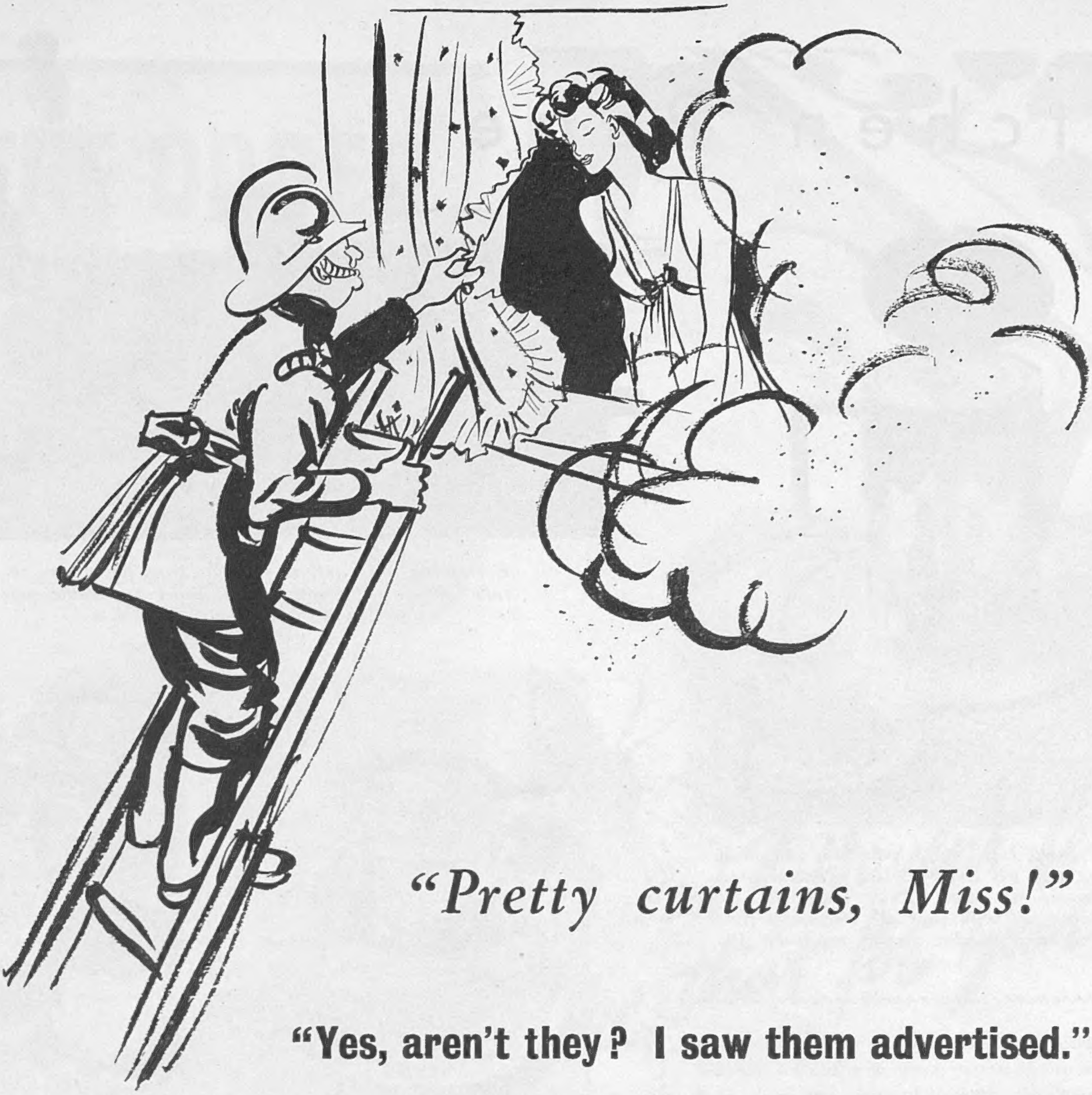
for which I enclose......................

Name ....

Address ....

....

Date..............................1938



"Pretty curtains, Miss!"

"Yes, aren't they? I saw them advertised."

Lovers of beauty know that the smartest, best-looking, most trustworthy goods are goods they see advertised: for only first-rate merchandise can stand up to intensive publicity. The manufacturer who makes a public claim must be able to prove it. So—

ADVERTISED GOODS

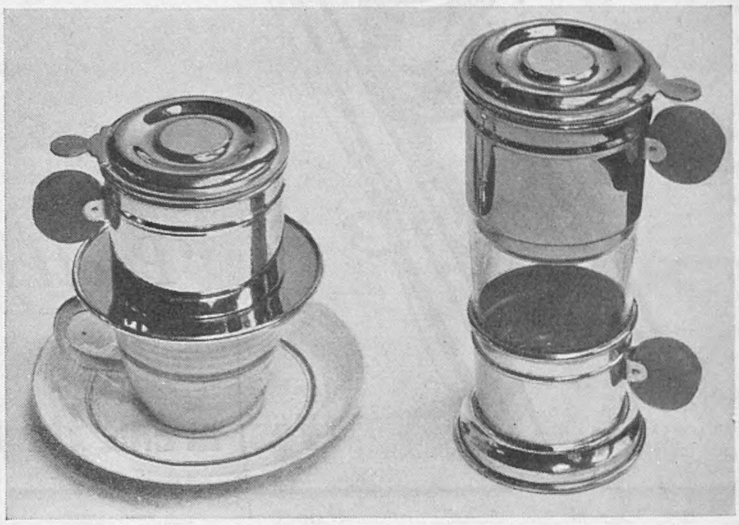
ARE THE GOODS TO BUY

Kitchen Page

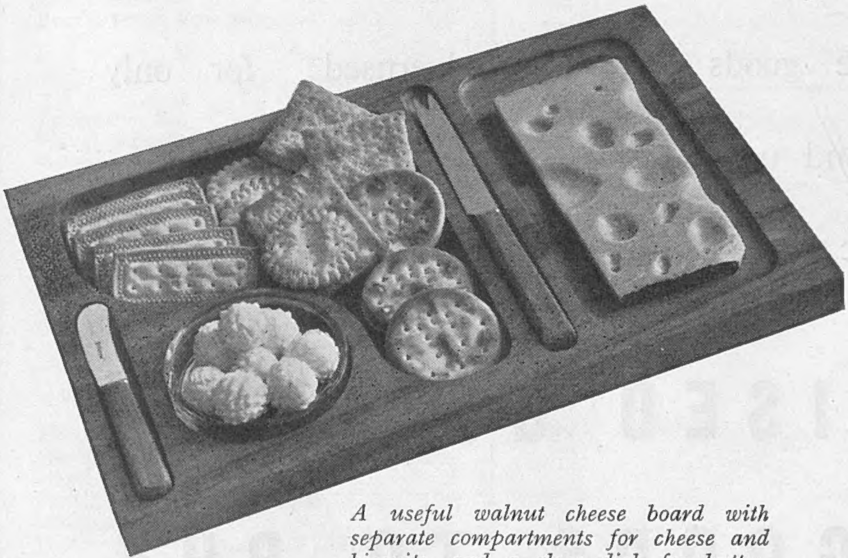
Everything you want, all ready to hand for mixing the salad dressing; board, spoon, cruet and bottle tops are of walnut. Price 18s. 6d.

The "Keep Hot" coffee pot; the chromium casing and felt lined lid are excellent ideas for conserving heat. Price from 10s. 6d. Matching hot milk jugs are obtainable from 12s. 6d. and similar teapots are from 12s. upwards

The names and addresses where these goods can be obtained will be sent on receipt of a postcard addressed to The Woman Editor, "Britannia and Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.



Complete French coffee filter, chromium, with coloured heat resisting handles, price 7s. 6d. The filter without the glass, to be used over an ordinary coffee cup, is 5s. 6d.



A useful walnut cheese board with separate compartments for cheese and biscuits, and a glass dish for butter. Price complete, with cheese and butter knives, 11s. 6d.

October, the month when fresh walnuts and delicious Kent Cobs go so well with a glass of vintage port after dinner. This set of stainless crackers, with picks which will save staining and breaking finger nails, costs 5s. 6d.

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THE ORDER OF THE DAY
SHREDDED WHEAT
MADE IN ENGLAND
ONE DOZEN
SHREDDED WHEAT
WHOLE WHEAT
SHREDDED WHEAT

Families who begin the day with Shredded Wheat make breakfast a real preparation for the busy hours ahead. Every helping goes to lay the soundest possible foundation for the energy and stamina the daily round demands. Every helping yields a wealth of all those precious food values which perfect health and regularity depend on. Light and digestible, Shredded Wheat meets the need at all times for a satisfying and sustaining meal. Its tempting, nutty flavour makes it ever welcome. While no food is handier or more economical in use. Make Shredded Wheat the Order of the Day—for family fitness and for all-round satisfaction.

SHREDDED WHEAT

MADE BY THE SHREDDED WHEAT CO. LTD., WELWYN GARDEN CITY, HERTS. *(Pratt's)*

Jaded? Haven't felt like that for years!

IN fact, not since you discovered Atkinsons Eau de Cologne. What a difference it makes to life! How soothing to know that, whenever you feel your energy fading, a mere touch of this powerful restorative behind your ears and on your forehead will calm, refresh and revive you. It's the fine quality of Atkinsons Eau de Cologne that makes it valued highly by intelligent women. They keep a bottle always within reach because they know that its cooling essences will never fail them. In all moments of mental and nervous stress they confidently rely upon Atkinsons Eau de Cologne to refresh, to stimulate, and to revive their vitality.

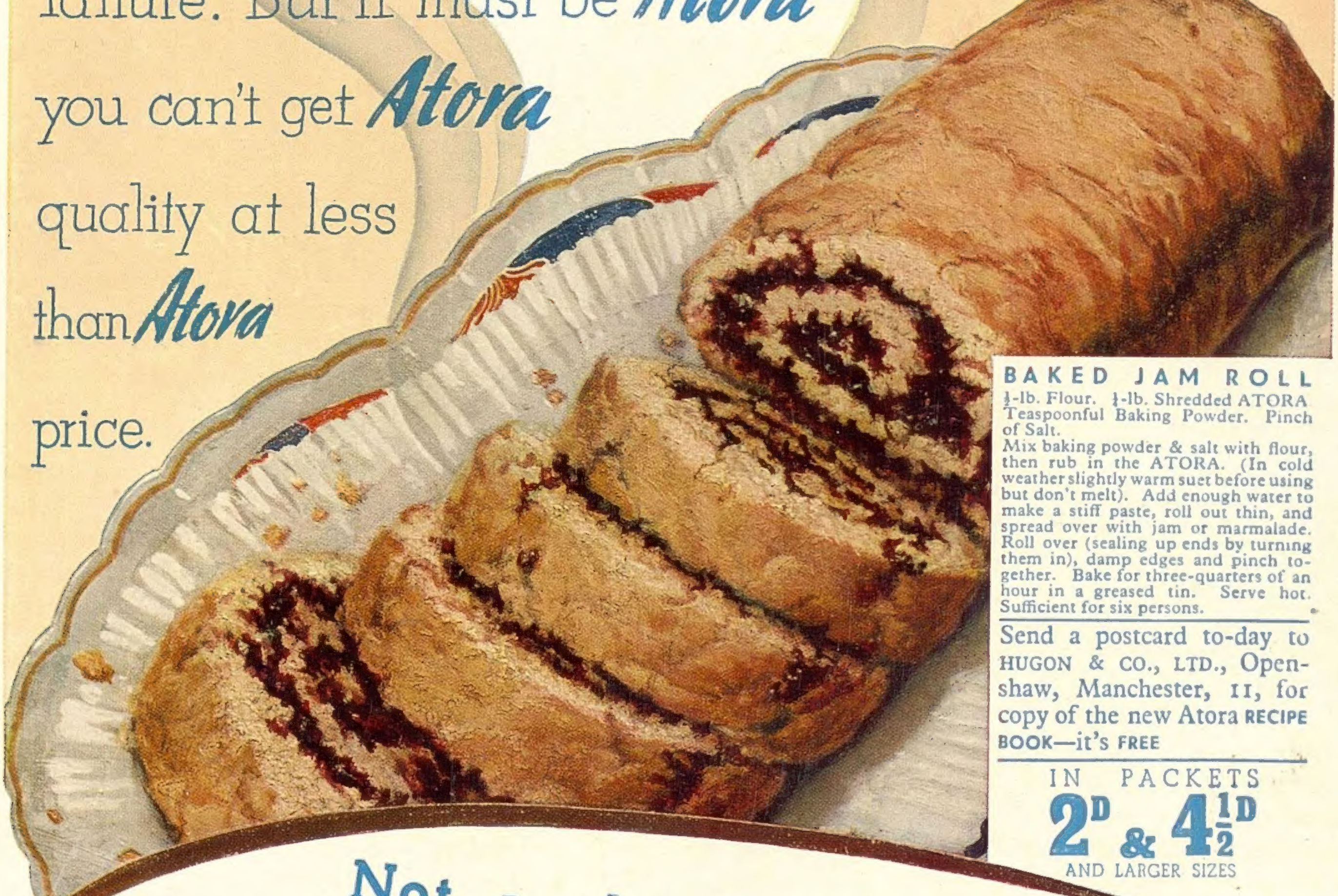
ATKINSONS
GOLD MEDAL
EAU DE COLOGNE

1/6, 2/6, 4/6 and upwards *(These prices do not apply in Eire)*

ATKINSONS
GOLD MEDAL
Eau de Cologne

AEC 68-68-80

Can you make this light and delicious Jam Roll? Of course! It's easy if you use *Atora* Beef Suet. Every single shred of *Atora* melts evenly into the pudding - there's no bulk to make it heavy - no waste - no fear of failure. But it must be *Atora* - you can't get *Atora* quality at less than *Atora* price.



BAKED JAM ROLL

½-lb. Flour. ¼-lb. Shredded ATORA Teaspoonful Baking Powder. Pinch of Salt.

Mix baking powder & salt with flour, then rub in the ATORA. (In cold weather slightly warm suet before using but don't melt). Add enough water to make a stiff paste, roll out thin, and spread over with jam or marmalade. Roll over (sealing up ends by turning them in), damp edges and pinch together. Bake for three-quarters of an hour in a greased tin. Serve hot. Sufficient for six persons.

Send a postcard to-day to HUGON & CO., LTD., Openshaw, Manchester, 11, for copy of the new Atora **RECIPE BOOK**—it's **FREE**

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